



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



3 3433 08232237 5



EWX

Digitized by Google  
Rochau









**WANDERINGS**  
**THROUGH**  
**THE CITIES OF ITALY**  
**IN 1850 AND 1851.**

BY *August Ludwig* VON ROCHAU.

TRANSLATED BY  
MRS. PERCY SINNETT.

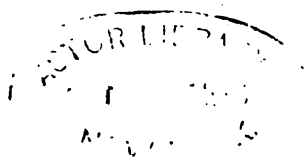
IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:  
RICHARD BENTLEY, NEW BURLINGTON STREET.

*Publisher in Ordinary to Her Majesty.*

1853.



**LONDON:**  
**Printed by SAMUEL BENTLEY & Co.**  
**Bangor House, Shoe Lane.**

## PREFACE

BY THE TRANSLATOR.

---

UNDER the influence of the circumstances that have of late given so great an impulse to travelling, the facility of obtaining information concerning any country, as far as it depends upon books, may mostly be calculated in the inverse ratio of its distance.

Few are now so familiar to English readers, as those which lie on the opposite side of the globe ; and there is sometimes none which—beyond the limits of personal knowledge or that derived from newspapers—it is more difficult for us to become acquainted with, as with England itself. Statistical Reports, and Blue Books, do, indeed, contain in abundance the materials of such knowledge ; but few readers have time or patience for the laborious process of sifting these dry heaps, with sufficient care to extract the golden grain.

For neighbouring continental countries these

resources are seldom at our command—indeed seldom in existence; and though it is true great numbers of our countrymen and countrywomen visit them, and may be supposed to judge for themselves, these tourists constitute after all only a small minority of the great reading public. The following Volumes, therefore, may perhaps be acceptable, as the most recent report on the present aspect of Italy. The Author visited the Italian cities, apparently for no other purpose than for the pleasure these rambles afforded him. He is wedded to no theory of politics or art; enters into no profound disquisitions, classical or æsthetic; he is even amusingly anxious to disclaim the character of a learned traveller, having, perhaps, like most of his educated countrymen, suffered in his youth from overdoses of classical erudition; and in matters of art he claims, in the most daring manner, the right of private judgment, in opposition to established critical canons, and at the peril of having his own taste condemned.

With respect to his political opinions, he may not perhaps give perfect satisfaction to the extreme of either of the parties into which public opinion in England is divided on the

Italian question ; but there are others to whom his impartial sincerity will furnish his best recommendation. As a German, but not a subject of Austria, he stands in the position of an entirely unbiassed witness, more obviously so than it is now easy for an Englishman to do, and whatever suggestions he offers may, on that account, deserve the more attention.

Italy, at all times one of the most interesting countries in the world, is especially so at the present moment. Darkness is around her now indeed ; for the flush of the glorious past has faded from her horizon, and the gleams that appear in the opposite region towards the future, may be rather the lurid portents of coming storms, than the dawning promise of a bright day. Is this beautiful country, indeed, mouldering away to inevitable decay, or does it contain within itself germs of imperishable vitality, which, long as they have lain buried, are yet destined to spring up to new and vigorous life ? Is the giant spiritual dominion of Rome really tottering to its fall, or has it (Antæus-like) but gathered fresh strength from its recent prostration ?

These are questions to which the observations of every honest and intelligent traveller



may assist to furnish an answer; and even independently of these considerations, the Cities of Italy are so rich in objects of interest, that it is hoped these sketches of their present aspect may not be unwelcome.

PERCY SINNETT.

LONDON, *February*, 1853.

# CONTENTS

## OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

---

### CHAPTER I.

	PAGE
OVER THE ST. GOTTHARDT.—Summer Weather.—Travelling Companions.—Ascent of the St. Gotthardt.—Andermatt.—The highest Peak.—Great Works of small States.—Summer again.—Aviolo.—Descent into Italy . . . . .	1

### CHAPTER II.

THE LAGO MAGGIORE.—Bellinzona.—Grand Procession.—Italian Elegance and German Awkwardness.—A virtuous Vetturino.—A Companion to him.—Mogadino.—A Steamship on the Lake.—A false Alarm.—Symptoms of Improvement, where there is room for it.—The Lago Maggiore.—A Landing in Piedmont.—Sardinian Newspapers.—The House of Correction.—The Borromean Islands.—The Isola Bella.—A Scamper through the Castle.—Boatmen's Politics.—Fortifications of Laveno.—The Albergo del Moro . . . . .	12
--	----

### CHAPTER III.

FROM LAGO MAGGIORE TO MILAN.—An old Soldier.—Charles Albert.—A Contrast.—Italian local Patriotism.—Flourishing appearance of Varese.—Ugly Walks.—Singular Chausure of the Women.—Pretty and ugly Feet.—The Railroad to Camerlata.—Como.—Railroad to Milan.—Aggravated Distress.—First Evening at Milan . . . . .	31
--	----

## CHAPTER IV.

	PAGE
MILAN.—The Hotel Reichmann.—Prudent Precautions.— Purely Italian Character of the Population.—Mutual Hos- tility of Austrians and Italians.—Milanese Nobility.—The Populace.—Eclipse of public Gaiety.—Punch.—The Milan Cathedral.—Ancient and modern Paintings on Glass.—Af- fectionation of Connoisseurship.—The Arch of Peace and its Inscriptions.—Unfavourable Position.—Mendicant Style of modern Monuments.—Artistic Cant . . . . .	43

## CHAPTER V.

FROM MILAN TO VENICE.—Glorious Night Scenes.— Martial Preparations.—Hasty glance at Brescia.—Peschiera. —Careless Fortifications.—Verona.—Ancient Amphitheatre. —Comparison with that of Nismes.—Appearance of the Po- pulation.—The Eden of Lombardy.—Glimpse of Padua the Learned.—Entry into Venice . . . . .	55
---	----

## CHAPTER VI.

VENICE.—The Grand Canal.—The small Canals by Night. —The Palazzo Giustiniani.—St. Mark's Place.—The Piazz- zetta.—Venice Restaurants.—A Festival.—The Market.— Physical Degeneracy.—Shabby Gentility.—Different temper of Venetian and Milanese Population.—Holiday-makers . . . . .	64
--	----

## CHAPTER VII.

STILL VENICE.—Fascination of Venice.—The Venetian Aristocracy.—The Surrender to Bonaparte.—The Doge's Palace and its Guardian.—The Monuments of the Doges.— Gay temper of Venetian Painters.—Historical Families.— The Present Occupants of their Ancestral Halls.—Neglect of private claims under the old Venetian Republic.—Public Gratitude in ancient and modern Times.—Venetian Char- ities.—Rapid Decay . . . . .	76
--	----

CHAPTER VIII.

FROM VENICE TO TRIESTE.—Farewell to Venice.—An old Friend under a new Face.—The National Hotel at Trieste.—Contrast of Venice and Trieste.—Great Commercial Activity.—Pretty Environs.—Waste of Woods in various Countries.—Mixed Population.—The Greeks and their Ritual.—An Excursion to Duino.—The Corsair's Castle of Duino.—A Sirocco.—The Bora and the Borina.—Want of national Spirit in Germans.—The Opera.—Great privileges of Trieste.—Prudent Loyalty of the City.—Austrian Protectionists	PAGE . 88
---	-----------

CHAPTER IX.

VENICE IN WINTER. — Change of Aspect. — The Albergo Danieli.—A Choice of Evils.—The Carnival at Venice.—The Imaginary and the Real.—The Teatro Fenice.—Winter-Guests.—A Fire-side in Venice.—A constitutional Walk.—Cost of Firing.—Theatre of San Benedetto.—An unnecessary Precaution.—The Notte di San Silvestro, or New Year's Night.—The modern French Drama.—The German.—The Trades that flourish in Venice. — Enthusiastic Shoe-blacks.—Questions without Answers.—Old Venetian Building.—The Rialto.—The Merceria . . . . .	108
---	-----

CHAPTER X.

PADUA.—Ugliness of the City.—The University.—The Lady Doctor.—The Prato Della Valle and its Statues.—The Cafe Pedrocchi and the Opera . . . . .	120
---	-----

CHAPTER XI.

FROM PADUA TO BOLOGNA.—The Euganean Mountains.—The Half-way House.—The Mad Opera.—Ferrara.—Travelling Companions.—Patriotic Fictions.—Banditti.—A distinguished Captain.—A dramatic Performance not in the Billa.—Peculiar notions of Justice . . . . .	126
---	-----

## CHAPTER XII.

	PAGE
Bologna.—A Gentleman of too fine Taste.—Appearance of Bologna.—Prodigious number of Churches.—Plasterers and Whitewashers.—Walks in the Environs.—Anti-communism.—The plague of Roman Law . . . . .	147

## CHAPTER XIII.

FROM BOLOGNA TO FLORENCE.—Silent Travellers.—A Startling Exclamation.—A sociable Party.—Profound Geographers.—Keeping a Fast . . . . .	155
--	-----

## CHAPTER XIV.

FLORENCE.—The Lungarno.—Mania for rapid Driving.—Piazza dell' Maria Antonia, etc.—The Baptistery Gates.—The Cathedral.—The Campanile, and the Prospect from its top.—Sculptures of Michael Angelo.—The Tomb of Dante.—Tardy Grief.—Florentine Houses and Florentine Character.—Fortresses.—Sackcloth Architecture.—The Operas and Theatres at Florence.—A Durable Joke.—Temper of the Audience.—Foreign Customs in Florence.—Costume of the Army.—The Medici Gallery.—Galleries and Museums mere Make-shifts.—Gallery of Portraits . . . . .	161
--	-----

## CHAPTER XV.

PISA, AS IT WAS, AND AS IT IS.—Magnificent Promenade.—Railway Travelling in Tuscany.—A necessary of life in Pisa.—Steeple and Cupolas.—The Cathedral.—An Æsthetic Peasant.—The Campo Santo.—The Tower of Famine. . . . .	185
--	-----

## CHAPTER XVI.

LUCCA.—“Libertas.”—The Road from Pisa to Lucca.—Churches in Lucca.—Exquisite Altar-piece.—The Volto Santo . . . . .	202
---	-----

## CHAPTER XVII.

<b>CIVITA VECCHIA.</b> —All ready to land.—Unexpected Delay.	<b>PAGE</b>
—Hopes and Disappointments.—The Russian Lady and her Vicomte.—Landed at last.—A valuable Possession.—An alarming “Handkerchief.”—My Consul.—A judicious Appointment.—A Treaty, and how it was kept.—The Gates of Rome.—Plain dealing . . . . .	214

## CHAPTER XVIII.

<b>ETERNAL ROME.</b> —Extent of the ancient and modern City.—Aspect of the latter.—The Ruins.—The Landscape.—Monte Pincio.—Romans no lovers of Nature.—The Population of Rome.—Wretched appearance of many Quarters.—Rome expiring.—Could not be the Capital of United Italy .	228
--	-----

## CHAPTER XIX.

<b>SHROVE-TUESDAY AND ASH-WEDNESDAY.</b> —Melancholy temper of Rome at present.—The Carnival.—Origin of its Customs.—Hostile feeling towards the French.—The position of the Pope’s Government with respect to them.—The Fast.—Fish, Flesh, and Fowl.—Getting over scruples . .	241
---	-----

## CHAPTER XX.

<b>THE CAPITOL.</b> —The Capitoline Hill.—An Important Question.—Learning or Pedantry.—Vast quantities of ancient Works of Art.—The Capitoline Museum.—The dying Gladiator.—Avoidance of the Horrible.—The Faun ascribed to Praxiteles.—The Girl with the Dove.—Other genre Sculptures.—Relation of these pieces to antique life.—Tibullus.—The likenesses of the Emperors.—The Hall of celebrated Men.—The Tarpeian Rock and the Prussian Embassy.—The Forum.—A Recipe for making a fortune for your posterity .	257
---	-----

## CHAPTER XXI.

	PAGE
PRIESTS AND PRIESTLY GOVERNMENT IN ROME.—Prodigious number of Priests.—Various Classes.—Fatal effects on Italy of the temporal power of the Pope.—His Deposition not necessarily injurious to Catholicism.—The Pope's Encyclica.—High dignities conferred only on Italians.—Administration wholly in clerical hands.—The Easter Festival.—Conversions to Catholicism . . . . .	284

## CHAPTER XXII.

THE PICTURES IN THE VATICAN.—The Transfiguration of Raphael.—The Last Supper of Domenichino.—Pictures of Horrors by Poussin.—Disappointment in the Works of Raphael.—What is a true Work of Art ? . . . . .	303
---	-----

## CHAPTER XXIII.

ROMAN OPERA AND DRAMA. — Theatres ill supported in Rome.—The Apollo Theatre.—Tediousness of Operas.—Perpetual Repetition.—Maria the Slave.—Madame Ristori.—Goldoni.—National Humour.—No Mimicry of the French	313
---	-----

**WANDERINGS**  
**THROUGH**  
**THE CITIES OF ITALY**  
**IN 1850-51.**

---

**CHAPTER I.**

**OVER THE ST. GOTTHARDT. — SUMMER WEATHER. — TRAVELLING  
COMPANIONS. — ASCENT OF THE ST. GOTTHARDT. — ANDERMATT. —  
THE HIGHEST PEAK. — GREAT WORKS OF SMALL STATES. — SUM-  
MER AGAIN. — AVIOLO. — DESCENT INTO ITALY.**

FOR eight days I had not seen a scrap of blue sky: rain, wind, and fog, with now and then a little thunder and lightning, formed the varieties offered for our choice during our stay at Lucerne—and all this with a temperature that made me mourn for my well-beloved German stove,—at the time of year when the cherries ought to have been ripening.

“To-morrow,” I used to say on every cold rainy evening, “to-morrow, it must be better.” But when the morrow came it frowned at me in a way that showed it did not mean to be dictated to. I really began to doubt whether,



on some high political grounds, it had not been found expedient to abolish the sun altogether, and in order to clear up the doubt, I determined to go and try whether I could get a peep at him on the other side of the mountains.

With a gloomy leaden sky, and a gloomy leaden temper, there is no such thing as a fine landscape to be found on the face of the earth; and, accordingly, even the Lake of the Four Cantons looked detestable. I turned for consolation to the faces of my travelling companions, but the faces pleased me no better, and I could not venture to speak for fear of saying something brutal. Here was an Englishman, whose lady-mother must certainly have occupied herself too much with the contemplation of a bull-dog, and whose blunt snub-nosed countenance contrasted curiously with those of two pale, faint, moonlight-looking young ladies, his daughters. On the right was a Swiss family, as numerous as if they had belonged to the tribe of Israel, looking like so many little stumpy money-bags; and, on the left, a Paris grocer and his wife, who seemed to have walked out of the Charivari.

Good heavens! how had it ever been possible that such a wife should find a husband, or such a husband a wife!

The fore-deck of the steamer was covered by a troop of poor people from Franche-Comté, going on a pilgrimage to Maria Einsiedeln, and as I could not find anything to grumble with in them, I was obliged to content myself with pitying them. The most tolerable person of the company was a brisk handsome young German cabinet-maker, who, after passing several years abroad, had been summoned home to fulfil his term of service in the army, and in order to prolong, as much as possible, his few remaining hours of freedom, he was going home by a most round-about way through the Grisons.

This, the most tedious voyage I ever had, however, was got over in two hours and a half, and by the time we reached *Fluelen*, earth, and man, and sky, had begun to clear up. The snow lay, indeed, still deep on the mountains, a few thousand feet above the level of the lake; the nut-trees had not yet put forth their leaves, and we shivered, it must be owned, not less than in Lucerne. But, at least, the neighbourhood of Italy warmed my imagination, and so there were hopes that the thaw might, by degrees, creep down to my heart.

A certain current of Italian air does really seem to pass through Uri. At Altorf it becomes

quite strong, so that a soul that is not altogether too lumpy, can float in it, and with every thousand feet that one ascends, the Romanic faces and Romanic sounds become more frequent. Inn-keepers and coachmen begin to talk to each other in the dialect of Ticino; the travellers who have learned Italian begin forthwith to air their vocabularies, and those who cannot speak the language prepare to murder it. Every little sign that you are getting near the sunny side of this cold world tends to sweeten your temper, and even the hitherto unheard-of demand from the Altorf postilions of "something for themselves," is accepted by the traveller as a pleasant little sign of Italian customs, and responded to with emotion, and with the immediate production of the expected number of *batz*.

About three miles on this side of Uri, the road over the St. Gotthardt begins to ascend, but so gently that the trot of the horses is seldom interrupted. It proceeds along the river Reuss, now on the right side, now on the left, and in a few hours you have passed the region of wood, the life of the Alpine world begins to die away—the rocks appear more and more bare, and at last advance naked, gigantic, and threatening on both sides of the road. The rush of the river,

as it dashes itself down the cliffs, the roar of the wind, whose icy breath sweeps past in gusts from the bare peaks,—these are the only voices of nature still heard in this rocky wilderness. You have got the most formidable part of the journey behind you by the time you see the Devil's Bridge, which is thrown boldly across a thundering waterfall that sends up clouds of vapour. It would make a greater impression if it were not for the pretending and yet commonplace name (for where in the world is there a brook, with a block of stone on each side of it, that has not its Devil's Bridge?) A few hundred paces beyond this, the world of rocks is closed by a gate, cut through the granite, on the other side of which open before you the wide pastures of Andermatt.

This terrace at half the height of the mountain seems to have been created by Nature expressly to afford the eyes of the wanderer a resting-place, and strengthen him for the dreary tract which he still has to traverse. It was no bad notion, either, on the part of man, to make a settlement on this grassy plot—especially for those who, like myself, can scarcely keep up to the pitch of this sublime taste for mountain-scenery.

Thrice blessed be the memory of him who first

conceived the idea of building here an inn. May the hospitable fire of his hearth never be extinguished, and may his latest posterity continue to wield his sceptre,—*videlicet*, his soup-ladle—for the refreshment of the weary wayfarer, for his own far-sounding fame, and no less sounding profit.

Everybody, for hundreds of miles round, knows the wood that protects Andermatt from otherwise inevitable destruction from avalanches, and the damaging of which is punishable by death. But I don't think any one knows how it happens, that, for far and wide, there is not, with the exception of this wood, a single stick to be found; so that Andermatt must fetch even its firing by a toilsome path of six miles up the mountain. There is room enough by the side of this sacred and inviolable forest for thousands of stately trees to grow, but there are none; and after having vainly endeavoured to discover why, I was compelled to "accept the fact," and remain in ignorance.

A few miles above Andermatt, you enter a hyperborean land. Nothing but masses of snow as far as the eye can pierce the mist; or wherever the mountain has thrown off its winter-mantle, it shows only its lean granite ribs. The Reuss sometimes disappears for hundreds of feet

beneath the remains of avalanches, which have filled its bed for a considerable distance. The road here, in many places, forms a hollow way, or cutting, between walls of snow ten or twelve feet high, and yet it was on the 21st of June that I crossed the St. Gotthardt—the summit of which, if I am not mistaken, lies some thousands of feet below the snow-line.

The highest point of the road, which may be seen at a glance, is at a few hundred feet on this side of the hospital, and of the inn lying opposite to it.

A single ecclesiastic lives here—a little man, who looks withered up by the severity of the climate. I can conceive a convent brotherhood living in this terrible wilderness, but to remain quite alone here, amidst clouds and winds, ice and snow, is an amount of self-denial to me almost inconceivable.

The political boundary, the water-shed, and the line of demarcation between the different languages, all meet on the summit of the St. Gotthardt, though it is rather an uncommon case to find different nationalities meeting thus on the topmost ridge, for in most instances the great body of a mountain belongs to the same, and at most has only been superseded at a few points,

and more commonly the language frontier lies far below in the plain; but here, on the St. Gotthardt, the conquests of the old Swiss cantons have occasioned a departure from the law.

The southern declivity of the mountain, as far as the terrace of Aviole, is far steeper than the northern, and the road has to wind its way with a hundred snake-like turnings, so that you could often hit with a stone a spot that it will take you half an hour to reach. The road, however, is on the whole a marvellous work; here, cut through the solid rock—there, vaulted over with masonry to protect it from the fall of avalanches, or running on a terrace wall, along the side of a smooth precipice, everywhere kept in good repair, and furnished at short intervals with thousands and thousands of stone-pillars. It would do honour to one of the most powerful states of Europe, and yet we are indebted for it to two poor little diminutive republics, that you can scarcely distinguish on the map. Where Uri and Ticino have found means for such a work is more than I can conceive. We must recollect, too, that, in this climate, the preservation of such a road is twice as expensive as it would be in a better one. We must take into consider-

ation the yearly devastations it suffers from torrents, land-slips, and avalanches; the difficulty of keeping it free from snow, which requires the labour of hundreds of men for weeks together, and the circumstance that in all Switzerland there is no such thing as a toll on a road, and we shall confess that these two little free states might put to shame many a proud and luxurious monarchy. If we compare the conduct of these two tiny Swiss Cantons with the management of our German rail-roads, with the way in which these indispensable means of communication have been crippled and retarded among us—we shall have small reason to admire either German policy or German patriotism.

It had taken six horses to get us up to the Hospital, but two sufficed to carry us at a rapid pace down to Aviole. Instead of the Reuss, which we had left behind us at the Hospital, we had now for a companion the Ticino, its twin brother, but lacking the incomparable deep green of its waters. The short rapid turns of the road here, which the horses followed at a full trot, demand a quick eye and a sure hand in the driver. One step too much, and carriage and horses would infallibly reach the bottom of this giddy descent, more quickly than the most im-



patient traveller would desire, unless the other world were the goal of his journey.

Aviolo, the first place you come to in Ticino, differs strikingly in character from the Swiss villages. If any one came in the night, and could neither see the pavement, nor the ruinous stone-houses, he would soon find out when he entered his inn, and especially when he came to take leave of it, that he was no longer on Swiss ground. The Swiss are fond of money, certainly, but they do give something in exchange for it; and they do not take the traveller whom they intend to fleece to places resembling the dens of robbers.

From the barren ledge of the mountain on which Aviolo is situated, the transition to the wooded region is very striking; and almost before you have perceived the change, you find yourself in the midst of chestnuts and mulberries. The change of temperature also was very remarkable, particularly as the evening was coming on. Not only did the cloak become unnecessary—one would willingly have stripped off the coat also—but during the remainder of the evening drive, the desirable coolness was afforded by the more and more rapid movement of the carriage. Breathed on thus, by the balmy airs of the

south, lit by a brilliant full moon, which formed fantastic lights and shadows among the jagged peaks, moving swiftly along beneath the canopy of chestnuts, centuries old, I made an entry into Italy that left me nothing to envy in the conqueror returning thither triumphant from his thousand murders.

## CHAPTER II.

THE LAGO MAGGIORE.—BELLINZONA.—GRAND PROCESSION.—ITALIAN ELEGANCE, AND GERMAN AWKWARDNESS.—A VIRTUOUS VETTURINO.—A COMPANION TO HIM.—MOGADINO.—A STEAM-SHIP ON THE LAKE.—A FALSE ALARM.—SYMPTOMS OF IMPROVEMENT, WHERE THERE IS ROOM FOR IT.—THE LAGO MAGGIORE.—A LANDING IN PIEDMONT.—SARDINIAN NEWSPAPERS.—THE HOUSE OF CORRECTION.—THE BORROMEAN ISLANDS.—THE ISOLA BELLA.—A SCAMPER THROUGH THE CASTLE.—BOATMEN'S POLITICS.—FORTIFICATIONS OF LAVENO.—THE ALBERGO DEL MORO.

It was midnight when my chaise began to roll through the alarmingly narrow streets of Bellinzona. Late as was the hour, all was still alive in the open places and houses of public entertainment, and it was long before the noise of the players at the game of *moro* in a neighbouring tavern was hushed in repose.

Seen by moonlight, Bellinzona makes an enchanting impression. Its antique walls, the superb ruins of its three castles, which look down from their heights on the centre of the town, produce as powerful an effect for the eye as for the imagination. Even the daylight

disturbs but little of the charm, for the preservation of which, fortunately, the nearest, largest, and finest of these castles is entirely inaccessible, the entrance being closed by houses and walls. Were it not for this, many a one would give himself a great deal of trouble in climbing among broken stones and crumbling ruins, to destroy a pleasant illusion, which he might retain if he would only content himself with the picturesque outside of things.

The morning following my arrival presented to me a spectacle of Catholic magnificence, such as I had not seen for a long time, namely, a Church procession, fully equipped, with resounding music, wax candles, troops of priests, choruses of monks, elegant, veil-wearing, fan-playing ladies, and dirty Capuchins. The most interesting part of the ceremony to me was, not the bearers or attendants of the sacred relics, but the people in the streets. They had streamed towards the procession from far and near, and I never witnessed such serious deportment in the public on any similar occasion. In the streets, the women, and in the churches, the men, were on their knees; not merely the old, but the gaily dressed young town-dandy by the side of the countryman in his coarse brown jerkin and

wooden shoes, or no shoes at all. But I will not, from this circumstance, undertake to draw any inference concerning the virtue, or even the piety of the Ticino people. I only state the fact.

There is a certain stateliness in the mode of life, even in the smaller towns of Italy and Spain, which contrasts favourably with that of provincials in France and Germany. Beyond the Alps and the Pyrenees, the most insignificant village is a portion of the great world; there is a freedom and ease of movement, a refinement of tone, which gives the Southern a great advantage. Social culture seems to be attained by them without any effort—to be in-born—and there is a general agreement as to the forms and requirements of polite intercourse, which is in a great measure independent of locality, education, and pecuniary circumstances. The Italian or Spaniard is never discomposed, or *put out*, by the most unexpected meeting with people of superior rank; but what awkward embarrassment, what silly false shame, is not exhibited in such a case by the German Cockney, to whom the smile of a great man is often the very sun of Paradise.

I do not, on that account, attribute to the

Southern any more natural disinterestedness or greatness of character, but only a superior taste in the management of the forms of life. He moves in the narrowest circumstances with as much careless ease, as if he had left the great world but yesterday, and were going back to it to-morrow; like people who have quitted a town drawing-room for an excursion into the country, and find it a matter of course to sit down at a deal-table, and eat bread and milk.

The day had become very hot, and I looked about me for a vehicle, which might carry me to Mogadino, the nearest town on the Lago Maggiore. I found it in the court-yard, and to my question concerning the fare I was to pay, I received for answer five *lire*, and supposing, of course, that in Ticino, Italian lire or francs were meant, and convinced of the necessity of bargaining with an Italian driver, I offered five *zwanziger*; but, to my surprise, he exclaimed, "why that is more than I asked! five Milan lire make only four *zwanziger*." What was that Spartan King Cleomenes, (was it Cleomenes?) who, with the help of his little daughter, resisted the temptation of the Persian king's presents; what was he, compared with my vetturino, of Bellinzona, who would not take

a *zwanziger* more than he had asked? As I am afraid this splendid example will not find its way into any Universal History, it shall at least have a modest place in this; and, that it may not want the effect of contrast, I will just mention that a most respectable licensed German dealer in tobacco, in Zurich, had, a few days before, very quietly pocketed some Swiss coin, that, mistaking their value, I had put him down instead of what he had asked, for an abominable cigar.

A two-hours' drive along the banks of the Ticino brought me to the northern point of the lake, into which the river falls. It is no longer, in this part of its course, the same impetuous youth that it was, when it came merrily leaping after us from the top of the St. Gotthardt; it has spread out broad, become quite tame, and is dragging along slowly and conscientiously, in a business-like manner, the heavy rafts of wood which are laid upon it. Not far from its mouth, on the left bank of the lake, lies the little town, village, hamlet, or what shall I call the half-a-dozen buildings squeezed in between the mountain and the lake, of which Mogadino consists? Whatever they may be called, they have about them a certain air of comfort, and

even opulence, that produces an agreeable impression, even without regard to the magnificent framing of the picture. It is, however, advisable not to visit Mogadino just when the rays of the afternoon sun are being reflected backwards and forwards between it and the mountain. Such a cross fire as this, without the least breath of air to alleviate it, or a scrap of shade to take refuge in, does not afford one of the most agreeable modes of passing a summer's afternoon. I bore this fiery purgatory for some hours, and then I took flight into the mountains; and, as I had gone only in desperation, I had better luck than I deserved. A few hundred paces upwards, and I found myself in another world; where the cool forest-shade, fresh green turf, and soft plashing of springs, refreshed both body and soul. How sweet it would be to dream away a summer day and moonlight night there, if one's time for sweet dreams were not past and gone!

The steam-boat which plies on Lago Maggiore, leaves Mogadino at six o'clock in the morning, and returns in the evening between seven and eight, from its opposite end, at Sesto Calende. This expenditure of time is necessary, as the passage has to be made entirely in zig-zag, between the right and left banks; for not the smallest place



which affords a chance of either passengers or freight is left untouched at by the steamer. The first stop is made at *Locarno*, which is not out of sight of *Mogadino*; then at the Piedmontese town of *Canobbio*; then, again, at the Lombard *Luino*; so that within two hours, you pass from a democratic free state into a constitutional monarchy; and, from a constitutional monarchy into a politico-military despotism.

Immediately after leaving *Locarno*, the captain had asked for my passport, a symptom of police-rule that rather discomposed me; for the said passport was not *visé*, either for Lombardy or Sardinia; as my excursion had been undertaken merely on the spur of the moment; but, for that very reason, I was more anxious that no obstacle should be thrown in my way, as it now appeared likely there would be.

Accordingly, at *Canobbio*, a miserable and ruinous-looking Sardinian frontier town, I saw, to my terror, an armed and uniformed individual, whose awful official character was written on his very face, advancing towards us. The man, indeed, went away as he had come; but I could not rid myself of the fear that, at least, his colleagues in Lombardy, would show me more attention than I desired. Contrary to my ex-

pectation, however, there was not so much as the tip of a *gendarme's* mustachio to be seen; and, as the Captain then handed me back my passport, my heart felt considerably lighter; especially as a fellow-passenger, at the same time, made an observation, that the Ticino people had now again free entrance into Lombardy, without having their papers *visés* by the Austrian authorities.

If these dangerous Swiss Republicans are admitted, thought I, surely a constitutional German citizen, the most harmless biped on the face of the earth, will not be objected to; and my conclusion was justified. My passport, which had been merely made out for Vienna, at the Austrian Embassy, expressly "for this journey," was suffered to pass everywhere in Lombardy, without remark; a satisfactory symptom that persons in authority are at last beginning to perceive, that this petty worrying police interference with strangers, affords the Austrian Emperor no guarantee for the security of his Italian provinces. There is, indeed, still a great deal too much of this passport nuisance left in Austria; but a step has been made towards improvement, if a traveller is no longer tied down strictly to the letter of the route described. It was not

till I asked for a passport to Hungary, that any remark of this kind was made, and, even then, it was not persisted in.

The Lago Maggiore is beautiful—that cannot be denied—but the immense superiority over some of its northern brethren, which is sometimes ascribed to it, I can attribute only to the ordinary exaggeration of travellers, whose enthusiasm increases with every day's distance from home. I dislike, for my own part, all comparisons between objects of enjoyment, but if we must compare, I think that though this lake has some advantages over the Lake of Zurich the latter is superior in the magnificent background of the Alpine chain in the immediate neighbourhood of a handsome and wealthy city, in the rich cultivation of its shores, and its abundant population.

The shores of the Lago Maggiore are also sufficiently populous; and the farther you go towards its southern point the more frequent become the large handsome villages and churches that peep out of the chestnut woods at the foot, or half-way up the mountains. But, in spite of the variety of these forms, these mountains present a somewhat monotonous aspect, as they are all clothed in the same tint of green: the

foliage of the chestnuts, the leaves of the vines, and the turf on the summits are only distinguished from one another by scarcely perceptible shades, so that you have none of that cheerful play of colour afforded in the northern mountains by the contrast of the gloomy pines with the gay beeches, and by the various tints of pasture and corn-fields. At intervals the banks of the lake are rather dreary, and I was surprised by the small number of pretty and tasteful country-houses with which I had fancied the shores were covered, but of which in reality I saw but two or three that I was certain of peeping out from among the common peasants' houses.

Passing the industrious little Intra, the steamer turned a sharply projecting headland to the neighbouring Pallanza, whose cheerful and prosperous appearance is very inviting. I had myself landed, and after an official gentleman had taken a look into my pockets for form's sake, as he said, Sardinia stood open to me. I was, however, resolved on this occasion to make but a modest use of its hospitality; and in order to turn to as good account as possible the only hour that I was likely to pass on Piedmontese ground in improving my knowledge of

the country, I knew of no better method than to pay a visit to two establishments, from which a good notion of the degree of culture in a place may usually be obtained, namely, a coffee-house and the House of Correction.

From the observations I made in the coffee-house, I inferred that the manufacture of chocolate is carried on on a much grander scale in Piedmont than in Germany, and that the Piedmontese clergy take a lively interest in the politics of the day, and are not over kindly disposed to German travellers; thirdly, that the young press of Sardinia is well brought up and intelligent beyond its years. Among the papers which I turned over there was one of a humorous character called the "Fischietto," in which a good deal of pungent wit was scattered about, by no means without a thoughtful purpose. Without being particularly favourable to monarchy in general, it professed great veneration for the existing sovereign, whom it held up as an edifying contrast to the King of Naples. It was not very respectful in its tone towards the Pope, as for instance on its being mentioned that there was not in Rome sufficient room for the political prisoners, it suggested that his Holiness might put them in his pockets.

But, in order that I might give no occasion to suspicion of the immaculate purity of my own disposition, I put away this presumptuous paper and walked towards the House of Correction; and who knows how long it may be before the editor of the "Fischietto" may take a walk in the same direction! Two years ago I saw in Vienna the Court and the Ministers sporting the German colours; but whoever should now make his appearance decorated with the black, red, and gold ribbon, would secure himself a place in a prison. I believe, however, no one would now be found inclined to try such an experiment; *tempora mutantur*, that is to say, cockades change with the seasons.

The House of Correction in Pallanza is not worse than similar establishments in many other states I could mention, which plume themselves on having made a wonderful progress in such matters. In its spacious cells, at least, the want of air and light is not thrown in to the prisoner as a gratuitous addition to the punishment assigned him, and just as little does it occur to any one in Pallanza to employ the tortures of solitude and silence as a means of reformation. The prisoners are separated at night, but in the day, the doors of their cells and of the courts are

left open. One fault of the arrangements is, that the men and women are kept in the same building, and that they attend divine service at the same time, although the women are concealed. It is also objectionable that the cells, which are paved with flag-stones, are furnished with no kind of stove; a defect which is by no means justified by the climate of the place.

On the day, indeed, when I visited Pallanza, few people would have complained of the want of a stove; and after I had fulfilled my duty in visiting some churches, examining some Roman bas-reliefs, and a few, to me, unintelligible Latin inscriptions, and peeped into the beautiful garden of an Indian princess, whom a certain wandering German tailor has brought home as his wife, I was glad to betake myself again to the cool shores of the lake, and after performing the necessary amount of squabbling with the boatmen, to ship myself for the Borromean Islands.

These Islands are really better than their reputation, and the Isola Bella is far from being so frightful as its name would lead one to suppose. Much is, indeed, wanting to make of them the earthly paradise which Jean Paul has described, but, with a little taste, and a great deal of money, something might be done with them.

The present proprietor, however, seems to be provided with neither the one nor the other. The castle has been a ruin for a hundred and fifty years, as its original plan would have cost millions to execute, and its interior is as destitute of comfort and true elegance, as the domestic arrangements of the seventeenth century usually are. Some costly articles of furniture made of tortoise-shell; an ostentatious throne-room, as it is called; a number of pictures which seem to have served as signs for public houses, or, at all events, deserve to do so; all this does not even make an agreeable impression on the spectator, far less strike him as imposing.

But the unmerciful guide will not spare you a single room—not even a corner of one—everything shall and must be seen, and all at a slapping pace too, for very likely there is another party waiting in the ante-chamber, and that one will probably be followed in the course of an hour by a third and a fourth.

When you have thus, in double quick time, completed the circuit of the castle, the first attendant commits you to the close custody of the gardener, and a similar race commences through groves of lemon, orange, and laurel, and over the glowing gravel of ten or twelve terraces rising



one above another. There can be no question of enjoyment in such a case as this; but any one who could move as a free man about the Isola Bella, might, doubtless, bring away from it some pleasant recollections.

The maintenance of these Borromean Islands, it is said, costs their owner thirty thousand pounds a year;—an expense which is occasioned, principally, by the repairs of the masonry, on which the greater part of the Isola Bella rests. Their original formation must have swallowed an enormous sum, which one cannot but regard as entirely wasted, when one considers that, on the shores of the lake, far more beautiful results might be attained with far less cost; indeed, are so attained every day.

The soil, which here has to be created, is there afforded by Nature in boundless extent, and the irrigation, which is so difficult to obtain in the islands, may be had on the shores with the greatest ease. But the pride of that Spanish captain-general who gave the Borromean Islands his name, found his account in employing all this gold, and sweat and blood, in transforming a naked rock into a blooming garden. Now that I have once paid my tribute to his performance, I should certainly not care to set foot on the

Borromean Islands again, should fate carry me past them ten times over.

The rather long row to the Lombard town of Laveno was somewhat shortened for me by a political conversation that took place between my two boatmen. They agreed in their expression of respect for Charles Albert, and in their contempt for Garibaldi (with whom they had become acquainted on occasion of his renowned expedition to Laveno), as well as their slight opinion of the valour of the Piedmontese National Guard, two hundred thousand of whom, they said, had been driven by twenty thousand Austrians up to the highest peak of one of the mountains. There arose, however, a violent dispute between them, on the question of the hopes and the independence of Italy. The elder, a man of seventy years of age, was full of fire and faith ; the younger, on the contrary, had, at the utmost, only pious wishes for the Italian cause. So many attempts, he said, had been made and they had all failed "*Dio vol vuole.*" The antagonist foamed up at this more violently than before, but the fatalist only shrugged his shoulders and worked with all his might at his oar.

Since Laveno was taken by Garibaldi, there

has been a plan under consideration for protecting the little town, by building a fort on a spot from which the hostile steamer might have been sunk. A commencement has really been made, and I am assured that should Garibaldi ever take it into his head to repeat such an attempt, it would be all over with him. On the other hand, the garrison of the new fort must take care to be on friendly terms with the vine-grower, who lives three or four hundred feet above their heads, for if not, he, with the help perhaps of his wife, could kill every man of them with stones as expeditiously as possible. This gardener, it appears, was by no means so ill-disposed towards Garibaldi as the boatmen, and had made no secret of his satisfaction, when the Austrian artillery, fetched from Varese, had fired always some feet above the steamer.

The *Albergo del Moro* had been recommended to me as the best inn, but it had such a very equivocal appearance that I hesitated to cross its threshold. An inscription however—the author of which seems prophetically to have read my thoughts—assured me so expressly and emphatically, that—all appearances to the contrary notwithstanding—I should find there good rooms

and excellent entertainment, that I made the venture.

A memorial near the stair-case informed me that on such and such a day, the Arch-duke Stephen had alighted here ; and a second monument, of a similar kind, announced that on a certain occasion, her Catholic Majesty the Queen Christina had been pleased to rest her illustrious person at the *Albergo del Moro*.

The chamber into which I was shown, however, had anything but a princely aspect, and it needed a very energetic protest on my part to procure my admission to a rather more habitable one, from the balcony of which I looked over a part of the lake; but I was destined to still greater good fortune. When I returned from my excursion to the new Fort, the hostess informed me that the fair that was to be held on the following day had brought her a number of guests, whom she wished to accommodate in my apartment; and since I declared myself willing, for a reasonable compensation, to consent to an exchange, she led me to a more elevated part of the mansion, and there, behold, the state apartment of Queen Christina herself was opened for my occupation ! The shady side of the chamber of this royal hotel I became

acquainted with on the following day ; when, after I returned from visiting the really encyclopedial fair, where articles of all sizes, from a bundle of matches to a hod of bricks, and all sorts of possible and impossible things were offered for sale, I had to settle with my host. The bank-notes which I offered him were rejected in the most decided manner—other paper, with which I was provided, he offered to take at five and twenty per cent. discount ; that is to say, not Hungarian paper, which I had, but Lombard, which I had not,—and so, at last, I had to pay for the financial anarchy of Austria, with a heap of the hard coins with which I was fortunately provided in case of need.

## CHAPTER III.

FROM LAGO MAGGIORE TO MILAN.—AN OLD SOLDIER.—CHARLES ALBERT.—A CONTRAST.—ITALIAN LOCAL PATRIOTISM.—FLOURISHING APPEARANCE OF VARESE.—UGLY WALKS.—SINGULAR CHAUSSURE OF THE WOMEN.—PRETTY AND UGLY FEET.—THE RAILROAD TO CAMERLATA.—COMO.—RAILROAD TO MILAN.—AGGRAVATED DISTRESS.—FIRST EVENING AT MILAN.

AN old Sardinian Colonel and his wife, at least thirty years younger, were my companions on the drive from Laveno to Varese, where they were going to spend the summer at a country estate. Formerly a great part of the nobility of Lombardy used to assemble at Varese and its environs, during the hot season ; but since the year 1849, the greater number and the finest of these country-houses, have been standing empty and desolate, and their owners eating the bitter bread of banishment. The old warrior near me in the carriage was no admirer of the Lombard insurrection, nor of the support afforded to it by Sardinia. Brought up in the school of Napoleon, and filled with the recol-

lections of the imperial times, he could not reconcile such an enterprise with his notions of civil obedience and soldierly discipline. He used to understand old politics, he said ; but as to the new, he could not pretend to make them out. A war without a single thorough General to conduct it—with officers acquainted neither with the theory nor the practice, who did not so much as know the map of the country ! “Here and there, perhaps, there might have been found a man educated under the Empire, who might possibly have known how to give matters a different turn ; but what was to be done if he were a pensioner and seventy years of age ?”

Defeated though he had been, Charles Albert, I found, was held in respectful remembrance by this old soldier, as, indeed, he is by nearly all the Northern Italians, of whatever class, to whom I have spoken. Such a case, I believe, to be almost unparalleled in history. A career of thirty years, filled with intrigue, treachery, cruelty, and leaden despotism, has been almost entirely effaced in the memory of his countrymen, by a last resolute return to the cause of the nation—a return on which his subsequent tragical death has put the seal of

consecration. Such a prize might be won in Germany now—but it will not be won. We men of the present generation have witnessed a case precisely the opposite of that of Charles Albert. We have seen a prince restored by his people to a throne almost battered to pieces by the French; we have seen this restored king almost placed on an altar and worshipped by his people with idolatrous veneration for a quarter of a century, without its being possible for the impartial spectator to discover in him a single one of the noble or attaching qualities which might be supposed to have won the heart of a nation, and put to flight the spirits of doubt and opposition. We have seen, at length, on the death of the idol, the inexplicable charm dissolved, and not the faintest vestige of the boundless love and veneration that had been lavished on the living, left to honour the memory of the dead. If this remarkable case should be thought to place in a somewhat doubtful light the value of popularity and the judgment of the mass of mankind, it does, at least, strengthen our faith in the justice of history, whose rule we see commenced over the yet open grave.

After we had passed about an hour in discussing the affairs of Europe—waging war and



concluding peace, in the most satisfactory manner—the lady began to desire some share in the conversation. As I had visited Pallanza, she supposed, of course, I had been to Intra, which is only a few miles from it, and had the honour to be her birth-place ; and on my replying in the negative, I am afraid I sank considerably in her opinion. “What, not seen a town of 15,000 inhabitants, and which makes the best calico in all Italy!” The fact was inconceivable ; and she returned so often to the subject of this unaccountable negligence of mine, that I was really driven by hard necessity into a—*fiction*, and declared my intention of visiting her native town on my return, even though I should have to make a three days’ circuit for it. This assurance had the effect of tranquillizing, in some measure, my fair Intra patriot ; and, I hope, of restoring me to a moderate place in her esteem.

I had heard and read that this jealous partiality for the birth-place is very common in Italy, but I have often been surprised by the fervour and passionate enthusiasm with which this sort of local patriotism has been manifested. As the Piedmontese lady for the cotton factories of Intra, the dweller on the sea-coast is inspired

for the sober trading town of Trieste. "*Mi glorio di questa mia patria Trieste ; è tutto mio paradiso !*" exclaimed a native of that city, whom I once met, pointing with gleaming eyes and dramatic gestures to the then not very pleasant looking town, lying roasting in the sun at the foot of a rock ; and if even Trieste can appear to the filial affections of its faithful sons as a paradise, we cannot wonder at the enthusiasm felt for their homes, by the natives of those towns, which the hand of Nature or of man has really filled with treasures ; and there are many such in Italy. This is certainly an amiable trait of Italian character ; but unfortunately, as all history proves, and as it is to be feared it will be found in the future, an extremely active cause of division and political impotence.

Would Naples ever consent to be subordinate to Rome ? Florence to Turin ? Venice to Milan ? to say nothing of the traditional jealousies, on the strength of which the various towns often persecute one another. "Let every man sweep before his own door," an Italian might say, and he would be so far right ; but the position of Italy is in this respect still more unfortunate than that of Germany, where I believe there are

but two cities, namely Vienna and Berlin, whose jealousies would be found quite irreconcilable. The others would probably have forgotten them in a single generation, as Nuremberg and Augsburg have forgotten that they were once independent sovereign states.

Varese, although its name has scarcely been heard abroad, ought certainly to be counted, when the principal towns of Upper Italy are spoken of; a distinction which it owes, not so much to its size or its history, as to its fortunate situation and salubrious air, which has rendered it a place of rendezvous for the Lombard nobility; and, partly in consequence of this, industrious and thriving. In the High-street you find shop after shop—factory after factory, till you imagine yourself in quite a great town. The hotels and coffee-houses are not indeed at all in great town style; but this is easily to be explained as the summer guests mostly occupy their own houses. Of these beautiful villas and gardens, one can only see the tops of the roofs and of the trees, as the French-Italian taste for high walls is here universally prevalent. It is a very disagreeable custom for a stranger, as all the roads and paths of communication about the town run between high

naked stone walls, so that, if you attempt to take a walk, you fancy yourself a state-prisoner, ordered to take the necessary amount of exercise in the dry ditch of the fortress.

There is enough to be seen in the town itself, however, to fill up the three or four hours between the arrival of one and the departure of the other public conveyance. There is, for instance, a showy Basilica, with a few good and many bad pictures, but in whose cool shade you may gape away a sultry noontide hour not unpleasantly. I could not help noticing, by the by, among the visitors to the church, a most extraordinary kind of *chaussure*, which I had seen before among the Lombard mountain villages, but certainly did not expect to find in a cultivated and prosperous town.

The women, and especially the girls, not only of the lower, but also of the middle classes, wear, over bare feet, a kind of wooden-sandal with high heels fastened with a string just over the toes, and which are both clumsy and noisy; but the very pretty feet of the daughters of Upper Lombardy soon reconciled me to them, and I even began to find a certain charm in their clapping sound. Perhaps these same pretty feet have contributed to preserve the custom,—

for throughout the Lombard plain, and in Milan—the native home of the most misshapen feet I have ever seen—these wooden sandals are unknown.

What could Nature have been thinking of to finish off the delicate aristocratic faces of the fair Milanese, with the broadest and flattest feet she could find in her whole workshop! But the feet, it must be owned, are not worse than the hands. Such monstrous lumps of bones and flesh, to which the skill of no glover can give even a tolerable form. The fish's tail of the beautiful lady in Horace would be elegant compared with these Milanese extremities. A man of athletic taste is really exposed to a most unpleasant vicissitude of rapture and torment, as his eye wanders from the lovely Madonna face to the unaccountably ugly foundation of these singularly constructed beauties.

As soon as I had attended to three little matters of business in the shops of Varese, and been cheated in all three, I departed for Como, along a delightful road over hill and valley, through field and wood, with the prospect of lakes and highlands, and the whole landscape radiant in the full glory of summer. On reaching Camerlata I saw my luggage stowed at the

railroad station, and then set off to walk down the hill the remainder of the way to Como, which is not more than a couple of miles. How it happens that the railroad has not been carried on for the remainder of the distance, as there is no natural obstacle whatever, I cannot guess. But I must place this in the same category with various knotty points connected with the management of our German railroads, which afford most admirable illustrations of the spirit of our German cabinets.

"A frightful situation, and a frightful town," said the wife of my Sardinian colonel, speaking of Como and its lake; "of course, what town in the world could be compared with Intra?"

I, indeed, as I had not had the good fortune to have seen Intra, could not help regarding Como as a town in rather a grand style, for though its streets are narrow and not very populous, they are extremely clean and are inclosed on either side by lines of palaces, through whose gates I caught glimpses of columned courts and fountains, and blooming gardens, with the green hills rising above them to the right and left. The cathedral of Como is a most magnificent, and, at the same time, a most original specimen of Lombard architec-

ture, in which a great wealth of decoration has been lavished with a profuse but tasteful hand; and the mediæval gates and the towers in the midst of the streets formed, in my opinion, no unpicturesque contrast to the generally modern character of the city.

With the intention of reaching the northern end of the town, and with it the shores of the lake, I had continually followed the same direction, namely, the one which the form of the town, and of the narrow valley by which it is determined, seemed to indicate. But the four or five rows of houses which run along this valley, seemed as if they would never end, and let me hasten my steps as I might, this northern gate still did not make its appearance: till at last the sound of a clock reminded me that if I did not intend my luggage to take a trip to Milan without me, it was time to turn back; and extremely sulky I was at being obliged thus to return to Camerlata without having seen so much as a drop of the water of the lake of Como. "Another time," I said to myself consolingly, though myself did not believe me, for I had made a similar promise on other occasions, and broken them. That other time never came, and never will.

After half an hour's run through the charming hilly country of Upper Lombardy, the green footstool of the grey Alps, we hastened at a swift rate across the level country; but in Monza the patience of the passengers was put to a severe trial. The city of the Iron Crown had been celebrating some festival or other, in which thousands of the Milanese had made a pilgrimage to this town: they were now wishing to get back, and we had to wait a whole age before the requisite number of carriages could be found. Our sufferings were aggravated too by our being exposed to the mockery of some fair ladies, the owners, I suppose, of the neighbouring villas, whose laughing faces were peeping down at us from their terraces of roses and oleanders, and who exhibited a feeling much more like enjoyment of, than sympathy for, our distress. During this delay at Monza it had been getting dark, so that it was lamp-light when we got to the immense terminus at Milan; and, considering the throng of new arrivals, I thought myself fortunate to make the conquest of a place in one of the enormous machines destined to convey us into the town. Although, however, it was laden with more than twenty persons, it went on at a sharp trot through



the crowded Corso, and past the cathedral to the Porta Romana, where I, like nine-tenths of the Germans who go there, alighted at the Hotel Reichmann. Half-an-hour afterwards I was seated before the chief portal of the most glorious temple of Christianity, over which the moonlight was pouring all its mysterious charm. The square in front of the cathedral resembled a gigantic drawing-room, in which a numerous assembly of all classes was moving gaily and sociably about together.

The moon contended with the brilliancy of the gas, and encircled the whole scene with a halo of light: out of the open windows of a neighbouring palace came the sounds of a guitar, and of an impassioned powerful soprano voice; on the right and on the left there was a rustling of silk dresses, and a whispering of the soft sounds of the Italian tongue, when suddenly, from a distant corner of the square, came a sound before which all was silent. "Halt, who goes there?" said a voice of thunder, and a grey-coated Austrian military patrol passed across the back of the scene, followed by thousands of fixed stern glances, but not by a single word.

## CHAPTER IV.

MILAN. — THE HOTEL REICHMANN. — PRUDENT PRECAUTIONS. — PURELY ITALIAN CHARACTER OF THE POPULATION. — MUTUAL HOSTILITY OF AUSTRIANS AND ITALIANS. — MILANESE NOBILITY. — THE POPULACE. — ECLIPSE OF PUBLIC GAIETY. — PUNCH. — THE MILAN CATHEDRAL. — ANCIENT AND MODERN PAINTINGS ON GLASS. — AFFECTATION OF CONNOISSERURSHIP. — THE ARCH OF PEACE AND ITS INSCRIPTIONS. — UNFAVOURABLE POSITION. — MENDICANT STYLE OF MODERN MONUMENTS. — ARTISTIC CANT.

THE Hotel Reichmann still deserves the good reputation, which it has long enjoyed; and among the numerous accommodations which it offers to travellers, there was none more acceptable to me, than the large collection of maps, plans, and Guide-books, which were accessible to every one in the colonnade of the court-yard, and whoever has had the experience, as I have, twenty times at hotels of the first class, of not being able to get even a map of the country itself, will know how to value such an accommodation.

The Guide-books, I must state, are nailed to the table; and this is not the most convenient

mode of using a book; but, of course, with the highest opinion of the travelling public, I cannot say the precaution strikes me as entirely useless. I would not—Heaven forbid—insinuate anything to the prejudice of the German gentlemen who visit the hotel; or hint that they are sometimes found wanting in respect for the property of others; of course, they are all “honourable men;” but forgetfulness is a failing of frail human nature, to which all classes are liable, even the learned. Even so learned a man as M. Libri, we have lately seen, could forget to send back thousands of the rarest and most valuable books which he had borrowed from different libraries.\*

The Hotel Reichmann is a German island in the sea of Italy. In the whole house there is no such thing as an Italian face to be seen, or an Italian sound heard; but with the first step across its threshold, you find yourself in another world, in which there is nothing to remind you of Germany but the Austrian uniform. The German workmen whom you meet with in crowds in every other capital in Europe, appear to have found no congenial soil in Milan;

\* I have not the facts at hand to refer to, but my impression is, that M. Libri succeeded in entirely exonerating himself from the charge.—TRANSLATOR.

at all events, I have never been able to discover a German name in any of the saddlers', shoe-makers', or tailors' shops, I have looked through. As for an inscription or advertisement in the German language, of that there is no question. At one or two hotels you could just distinguish a German name near the Italian one, but it had been painted over (probably in the revolution time), and the proprietor had either not thought it worth his while, or had not ventured to remove the covering.

Official announcements in the German language, do, indeed, make their appearance in the tobacco-shops; that is, the licences printed on blotting-paper, and decorated with a caricature of the Austrian arms; but if ever you hear a German word uttered in any street or public place, you may be sure it comes from the mouth of a soldier or a stranger. French is almost as rare, and nothing can be more false than the often-repeated assertion that Milan is half Frenchified town.

The former defiant opposition of the Milanese towards the Austrian Government has been broken; their present deportment is perfectly passive, and yet there is something in it painful, almost terrific to the spectator. Those

dumb lips have a stormy eloquence; and behind those cold glances you feel there is hidden the glowing fire that has burst forth between Italy and Germany again and again for a thousand years.

The officers and the German authorities in Milan, are separated from the Italian population by an impassable barrier. Not only is all domestic and social intercourse cut off, but mere external association is avoided on both sides. In the coffee-houses frequented by the officers you seldom see a plain coat; and it is extremely unusual for an officer to go into one of those houses visited by Italians. Should it happen unintentionally, the parties ignore each other's presence so completely, that there is no opportunity for courtesy or discourtesy. An Austrian will scarcely ever ask a Milanese, nor a Milanese an Austrian, for so much as a light to a cigar, or a newspaper.

I could not myself at first help feeling some hesitation at asking the many questions which one has occasion to ask a hundred times a day in a strange town; for any one could hear at the first word that I was a German; but curiosity and necessity helped me to get over the difficulty, and I cannot say that I ever received

an uncivil answer. On the contrary, I can bear my testimony to the strict observance, on the part of the Milanese, as well as of all northern Italians, of the laws of decorum and politeness; an observance which, considering the vehemence of their passions, certainly manifests a considerable amount of mental culture.

A great number of the richest and most distinguished Lombard families live still in voluntary banishment; and may, probably, do so for a series of years. There is, consequently, little left of the old splendour of Milanese life. The Scala is closed—the renowned Corso is desolate; all gay public amusements are avoided. What is called popular life has undergone very little change. *Pulcinella* and *Ciarlatano* are not dying of melancholy, and wherever they make their appearance they find a crowd with eager eyes and ears for the hundred-times-repeated jokes; and whose powers of laughter have suffered no diminution. As from time immemorial the renowned Punch brandishes his classical broomstick against his wife, the judge, the executioner, the devil himself, *but not against an Austrian gendarme*; he cracks his jokes against the whole world—lawyers, priests, husbands, bachelors, French, English, even against

Germans in general, *but not against the Austrians.*

A noisy orchestra, in the shape of a gigantic barrel-organ, the laughter of the crowd, and the screaming of the venders of fruit and ice, fill up all the pauses of Punch's time-honoured wit; while the majestic sun looks down from his throne in æther, on the busy restless play, and ever-recurring monotony of the farce of human life.

What the immortals may think of the Milan Cathedral I cannot at present state; but looking at it with mere human eyes, it does appear to me a work that may well make one proud of what human power and human intelligence can effect. The vast space, with the richness and beauty of the forms, creates an overpowering impression. There may be churches of more sublime character, but none which afford so wondrous, never-to-be-forgotten evidence of the capabilities of this glorious art. The exterior of the cathedral, from the towers to the gates, is, perhaps, almost too richly decorated, so as somewhat to confuse the eye. It is difficult to take in enough of it at a glance, to produce a complete impression: and, if you confine your attention to details, you come here and there upon parts

which do not perfectly harmonise with the whole, on tasteless innovations and obvious defects. But, in spite of all this, the outline of the Milan Cathedral, whether viewed from above or below, from the right or the left, remains a matchless masterpiece of mediæval art.

The interior is in simpler style than the outside, and creates, therefore, a purer and more harmonious impression. This glorious cupola, supported on the most gigantic columns I have ever seen, would, doubtless, have a grander effect if they were not disfigured by a painted network of Gothic flourishes, which pass for sculpture. Most of the decorations, indeed, are rather disfigurements than ornaments. From the top of the principal tower you obtain a complete view of the whole plan of the Cathedral, and for this, no one, I think, will repent climbing so many hundred steps, even in the heat of noon. On the roof is a perfect garden of marble trees and marble flowers; the staircase leading from the roof to the tower, is a tabernacle, overladen with costly sculptures; the mere putting together of the pieces of which, after they had been prepared, is said to have lasted six years.

From this point of view the spectator becomes aware, however, of how much the Cathe-



dral still wants for its completion; for although, since the time of Napoleon, it has been carried on almost uninterruptedly, with considerable resources, the present century will scarcely see the termination of this vast work. For two years past, indeed, it has been entirely standing still. The former yearly contribution of the Government towards it, of 100,000 francs, had previously been lowered to one-half that sum; since the Revolution, it has been altogether discontinued; and a great number of workmen, who, from father to son, had lived by the works in the Cathedral, have been thrown out of employment.

From the disparaging remarks I have made on the decorations of the choir, I must expressly except the paintings on glass. The three immense windows of the choir form a perfect gallery of transparencies, that might occupy the lover of art for days together. The left window, especially, contains real masterpieces, and how it is possible even to name the works of the old glass-painters beside those of the modern artists, far less to give them the preference, is, to me, inconceivable. That we should take all possible care of the old painted windows of our churches;—that we should attribute to them a

certain historical value, as specimens of the beginnings of art, that the antiquary should rejoice over them;—all this I understand; but when I hear of people falling into ecstasies at their beauty, it is really impossible for me to give them credit for candour. The old glass-painters, it is true, have particular colours which surprise us by their brightness and splendour,—colours that I suppose might become the rage on the coast of Mozambique or Senegal; but that, apart from form, they should awaken æsthetic raptures in cultivated Europe is what I cannot make out.

Now, form is entirely wanting in these old glass-paintings. The drawing is monstrous; and composition, grouping, perspective, cannot be looked for at all. Go and look at a window in the cathedral at Ulm, or the Sebaldus church in Nuremberg, and you will not, for a quarter of an hour, be able even to make out the subjects of the pictures, or the relation of parts to one another. But it has been decreed, once for all, that the old glass-paintings are very admirable things, and so out of twenty visitors to the cathedral, nineteen make it a point of conscience to brighten up at the sight of them, and give utterance to half suppressed exclamations of emotion and admiration. It is one of the many conventional

lies which we are accustomed now-a-days to impose on ourselves and others from various motives; sometimes for the justification of our own claims to refinement, sometimes from mere habit, —sometimes from politeness,—and sometimes (Heaven defend us!) for the sake of morality and religion.

I went, during my stay in Milan, again and again, to visit the Cathedral; and then, without troubling myself about the other lions mentioned in the Guide-book, I felt I could leave the place perfectly satisfied. Accident, however, more than my own will, took me out by the triumphal arch, called, in official language, *Della Pace*, but by the people, *Of the Simplon*, for the Italians like better to be reminded of the road over the Simplon, than of the peace of Paris.

The inscriptions on the arch, however, say nothing of the occasion of its erection, any more than of the mighty one who planned it, and laid the foundation-stone; but to the finisher of the work, the Latin compliments are laid on by shovels-full. To him, *Adsertori perpetuæ faustitatis, parenti publico*, and so forth, it is dedicated, as well as one of the city-gates, to *Francesco Massimo Augusto*, and that these monuments have been spared during the revo-

lution, shows, at all events, the respect of the people, if not for the Emperor Francis, at all events for history and art.

The Arch of Peace, on the whole, is a good deal like that of the Barrière de l'Etoile, at Paris, but has by no means so fine a situation. The latter stands on the highest point of the great avenue of the Champs Elysées, and closing a long perspective of trees, seems to look down majestically on all surrounding objects. To the east, it opens the magnificent drive into the finest part of the great city; to the west, it closes such a prospect as one can scarcely find elsewhere within the walls of a town. The place of the Milan arch, on the contrary, is as ill chosen as possible. It lies at the end of a dusty desert which serves merely for a place of exercise, opposite to an old dilapidated barrack that calls itself a citadel, and flanked as it is by two ugly guard-houses, and with its back to a row of trees, withering in the hot sand, it stands there like a Sultan glittering in gold and jewels in the midst of a ragged regiment of hungry beggars. This is unpleasant, and to get rid of the insulting contrast, one must separate the Arch from all the objects around it, and treat, as our German philosophers say, *the thing in itself*.

It is an often-repeated, but not yet worn-out, remark, that our monumental art subsists wholly in a beggarly manner on the ideas and models of antiquity. On this triumphal arch there is not a stone which might not have been modelled fifteen hundred years ago. The very idea of a triumphal arch is ancient, and just as ancient are the allegories, the symbols, the gods and heroes, which have been employed to express it; and the chariot of the Goddess of Victory is, of course, fitted out with the clumsy thick-necked, stiff-legged brutes, born of artistic incapability, and educated by mannerism, which one can only contemplate with *hippological* detestation. But these forms, though as ugly as they are untrue, are antique, and therefore, of course, worthy of all imitation; and though such a mode of proceeding may be a little Chinese, we have nothing for it but to accept the big heads, clumsy necks, wooden legs, and impossible positions of the old frescoes and bas-reliefs,—as in duty bound.

## CHAPTER V.

FROM MILAN TO VENICE.—GLORIOUS NIGHT SCENES.—MARTIAL PREPARATIONS.—HASTY GLANCE AT BRESCIA.—PESCHIERA.—CARELESS FORTIFICATIONS.—VERONA.—ANCIENT AMPHITHEATRE.—COMPARISON WITH THAT OF NISMES.—APPEARANCE OF THE POPULATION.—THE EDEN OF LOMBARDY.—GLIMPSE OF PADUA THE LEARNED.—ENTRY INTO VENICE.

THE war has retarded, for some years, the completion of the principal rail-road of Lombardy-Venice. For filling up the long distance between Treviglio and Verona so little has yet been done, that the ministerial consent has only just been obtained for the construction of that portion between Verona and Brescia.

The imperial, as well as private, coaches, make use of that rail-road as far as Treviglio, although the journey only takes an hour; but the mail, the courier, as they say in Austria, disdains its services, to the great annoyance of the passengers. The truth is, however, I believe, that it sets off at too late an hour to profit by the steam; and, on the whole, it more than recovers

the time thus lost, by superior speed through the whole distance, and its more convenient arrangement makes it preferable, notwithstanding its higher price.

Happy in the possession of the cabriolet-place, I drove, at nine o'clock in the evening, through the throng of people on the Corso, and out at the Porta Orientale. A *gendarme*, armed to the teeth, had taken his place near the postilion, and I could not help wishing him at the —, somewhere else in short—for he darkened for me a considerable portion of the glorious night-sky. Innumerable fire-flies were swarming in the hedges and meadows on either side of the road; and before us, in the far east, broad flashes were passing silently across the horizon. A pleasant airy seat, a temperature for which a light linen coat was just sufficient, a play of flames and sparks to amuse the eye,—it was the most agreeable nocturnal journey that one could possibly make while confined to a carriage and the society of one's own thoughts.

The later it grew the more animated became the road; loaded waggons, carts driven by oxen, travelling-carriages, followed in rapid succession. A division of Austrian troops passed

slowly to the plaintive music of a Slavonian melody. Presently the moon rose and showed the effect of the landscape by a new kind of illumination ; but after I had admired it for a time, my senses refused to furnish me any further reports concerning it, and I slept away the remainder of the beautiful midsummer night.

It was broad day-light when I awoke in sight of Brescia. Instead of one *gendarme* I had now two before me ; and the *conducteur* had, moreover, an old rusty sword placed in warlike manner between his knees. Judging by these martial preparations, I presumed that we had passed, during the night, a dangerous bit of the road ; and as, a few days afterwards, I read in the papers of fourteen highway-robbers having been shot all at once in Padua, it may be that this terrific display of armed force may not have been altogether so superfluous as some other formalities of the highly-to-be-respected Austrian police.

Brescia is a very imposing-looking town ; and, on merely driving through it, many monuments meet the eye that speak of ancient grandeur and an important history. I would willingly have wandered for hours about its silent solemn streets, but the post-horn sum-



moned me, and I had to leave it after a mere hasty glance. At Desenzano the road runs close to the shore of Lake Garda, which on this southern side is bounded by a very flat insipid-looking country ; and the town of Peschiera makes but an insignificant feature in this insignificant landscape ; it has nothing of the poetical attributes of other old fortresses, but is a mere wretched-looking little nest, lying on a dead plot, and surrounded by the lowest possible walls and the broadest possible ditches. No traces of the long and, it was said, severe siege were perceptible outside the town. Trees and bushes stood unharmed at pistol-shot from the walls, even on the right bank of the Mincio. On the left, which indeed the enemy did not set foot on, it was evident no axe had ever been laid to a tree,—an almost incredible instance of carelessness : even with the remotest prospect of war, the trees would have been levelled all round any other fortress.

Verona, it will be evident to any one most ignorant of such matters, is a fortress much more in earnest than Peschiera ; but it cannot be for a moment compared with Minden or Magdeburg, or the fortresses on the Rhine. The past grandeur of Verona is much more striking

than the value of its fortifications ; at every step you come on the traces of a power and splendour long gone by, and which will scarcely ever return again. Here is a gate standing right across the street, speaking with most eloquent tongue of the long-departed magnificence of the Roman rule ;—there is a costly mausoleum telling of the richly adorned, but not less blood-thirsty tyranny of the Scaligeri : further on the gigantic amphitheatre proclaims the wealth and the immense population of ancient Verona.

This amphitheatre is considered, I believe, the best preserved structure of the kind that has come down to our days ; and this may be true—apart from the consideration that it owes its present aspect to the restoration undertaken by the Scaligeri, in accordance with its original plan. But the amphitheatre at Nismes, although not so perfect, appears to me to produce a much more powerful impression. Not only are its proportions vaster, but the enormous masses of masonry, real rocks on which it is built, give it a truly Cyclopean character, whilst the amphitheatre of Verona, built of ordinary free stone, has, from the outside, a rather commonplace appearance. In Nismes too, you have the

magnificent decoration of trees and shrubs — symbols of the eternal youth of Nature—sprouting from the depth of these mouldering remains of Roman art, Roman luxury, and Roman barbarism.

The completeness of the thirty or forty rows of slate at Verona does not enable it to rival the monumental and picturesque grandeur of the circus at Nismes. It is characteristic of the altered time too, that whilst formerly a whole people had free entrance to the most splendid spectacles which the old world could offer to its citizens, at the present day the mere sight of the empty space must be purchased.

In Verona, the neighbourhood and the influence of Germany make themselves felt in a variety of trifling circumstances, of which in Milan there is no trace. You not only see a great number of German faces, but, by things you hear in the streets, you are perpetually reminded of Germany, and the Verona people are much less cold and reserved towards us than the Milanese, and have, not unfrequently, at least a superficial knowledge of our language.

In personal appearance the people are very much like the Milanese; fine stately men, and little women with mostly handsome faces, but

clumsy figures and rather awkward deportment, who do not know how to conceal natural defects by any art of costume. Their children, however, they dress very prettily, and I admired especially the golden circlet passing across the top of the head, by which the back hair of the young girls is confined.

The railroad from Verona to Venice, which, as is well known, was in full activity before the revolution, runs by Padua to Montebello and Vicenza, through a country which is a very garden of Paradise. The fields bear at the same time three harvests, one above another, corn, wine, and the fruit of the trees between which the grapes hang their rich garlands. There is no want either of meadow or water, and, though there are no actual woods, there are trees enough for the satisfaction of the eye, as well as for every material necessity. At Verona you leave the hilly country, which you entered on at Brescia, and the plain stretches out to a boundless extent towards the south, whilst the glimmering distance to the left is bounded by the mountains of the Tyrol.

The railroad termini, even at the most considerable towns, are naked, tasteless, and often absolutely mean; and in the construction of the

● carriages, space has been economized to an extent truly distressing to travellers who are not mere skeletons.

Of the places on the road one sees little or nothing. Padua only appears in complete profile, straight-lined, and right-angled, with stiff tasteless towers sticking up out of it, the very image of learned pedantry. A few miles beyond Padua you begin to perceive indications of the neighbourhood of the sea. The vegetation becomes poorer, more monotonous—the whole country assumes a desolate aspect. The Brenta, at a bridge, across which is the last station, makes by no means so poetical a figure as it does on paper. At length vegetation entirely ceases, so that you can hardly tell whether what you see on either side of the embankment is land or water. But that white streak that appears to lie right across the rail, and to swim on the surface of the sea, that is Venice! The bridge over the Lagoons, which was broken through in several places by the Venetians during the siege, has been restored, and was to be in a few days solemnly re-opened; but it was now necessary that our train should halt, and the passengers be forwarded by omnibus-gondolas. Amidst the hundred-voiced chorus of the even-

ing bells, the little fleet set itself in motion across the water parallel to the long succession of arches, which seemed as if they would never end. Some young Venetians were talking incessantly of incidents connected with the bridge, that had happened during the siege, and pointing out to each other the various spots. But I noticed that they carefully avoided the most distant political allusion. Had Venice been a city of the celestial empire, their apparent absence of sympathy could not have been more complete, and you might have supposed that the insurrection and the siege of their native town were nothing more to them than matters of simple curiosity. At length our aquatic omnibus touched the shore; the officers of police and customs detained me but a few minutes, and I jumped impatiently into the nearest gondola which could carry me to my hotel.

## CHAPTER VI.

VENICE.—THE GRAND CANAL.—THE SMALL CANALS BY NIGHT.—  
THE PALAZZO GIUSTINIANI.—ST. MARK'S PLACE.—THE PIAZZETTA.  
—VENICE RESTAURANTS.—A FESTIVAL.—THE MARKET.—PHYSI-  
CAL DEGENERACY.—SHABBY GENTILITY.—DIFFERENT TEMPER OF  
VENETIAN AND MILANESE POPULATION.—HOLIDAY-MAKERS.

It was late in the evening. By the light of the stars and of gas-lamps, I could distinguish a broad expanse of water, enclosed by high dark masses of building.

"That is the Grand Canal?" said I, in a tone of inquiry, to the gondolier, though I scarcely needed the answer. "The beginning of the Grand Canal," said he; "the hotel lies at the other end of it." "On the very first evening, therefore, this spot that I have so long dreamed of," thought I, congratulating myself, though not quite pleased either, to be first carried through this scene of Venetian glory in the dim twilight.

But in this I was alarming myself without occasion. The gondolier, instead of proceeding

along the Canal Grande, merely crossed it, in order to turn into a narrow watery street on the opposite side, and then into a third and a fourth, each narrower than the last, till at length there was scarcely room for the movement of the oars, while huge black masses of building rose abruptly from the water, to a height that the eye could scarcely follow; only here and there glimmered a lamp, and all around was the darkness and silence of the grave. A light plashing of the water, and the ominous warning cry of the gondolier, to avoid collision with another, as he turned the corner of each canal, were the only sounds that broke on the listening ear. It needed but little imagination to regard myself as a prisoner of the Inquisition, being carried on his last journey across these dark abysses. But suddenly the labyrinth opened—masts and lights emerged from the liquid depths—the whole extent of a long line of houses lay before me, and I did not require the gondolier to tell me that we had again turned into the Grand Canal, though, alas! only for a few minutes. Once more we plunged into the intricate net of narrow little watery paths, and did not, for another quarter of an hour, reach the upper end of the serpentine figure like an S, formed by the Canal



Grande. There at last we stopped, where the waters of the Lagoon bathed a flight of marble steps of the brilliantly lighted palace of Giustiniani, from beneath whose widely open portals, there stepped forth hospitably to greet me a stately noble;—no, I mean a waiter.

As soon as I had taken possession of an apartment, I rushed down stairs again, and, by help of my finely developed organ of locality, found the back door.

“Straight forward, and then to the right,” called out the porter, without my having asked him. He knew very well that there was but one place in Venice, which a traveller, coming in at ten o'clock at night, could be in such a hurry to reach. A few hundred steps more, and I stood on the St. Mark's Place.

Like every stranger, who comes for the first time to Venice, I had prepared myself for something grand and extraordinary, and like every one at all susceptible of such impressions, I felt that, in spite of all preparation, the reality was striking—overwhelming. What gives St. Mark's Place this mighty charm I hardly know. Like the charm of human grace and beauty, it seems to defy all analysis, but it produces an effect like that of nothing else of a similar kind. The

Palais Royal, in Paris, which, at the first glance, you perceive has been an imitation of it, is larger, more regular, better kept; and yet how colourless, characterless, and insignificant is it, in comparison with its model. The mere comparison, indeed, seems almost an insult to the square of Venice. The wonderful St. Mark's Church, which occupies one side, the pavement of monumental marble—these are features that may be mentioned, in which it has the advantage; but they by no means explain all its superiority. I will not attempt to pry into the mystery, the key of which, for our prosaic generation, is, perhaps, for ever lost.

And yet there is in Venice something still more magnificent than St. Mark's Place, and that is the Piazzetta, adjoining it at a right angle. Enclosed on three sides by the St. Mark's Church, the Palace of the Doges, and other stately buildings, it is open on the fourth to the Lagoon, whose waves wash the feet of the two giant columns; one bearing the winged Lion, the other the figure of St. Theodore—that seem to mark the boundaries between the city and the sea.

Late as it was, the Piazzetta and the neighbouring quay were thronged with people enjoying

the delightful sea-breeze; but their rustling movements scarcely disturbed the silence of the night, and, by no means destroyed the general impression of perfect tranquillity. Then from behind an angle, formed by the arches in the upper story of the ducal palace, came forth the moon, and poured her soft radiance over the whole wonderful scene. Whoever has once seen such a picture as this, may carry away with him an imperishable treasure. There is a German painter living here, who has Italianized his honest German name of Nehrlech into Nerli, and whom I do not think much of on the whole, but, in his representation of this scene, he has, at least, caught some faint reflection of the unattainable perfection of the reality.

A low desire to have something to eat, came at length to remind me that man does not live on evening breezes and moonshine alone, and I was compelled to break the poetic spell, and descend to the very prosaic region of an eating-house. Now, the most elegant of these establishments in Venice is a mere den,\* whose threshold one does not cross for the first time without an effort of resolution. But, notwithstanding the

\* To the French *restaurant* this description does not apply; but in 1850 it was closed

suspicious appearance of the place, and that the hour was near midnight, I found in the one I entered, a numerous and rather elegant company, as well as entertainment, with which I should have been well content, even had it been much worse. When I left it towards one o'clock, to return to my hotel, the St. Mark's Place was nearly emptied, but in the streets, which were brightly lighted, I still found all alive, and the workshops of tailors and shoemakers in full activity. It was no less lively on the Canal Grande, from which the splashing of oars, and the cries of the gondoliers, came mingling with the sounds of song and guitar up to my window, till the excitement of my senses at length gave way to sleep.

The next day was a festival; the shops were closed, all business suspended, and from earliest morning there was an incessant ringing of bells. The first streets that I passed through were empty, and the houses looked as if they were dead; but as I approached the centre of the town, they became more and more animated. Half Venice seemed to have been transformed into one great market. Fruits, flowers, vegetables, poultry, and the multifarious productions of the sea, covered the flagged marble pavement

of countless streets, especially in the neighbourhood of the Rialto. Thousands of purchasers were busy laying in their provisions for the feast; and many a well-dressed gentleman might be seen carrying home the birds or fish he had bought, on a wicker plate, with his own hands.

It was the gayest and most original market-crowd that I had ever seen; but I looked in vain for the chief decoration of such scenes—the fine forms and lovely faces, which we have become so familiar with in the pictures of Titian, Tintoretto, and their disciples, as to regard them as family features of the Venetian race. But if it ever possessed these personal charms, it must most sadly have degenerated, though it may have done so, exactly because it has remained so pure. The geographical position, as well as the constitution of Venice, has in a great measure prevented its improvement by any of that mixture so favourable to the *physique*, though so damaging to the dignity; which “Ruins the blood, but much improves the flesh.”

The present Venetian race has neither the stateliness of form, nor the attractive features, and still less the grace of deportment, which our imaginations so willingly attribute to it. The women are in general as ugly as the men;

and the rich as shabby-looking as the poor. I must own, however, that as far as the coat makes the man, I have never been able to make out very well which were the rich ; and since the Revolution, there appear to be astonishingly few of them.

The *beau monde* in Venice is so little *beau* that one looks about for another phrase by which to designate it. Anxious faces, worn-out clothes, false jewels, and mock lace—these (setting aside the strangers) are almost all you see on St. Mark's place, and it is on that account very desirable to make your visits to it in the evening. Such appearances as this, from which one may infer a life in which the means of subsistence are not sufficient for the most just claims and modest necessities, are to me a more painful sight than that of downright poverty. The latter indeed, notwithstanding all the sufferings occasioned by the siege, is rather rare in Venice ; but the first you meet at every step, so that, to me at least, it disturbs the enjoyment of all the monumental splendour of the past. But one gets accustomed to it soon enough, for—it is not to the honour of human nature that it should be so—there is no feeling sooner worn out, than that of compassion for the sufferings of others.

On the three masts opposite St. Mark's Church, which formerly bore the flags of Candia, Cyprus, and the Morea, there were now waving enormous banners with the Austrian arms; a numerous military band had taken up its post in the middle of the throng that covered the square, and an eager audience was soon collected around the white-coated Austrian musicians, whose excellent performance certainly deserved the applause of a music-loving and music-understanding public.

At Milan, however, the people would have scorned to accept the pleasure from such a quarter; and would have purposely turned their backs on the Austrians and their music, however fine it might be.

The Milanese and Venetians, though such near neighbours, differ greatly in character. Nothing appears so foreign to the Venetian nature, as to keep up any kind of grudge; and their easy tempers seem already to have lost all bitter recollections connected with the insurrection, the siege, and their final defeat. As they did not disgrace their victory over the Austrian garrison (which they owed to the incapability of the governor and the stupidity of his subordinates) by any act of cruelty, the Austrian government has had tact and moderation enough to refrain,

after the final subjection of Venice, from all personal persecution. The leaders of the insurrection voluntarily left the town; and of those insurgents who remained behind, or who have since returned, it has not disturbed a single one.

Notwithstanding the state of siege, also, the Venetians have since remained free from police interference, to an extent that, in the Austrian dominions, may be considered unexampled. I myself never saw such a thing as a *gendarme* in Venice; and though I would by no means infer from this, that there are none, it at least warrants the conclusion that they are not thrust obtrusively forward. Of the coffee-houses on St. Mark's-place, many have been always in the habit of remaining open all night, and they do so still; though in other cases, where a state of siege has been declared, the authorities have insisted on closing coffee-houses at ten, nine, or even eight o'clock in the evening.

They seem to consider here that the state is in no wise endangered by the drinking of coffee to any extent. The prohibition, common in such cases, of more than five or six persons standing close together, cannot here be carried into effect; since the moment the Venetians step out of their



own doors, they are compelled, from the narrowness of the space, to form such a close group, as would elsewhere run the risk of being dispersed with the butt-end of the musket or the bayonet.

Late in the evening on this festival day, I found myself in a distant quarter of the town, which I had reached by following the Slavonian quay. Here in a public garden was a new world of merrymaking and enjoyment, the exuberant enjoyment of a southern church-wake, which was celebrated with right good-will. Along the whole length of the principal street, fires were crackling, enormous kettles boiling, and frying-pans frizzling; in the brilliantly lighted shops, were piles of pastry and other dainty bits, and at long tables young men and maidens, and other guests of various ages, were feasting, merrily intermixed, and singing and instrumental music resounded from one end of the street to the other. It was twelve o'clock at night too, yet nowhere was there the slightest indication of any other kind of intoxication than that of fun; no disputing, no rude behaviour, no coarse jest. A military patrol, the first and the last that I saw in Venice, passed quietly along the whole length of the street,

without the people taking the least notice of them, far less interrupting their merriment with any expressions of scorn or bitterness. The Venetians are, without question, the most good-tempered people in Italy; and violence and bloodshed are almost unheard of among them.

## CHAPTER VII.

STILL VENICE.—FASCINATION OF VÉNICÉ.—THE VENETIAN ARISTOCRACY.—THE DOGE SURRENDERS TO BONAPARTE.—THE DOGE'S PALACE AND ITS GUARDIAN.—THE MONUMENTS OF THE DOGES.—GAY TEMPER OF VENETIAN PAINTERS.—HISTORICAL FAMILIES.—THE PRESENT OCCUPANTS OF THEIR ANCESTRAL HALLS.—NEGLECT OF PRIVATE CLAIMS UNDER THE OLD VENETIAN REPUBLIC.—PUBLIC GRATITUDE IN ANCIENT AND MODERN TIMES.—VENETIAN CHARITIES.—RAPID DECAY.

THE city on the Lagoons is a place that it is very difficult to tear oneself away from. You seem held by an invisible bond—a foreboding that you will carry away with you a vain but unconquerable longing to see it again. Among all the beautiful towns of this earth which I know, there are very few that have inspired me with any such desire, but among these few, Venice maintains—no, not the first, but certainly the second place. The more delightful are the recollections that any enjoyment leaves behind it—the less is it in general advisable to put them to the proof of a second impression, which generally turns out a disappoint-

ment. At the same time there are things and circumstances, the charm of which never vanishes, of which an infallible inward voice declares that they will never cease to charm us, as long as we are capable of being charmed; and such is Venice with the exhaustless variety of glorious impressions which it offers. Where, on the whole earth, are stones so eloquent as in Venice? Where is the creation of human hand that can be compared with this wondrous marble flower, floating upon the surface of the sea?

The finest streets of our royal and imperial cities, if they were transplanted to Venice and placed near the Grand Canal, how poor and mean would they look! The power and renown and historic splendour of Venice are the work of an aristocracy that deserved the name, which had a right to the dominion which they exercised with so strong a hand; an aristocracy that did not go forth from robber-castles, but from the tradesman's shop; but who not the less knew how, by a well-founded pride and genuine nobility of manners, to maintain the honour of their name against the world.

The Venetian nobility was a true one, for it had its root in the state, and bore the honour, the power, the interest of the state on its mighty

shoulders. An aristocracy which is animated by such a spirit will not be grudged its prominent position in society; as in England, for instance, no one would wish its expulsion. But for the poor devils who, in some other places I could mention, assume the title of aristocrats, it is really most compassionate to say nothing.

Had Venice but understood at the proper time that an aristocracy alone cannot maintain a state, and that the hour for the political emancipation of the people was come, the Signoria might, perhaps, have been flourishing to this day; at all events, the Republic would not have gone to ruin. The tenth part of the energy which Venice has exhibited during the two last years against the Austrians, would have been more than sufficient to resist that attack of the French, in which the Doge, weeping like a woman, sent the keys of the town to Bonaparte, at the very moment when he had declared it impregnable; at least, with the artillery at his command, and in the absence of a fleet. The name of the last Doge, at least, has been since (in 1848) restored to honour; he was called Manini.

If the people of Venice at the moment of its disgraceful fall, fell with fury on the symbols of

the old government, their revenge had less reference to its tyranny, than to its cowardice. Nothing embitters a people against a bad government so much as the perception of its weakness towards the foreigner; and however hated it may be at home, every insult coming to it from abroad is felt by the people as an insult to itself; and even the more, perhaps, the more hated it is, for then there arises a kind of shame against its own impotence for suffering the rule of such contemptible weakness. And if this shame should appear suddenly transformed into a passionate attachment to the Government, we must not let such a change deceive us; it is but one of those attempts at self-deception whose psychological motive is too obvious to need explanation.

The guardian of the ducal palace, who shows the frightful subterranean dungeons, a pig-headed old Venetian, insisted that the cause of the destruction of the Republic was to be sought in the excessive mildness and indulgence towards domestic enemies of the state, which had taken the place of the old wholesome severity. With the help of that said wholesome severity, Venice, he said, had maintained her standing for fourteen hundred years, but when they began to practise this indulgence, and to suffer these much calumniated

dungeons to fall into disuse, then the Republic went to ruin.

The keeper of these pleasant subterranean apartments, which he so pathetically lamented should stand empty, was not merely a politician, but also an historian, and as he shrank from no conclusion to which his logic conducted him, so, in matters of historical detail, he seemed to make it a matter of conscience to tear the veil of poetical illusion from the objects entrusted to his care.

“Across this bridge, then,” asked a young lady, thoroughly grounded in her Byron, “the condemned passed to death?”

“That story, ma’am, is a lie, as big as St. Mark’s Place, like many other stories that are told about these things,” said the inexorable keeper. “The bridge was built to bring people from the prisons on the other side of the canal, by the shortest way to their examination in the Ducal palace; and as people under a criminal accusation are not generally very merry, the people called it the Bridge of Sighs.”

The tender-hearted young lady did not seem half satisfied with this sober explanation, and would much rather have had them all beheaded.

Every one who has seen even a picture of the

Doge's Palace will have been surprised at the apparent reversal of the natural laws of architecture which it presents, by the upper part being much heavier than the lower. The slender columns and wonderful pointed arches of the first story, have to support the full, heavy mass of the second, which presses with an almost terrifying weight upon its elegant basis. This disproportion scarcely, perhaps, strikes one so much in reality as in the picture, but to represent it as a particular beauty certainly does some violence to common sense. It cannot have been a part of the original plan to place these bare massive walls above the richest colonnade perhaps that architecture has ever created; and without knowing the history of the Ducal palace, one may feel assured that this upper part has been a mere make-shift, at a moment, probably, of financial pressure.

Among the numerous churches of Venice, only a few are either grand or beautiful; but many possess an abundance of objects of existing and attractive study. Cast a glance at the sometimes simple and serious, sometimes gorgeous monuments, along the church walls, and you will see gleaming from the marble, centuries old, the names of Dandolo, Giustiniani,



Morosini. Here, stretched on a sarcophagus, is the stern countenance of an old sea-duke, over whose inexorable features death itself has had no power; there another, high on horseback, as if triumphing over his own grave. There is a coffin up there, made of rough boards, which contains the beheaded body of the warrior of the Republic, Count Carmagnola, whom neither his noble family nor his own exploits could save from the axe of the executioner, when he ventured to go beyond his powers in undertaking, on his own account, to negotiate with the enemies of the Republic. Between these gloomy images of death and of iron heroism bloom in youthful brilliancy of colour, the works of the joyous Venetian painters. No other has known, as they have, how to find for the incidents of Biblical history and the Legends, the cheerful, beautiful, refined point of view. The Venetians are the heathens of Christian art, in their grace, their sweetness, and their worldly tone. They detest what is ugly, and shrink from it even when it comes with a celestial certificate. The melancholy aberration of taste and genius, which can delight in idealizing the horrible and the disgusting, is perfectly opposed to the healthy nature of the Venetian; for the

essential character of Venetian art is the transfiguration of the sensual by beauty, the highest divinity to which its worship appears to be devoted. The noble female forms of Titian, Tintoretto, and Sasso Ferrato, do not descend from the empyrean; they are the most glorious daughters of this earth; noble from the crown of the head, which the luxurious golden hair crowns as with a natural diadem, to the point of the delicate foot, which peeps forth from beneath their flowing drapery; in every drop of the blood that blushes through their tender white skin, and in the lightest movement of the soul that speaks through their beaming eyes.

This fair proud race appears to have died out in Venice, but in Rome, I am told, though I cannot believe it, it is yet in full bloom. The Rome of the present day cannot produce such men as Venice, the ruler of the sea, once did. The pride of the Roman women is admired—pride! After the consciousness of personal worth, the only justifiable ground of pride is the possession of freedom and power, and the Roman prince is now as poor in these as the humblest of her citizens.

The Venetians, however, were never a free, but a reigning people—a people whose laws

were obeyed by as many millions as its population counted hundreds of thousands, and in this proportion, however little it may be able to justify itself at the bar of political morality, lay the foundation of that high-flying and aristocratic character. If Cæsar had to choose he would rather have been the last among the Venetian Signoria than the first now among the Roman princes.

Many of the grand historical names of Venice are still to be found; but, with the political power, the external splendour of those families has been extinguished, and only a few of them have retained their wealth to the present day. On a row along the Grand Canal the boatman mentioned some well-known illustrious name as belonging to almost every house; but when we enquired about the present possessor we heard of some decayed foreign grandee, or perhaps some foreign upstart; exiled princes, with the little savings that they have managed to bring with them; ladies of the theatre, with the treasures that they have warbled or danced together; stockbrokers, with the hundreds of thousands that they have perhaps swindled together, have appropriated, for mere nominal prices, the inheritance of the families of the Doges.

The descendants of "Shylock" enjoy now the revenge of which their ancestor was defrauded. They have left the Giudessa, and taken up their quarters in the very centre of the city of St. Mark's. They have driven the descendants of their persecutors from their palaces, and I should not be much afraid to make a wager that among the swarm of ragged children that came begging about us on the former Jews' Island there might be found some of the posterity of Antonio, the "royal merchant" of Venice, and his over-clever advocate Portia.

In public monuments to the memory of great men, and great deeds, Venice is less rich than might be expected from its history and its systematic cultivation of civic virtue and patriotic spirit. The spoils of war from Greece and Asia, indeed, testify by a number of costly and magnificent works of art, which have been in part incorporated into St. Mark's Church and the Piazzetta to the former victories and renown of the Republic; yet on the individuals to whom she was indebted for them, Venice has but seldom bestowed a token of grateful remembrance. But in this neglect it revealed consciously or unconsciously the earnestness and dignity of the old Republican spirit. Whoever

only does his duty has no claim to thanks, and it is impossible that a citizen should do more than his duty to his country. The highest, the only reward that he should expect, is the acknowledgment that he has done his duty — *bene meritum esse de Republicâ*—was the highest expression of praise which the Roman Senate knew of. In our days the matter is differently understood, and the State has invented a great variety of means for the promotion of civil merit—titles, pensions, orders, gold snuff-boxes, &c.; and these are so liberally distributed that one might suppose the country swarmed with political virtue as an Egyptian hatching-oven does with chickens. Of the kind of merit these are calculated to draw forth there has, indeed, been no lack. But it is to be feared that if they should continue to be generous at this rate, these distinctions will cease to operate so powerfully, and that in order to obtain the affections of a people our Governments will actually be driven to deserve them.

There was only one monument erected to a public man that struck me at all in Venice, and that is the equestrian statue of the General of the Republic—Bartolomeo Coleono—before the Church of St. John and St. Paul. Most admi-

rable is the expression of energy in the horse, though he is but simply stepping out, while in some equestrian statues I could name the horses look as if they were lifting up their legs in their sleep.

This church is rich in sculptures that really deserve to be seen. A relief of Bonazza, representing the "Adoration of the Shepherds," has a touching simplicity of expression; and in staring contrast to it is another, doubtless from a French hand, the Virgin Mary, in the character of a Marquise of Louis XIV.'s time, the vilest profanation I have ever heard of, but doubtless meant in all good faith. To all appearance the majority of the Venetian churches have been once very wealthy, but they have become impoverished with the city, and this poverty may suggest the explanation of the circumstance that in Venice so few priests and monks are to be seen, while the rich Milan swarms with them.

Since it has been no longer a free port, Venice has been hastening to its destruction with great strides; and who knows whether in another hundred years there will be anything more remaining of all its past glories than a heap of ruins.

## CHAPTER VIII.

FROM VENICE TO TRIESTE.—FAREWELL TO VENICE.—AN OLD FRIEND UNDER A NEW FACE.—THE NATIONAL HOTEL AT TRIESTE.—CONTRAST OF VENICE AND TRIESTE.—GREAT COMMERCIAL ACTIVITY.—PRETTY ENVIRONS.—WASTE OF WOODS IN VARIOUS COUNTRIES.—MIXED POPULATION.—THE GREEKS AND THEIR RITUAL.—AN EXCURSION TO DUINO.—THE CORSAIR'S CASTLE OF DUINO.—A SIROCCO.—THE BORA AND THE BORINA.—WANT OF NATIONAL SPIRIT IN GERMANS.—THE OPERA.—GREAT PRIVILEGES OF TRIESTE.—PRUDENT LOYALTY OF THE CITY.—AUSTRIAN PROTECTIONISTS.

At the stroke of the midnight bell the steamer, lying at the entrance to the Grand Canal, weighed anchor and departed for Trieste. We moved at half speed along the quays and through the Lagoons, still animated by lights and voices, and splashing oars; and it was not till the narrow passage between the Lido and the main-land lay behind us, that the steamer seemed to breathe freely, and bounded, snorting and foaming at full speed, across the Adriatic. The bells of St. Mark seemed to send the last farewell of Venice across the waters; and as the last gas-

lamps disappeared, this whole world of enchantment sank and vanished beneath the dark sea.

The air was still and warm; the ship's company just numerous enough for us not to feel either lonely or crowded; and the perfect smoothness of the water relieved every one from apprehension of the ordinary annoyance of a sea-passage. We had only gone a few miles when I noticed, looking from the fore-part of the vessel, a shining object, apparently swimming on the surface of the water. Whilst I was considering what it could be, two or three other passengers came up, and were no less surprised and puzzled than I had been. It could not be on board of any vessel or at a light-house, for it was evident, as I have said, that it was floating on the sea; and, what was most perplexing of all, as fast as the boat went, we never got a bit nearer to it. At last an elderly lady, whose curiosity was, if possible, still greater than ours, dispatched her waiting-maid on a formal embassy to the captain to learn the explanation of this wonderful phenomenon. The ambassadress, whose return we all awaited with the utmost eagerness, came back in a minute or two, giggling vehemently, with an answer that she would confide to none but her mistress; and she, when



she got the answer, seemed to be but little edified by it. All at once the difficulty was cleared up, for the wonderful object assumed the familiar form of the crescent-moon, which till then no one had recognised, and no one any longer doubted what it was that we had all been gazing at with so much curiosity. How, in the name of all the saints, however, the image of the moon could be in the sea, when there was not a trace of her to be seen in a perfectly cloudless sky, I could not make out ; nor can I now, for, being afraid of being quizzed by the captain, I put off the satisfaction of my curiosity to "another time," and that other time never came.

The best, or more properly the only, hotel in Trieste, was formerly called after Prince Metternich, but since the Revolution it has taken the name of the Hotel *National*, which in Trieste may pass for a *chef-d'œuvre* in the art of naming. By the former one it is evident the travellers whom the hotel was intended to attract, would not feel their sympathies very strongly excited ; but the *National* conveys an idea of an hotel that knows something of the spirit of the time ; and then it has this convenience that every one may regard it as especially intended for himself. The Italian of

course regards Trieste, where Italian is spoken, as destined to form a part of United Italy; and, at the same time, as Trieste comes within the jurisdiction of the German Diet, the German may flatter himself that the *Nation* in question is no other than the *Nation of Germany*; even the Slavonian, the Croat, or the Hungarian, may, if he will, regard himself as a National Austrian; and the Frenchman, as French is spoken in the hotel, would have no difficulty in appropriating the compliment to himself. In short, the landlord has found the way to embrace all Europe in the seductive word that he has placed over his sign. This Hotel National is, besides, I must confess, one of the grandest and finest that can be met with in any country; and its position, immediately on the quay, with the full prospect of the harbour, the roads, and a part of the range of mountains, is one of the most fortunate that could have been selected. In other respects, too, it deserves success, and has obtained it; for in the good season it is filled from the top to the bottom; and in order to find a place in it, I was obliged to accept of accommodation (rather an inappropriate word, all things considered), in the fourth story, a hundred and twenty steps high, and that in the

month of July. Since I inhabited that apartment I can very well understand what it must be to ascend Mont Blanc.

Trieste and Venice are opposed to one another as sunrise and sunset. Here is a great past, there a boundless future. Trieste is a town of yesterday, and what it is at present is nothing in comparison with what it will be ; it must very much resemble those cities of America that shoot out of the ground in a night or so—straight-lined streets, monotonous ugly houses, restless activity of business, untiring manufacturing industry of all kinds—these are the most striking features in the image of the young commercial city, on this, as well as on the other side of the Atlantic. Trieste is yet too busy in money-getting to think of any of those stately undertakings for public luxury, by which so many trading communities have signalised their magnificence and their love of art. But, with its broad streets, its regular buildings, and its neat pavement of flag-stones, it must be called a fine town. Trusting to the reports of travellers, I expected to find in it a second Carthagenæ or Alicante—a monotonous mass of grey or white houses, lying at the foot of an absolutely naked rock, and surrounded far and wide by a desert,

in which no such thing as a leaf, or even a blade of grass was to be seen. I was agreeably surprised, therefore, at the sight of the fresh vegetation and lively play of colour with which at least the immediate environs of the town were adorned.

Numerous country-houses, handsomely enclosed in fresh leafy gardens cover the lower declivity of the mountains, where even wood is not entirely wanting, and which are tinged to the summit with a hue of green, pleasing both to the eye and the imagination. The prospect would certainly be finer if the Karst had not lost the crown of oaks that he formerly wore on his now bare brow; but every trace of soil is now so completely washed away from it, that no tree will take root there again, till the day of judgment.

Great tracks of land, especially in Southern Europe, have often been robbed of their former fertility, as well as of their most beautiful ornament, and of a great part of their wealth, by the mountains being thus stripped of their woods. It has been done in Greece, Sicily, Dalmatia, Southern France, and almost all over Spain; and though, thanks to their fine situation and climate, these countries have been able to bear such a loss without total ruin. Many of them

are actually exhibiting a constant decrease of population and increase of poverty that can be considered in no other light than that of a slow and gradual death by famine.

For northern countries, the consequences of such a devastation must be still more fatal; and in many parts of Germany, where it has taken place, I believe the restoration of the woods to be now for ever impossible. Such regions as these become nurseries of a most formidable pauperism, which turns whole nations to idiots and cripples, and leaves no better redemption for them than that they shall be carried off in masses by famine. According to the system of southern life, the herdsman with his goats would have taken possession of the naked mountains, and of the valleys which the drying up of the streams had rendered unfit for cultivation, and the population would have declined with the means of subsistence. But northern civilization would plant miserable weavers and spinners in the mountain-desert, and they would find it possible to increase their numbers, while the means of subsistence were continually decreasing. This forcing-house industry in a poor country may bring profit to individuals, but will almost always prove a terrible loss to

society in general, if not bring it to actual bankruptcy. On the other hand, and that affords an additional proof of the point in question, manufacturing industry flourishes best, and yields the most healthful results, in countries, whose population, like that of Switzerland, has some other resource in case of need, than the uncertain produce of the factory.

In the physiognomy of Trieste, the Italian character is the most prevalent, but the German, Slavonian, and even Oriental, is sufficiently distinguishable. Besides the garrison and the government officers, a great part of the mercantile population is German, and with these, Protestantism has also established itself in the city. The year 1848 placed the German and Italian populations in some measure at variance, but they seem now to have pretty well got over their difficulties, as it is the interest of both parties to do; for there is a third element in the population — namely, the Slavonic, which, though inferior numerically, as well as in wealth and culture, might receive powerful support from their brethren immediately beyond the suburbs, where the Slavonic country begins.

Another constituent of the mixed population of Trieste is formed by the Greeks, who, how-

ever, though considerable in numbers, are quite uninfluential. They cling, nevertheless, most zealously to their Church, the most important feature now, of their nationality, and one might feel surprised at this, were it not a truth confirmed by repeated examples, that the outward rites of a Church form a much stronger bond of union than its spirit or its dogmas. The Greek Church, like Judaism, has been spiritually dead for hundreds of years, yet it still maintains its standing by its various and sharply defined ritual, whose dominion rests on the strongest of all forces, that of habit. A religion which has succeeded in embodying itself in the most artificial ceremonial possible, has secured to itself centuries of existence. But how far it is a desirable lot, that a spiritual power, whose kingdom should be in the souls of men, should thus walk the earth, as the ghost of its former self, that, indeed, is quite another question. The only portion of the Greek ceremonial which I had an opportunity of witnessing did not make an unpleasing impression. The nasal psalmody of the priests going through their performance, surrounded by boys with immensely long tapers, and accompanied by an invisible chorus of men and women, chanting in a plaintive manner, pro-

duced an effect of soft melancholy that was far from disagreeable, and a numerous audience followed their every movement with an eager attention that one might, if one pleased, take for devotion.

The "Austrian Lloyd" had advertised for the Sunday afternoon, a pleasure excursion to Duino, and a most spirited band sent forth such loud inviting sounds of music from the deck, that the Sunday promenaders were drawn as by irresistible magnetic attraction to the quay, and thence to the steamer. It was soon thronged with a gay crowd of men and women, old and young, rejoicing in the blue sky, the pleasant summer air, and the holiday won from the everyday life; and gossiping with each other in a variety of tongues as merrily as a flight of swallows packing up for their annual journey. After a pleasant passage of about an hour and a half, the steamer let fall its anchor at the goal of the journey, and a whole fleet of boats immediately pushed off from the shore to land the company, amongst whom some custom-house officers dodged about with sharp eyes, without being able to discover anything suspicious.

Duino is an insignificant little place, with what is called a harbour, in which there is room



for about three or four vessels, if they are very modest in their pretensions as to space, and whose existence would scarcely have been heard of, had it not been repeatedly mentioned in the discussion concerning the Overland Mail from India.

It had been calculated that the way by Duino would be some miles shorter than by Trieste, but since, in spite of all calculations, and of one or two favourable experiments, it appeared to be at all events longer than that by Marseilles, the matter has been given up. But the efforts made, and the enterprising spirit manifested on the occasion by the Austrian Lloyd, are in a high degree honourable to the commercial character of Trieste.

The principal attraction for visitors to Duino is an ancient castle of the same name situated on a precipitous rock, whose base is washed by the sea. Grey with age, mouldering, half-decayed, protected by walls and bastions it still looks gloomy and threatening; and, like the abode of those fierce and sanguinary Corsairs, who formerly carried on their desperate trade on these coasts with no less desperate valour. I do not really know whether this was the purpose for which the castle of Duino was built;

but if it was for anything innocent its appearance certainly belies it.

A fertile imagination would teem with whole dramas at the sight of this rocky nest—throughout its desolate courts there is nothing to be seen but a few solitary statues that seem to have been left there by accident and forgotten; over the castle-gate a mouldering coat-of-arms with two lions, its now needless guardians; there are long suites of rooms scantily provided with a few antique articles of furniture, and a few blackened pictures in tarnished gilt frames on the white-washed walls; besides a wilderness of a garden on which, since the memory of man, no hand has been laid; and a lonely terrace overhanging the sea.

Leaning over its heavy stone-balustrade you command a boundless prospect over land and sea: to the right and left the mountainous coast, enclosing the bay to the north, with a glimpse of Trieste, Aquileja, Capo D'Istria, besides other towns of less sounding names; and far below you the clear waves in which the formless masses of the Medusas are floating. I repeat that I can strongly recommend the Castle of Duino to any romance-writer in search of a scene, or of an "impression."

The sun was still high in the heavens when

the bell from the steamer summoned us from the dinner-tables *improvised* in the open street by the village landlords. To the torrent of half-jesting reproaches and complaints poured forth by the guests, thus disturbed in the midst of their banquet, the captain answered in a tone suggesting to me that all was not right; and in fact before we had been half an hour on board a powerful sirocco sprang up, summoning about him in a second a whole army of black thunder-clouds. The gale rose, and the vessel began to dance, but the company deported itself with quite unexpected bravery, and there were but two or three, and those ladies, who found the retirement of the cabin preferable to the deck. After a while, a torrent of rain compelled us all to follow their example, and rush down below. There certainly, crowded together by hundreds as we were, in a very narrow space, we did not, agreeable as the company was, find ourselves very pleasantly situated, and when at length the sound of the horns was once more heard from the deck, we all came tumbling up even more precipitately than we had tumbled down. As we reached the deck, behold the sky was once more clear, the wind had gone down, and we perceived only on the verge of the horizon

the sirocco with his black band of clouds, just drawing off his forces, while our trumpets sent after him a joyous triumphant strain. A few minutes afterwards we landed at Trieste well satisfied with our day's excursion.

The Sirocco and the Bora are the two evil spirits of Trieste. The Sirocco, when it blows for any length of time, especially in summer, falls on you like an invisible leaden weight, which presses not only on your muscles and your breath, but on your thoughts and even on your will. What the Bora is I was to learn from a subsequent winter-residence at Trieste. With a clear sky and bright sunshine it blew with intolerable fury for eight days together, sweeping through the streets like a horde of barbarians from the northern Steppe, rushing with resistless might over the blooming lands of the south.

Men flew before it, as if they had been lashed with rods, and however you might wrap yourself in cloaks and furs, its icy breath pierced to your very marrow. The natives of Trieste, however, still denied that it was the true Bora, and named it by a diminution whose tender sound would have suited the gentlest zephyr. They called the monster "Borina."

Trieste has four or five theatres, but not a

- single German one among them, although eight or ten thousand tolerably opulent Germans are counted amongst its citizens; and of the remaining population, those who have any culture at all, generally speak the German language. It is true that the Italian stage in general has many advantages over the German, but it owes its exclusive dominion in Trieste, not so much to its own superiority, as to the indifference of the German inhabitants. The same thing may be noticed wherever Germans are settled amongst strangers.

The feebleness of national spirit, which distinguishes us in a melancholy manner from all other nations, becomes more painfully obvious in foreign countries than at home. This is bad enough, but quite natural. Germany is nothing, and can do nothing; and we bear about with us the humiliating consciousness, that the country to which we belong, with its five and forty millions of inhabitants, is a mere cipher among the nations of the earth; and the silent and half-contemptuous pity with which we know we are regarded by other nations, is a perpetual pain, which many of us try to escape from, consciously or unconsciously, by forgetting, as far as possible, that we are Germans.

In the year 1848, indeed, there shone here and there some gleams of pride and courage—some germs of self-reliance seemed to be springing up, but the paternal governments with which we are blessed, have found no more pressing occupation since, than to root up such a dangerous weed as quickly and as thoroughly as possible—but I was going to speak of the Trieste theatres.

The most important of these, the Teatro Grande, is spacious, tastefully and simply decorated, and especially devoted to the Opera. I saw, or, perhaps, I should say heard an opera, called “Poliato,” by a composer I do not know, but who had managed to produce from a most dreary tragedy by Racine, an opera, so incomparably more dreary, that it was really quite grand in its way, and its effect was assisted by mediocre singers and bad actors. It was followed by the ballet of “Esmeralda,” which thoroughly maintained the character of the evening’s performance. A five-act ballet is, indeed; under any circumstances, one of the greatest monstrosities that can be imagined; and how people can, without weariness, sit and see a whole drama danced through, with all the traditional *entrechats* and *pirouettes*, and distor-

tions and rope-dancer feats, that belong to such an exhibition, is to me inconceivable. I really find it impossible to acquit them of thorough depravity of taste, or of more than Bœotian stupidity.

Trieste has always been, and still is, the most favoured town of the Austrian empire; and, although many of its former privileges have been of late considerably retrenched, it scarcely suffers from any of the evils of the Austrian system.

It is in possession of self-government, such as is hardly known elsewhere throughout the Emperor's dominions; it has no meddling and insolent bureaucracy to contend with; no troublesome police (even foreigners are so little interfered with, that you may be for weeks in Trieste without ever coming in contact with it). It is free from the conscription, it is lightly taxed; its press has, at least, great *relative* freedom; and it is in the full enjoyment of the free trade, which, for a commercial city, is almost equivalent to freedom absolute. What can a town require more, which, by its position, by the character of its population, and the nature of its occupations, is in a great measure withdrawn from the arena of the political struggles and passions of the time? Trieste has, in fact, all that it needs; and, if any one

feeling with respect to public affairs may be said to be universally prevalent within its walls, it is, that everything may remain in the same state as heretofore, in order that the peace and order which are the essential conditions of economical prosperity, may remain unbroken.

The loyalty of Trieste to the Austrian Government is certainly, at bottom, nothing more than a good understanding of its own interest—a very prudent conservatism. Its attachment is not to the Austrian dynasty, on which it passes judgment with the cool impartiality of men of the world, and the indifference of a colonial population, whose connection with the soil, and the history of the country, is very slight; nor is it to the Austrian State, of which, thanks to its independent constitution, it knows almost nothing.

The Government at Vienna has, indeed, as I have said, shown it much favour; but political gratitude does not strike very deep root in a mercantile community. Trieste, however, has no cause for discontent; it feels itself sound in its own skin: it is doing capital business; and the sum total of the feeling, which it owes to its exceptional position in the Austrian monarchy, has obtained for it the title of the “Most faithful



Town." Its fidelity, is however, entirely of the passive sort; it will never trouble the Government by political claims, and still less will it ever be found playing an active part in any insurrectionary movements; since, in every change in public affairs, it would have little to gain, and much to lose.

It is scarcely to be doubted, indeed, that at a moment of danger, Trieste would make considerable exertions, and even sacrifices, in the cause of Austria; but these sacrifices would spring from a motive very different from that which, in former times, has induced the Hungarian and the Tyrolese to lay down property and life for the Imperial House. No Government that left Trieste in possession of its customary privileges, need fear from it a very passionate opposition; and as it is faithful to-day to Austria, so would it be to-morrow to National Germany, were it established in Austria's place. It cannot separate itself, even in imagination, from the continent behind it, in which its existence is rooted; and just as little could a German nation dispense with Trieste, the only point by which it would be in connection with the Southern Sea, and whose maintenance, in all circumstances, would be of the very utmost importance.

Trieste's free-trade privileges have been, in recent times, the subject of vehement attack by the Austrian manufacturers, who maintain that they suffer grievously from the smuggling carried on on a grand scale, from the territory of the city; and, with respect to the amount of the smuggling, it seems very likely, from the facts elicited in a late inquiry, that they are in the right; but it is a widely different question, whether an end would be put to smuggling by the abolition of the freedom of its port; or, whether it would be even essentially diminished.

Without a thorough reform of the Austrian tariff, and, what would be still more difficult to effect—a most thorough and radical reform of its customs' administration—the evils which exist on every frontier of Austria may be regarded as incurable. The certain consequence of the abolition of Trieste's commercial freedom would be, that the carrying trade with Italy and the Levant, which now passes through Trieste, would go to Ancona and Corfu, whose ports would infallibly be opened; and, all that the manufacturing party can possibly require, in reason, would be, that Trieste should furnish to the State a direct contribution, proportioned to the probable amount of its profit from its peculiar privileges.

## CHAPTER IX.

VENICE IN WINTER.—CHANGE OF ASPECT.—THE ALBERGO DANIELI.  
 —A CHOICE OF EVILS.—THE CARNIVAL AT VENICE.—THE IMAGINARY AND THE REAL.—THE TEATRO FENICE.—WINTER-GUESTS.  
 —A FIRE-SIDE IN VENICE.—A CONSTITUTIONAL WALK.—OOST OF FIRING.—THEATRE OF SAN BENEDETTO.—AN UNNECESSARY PRECAUTION.—THE NOTTE DI SAN SILVESTRO, OR NEW YEAR'S NIGHT.—THE MODERN FRENCH DRAMA.—THE GERMAN.—THE TRADES THAT FLOURISH IN VENICE.—ENTHUSIASTIC SHOE-BLACKS.—QUESTIONS WITHOUT ANSWERS.—OLD VENETIAN BUILDING.—THE RIALTO.—THE MERCERIA.

I HAVE said that the more agreeable are our recollections of a place, the less is it advisable to put them to the proof of a second visit, and I have now for the second time experienced a melancholy confirmation of the truth of my remark. Venice, the marvellous Venice, is half disenchanted to me, and that in a quite natural and simple manner. Under this cold grey January sky, the burning glory of colour in St. Mark's has entirely vanished in drizzling rain; the Palace of the Doge seems to be looking surlily out across the Lagoons for better weather;

and the palaces on the Grand Canal to be hanging their heads and huddling together to keep themselves warm. Whither have fled the thousand gay blossoms of Venetian life? The rough gale has swept them off, the singing birds have fled, and the bare branches of the trees are rattling with a wooden sound against each other. How different was it when the sun of July was flooding with its golden light the marble magnificence of old Venice, and the cheerful poverty of its present inhabitants. St. Mark's Place was a crowded drawing-room, the Grand Canal a petrified fairy land, everyday a day of festival ending with dance and song long after midnight. But what is it now?

The gondola pushed off from the steamer amidst evil omens. My evil star had brought into it two rude Dutchmen, who got into an angry dispute with the gondolier, because he went about fifty steps out of his way to land some passengers at the Piazzetta, instead of rowing straight for the hotel. Fortunately the gondolier had more sense of decorum than these knights of the carpet-bag, or the quarrel might not have been confined to words; and in order not to be obliged to remain under the same roof with these fellows, I had myself also landed at

the Piazzetta, and resolved to take my chance at the Albergo Danieli, whose golden inscription and stately façade had an inviting appearance. Horrible deception! On the outside a palace, inside a gloomy desolate genuine Italian hostelry, with dusty rooms, a break-neck staircase, and furniture which must have been new about eighty years ago, and had never since seen the upholsterer. Altogether things looked so uncomfortable, that I declined any further intimacy with them, and determined to make my way to the Hotel de l'Europe, on the principle that it is better

"To bear the ills we have,  
Than fly to others that we know not of."

I took my umbrella, therefore, from the case in which it had long reposed—for it was raining in Venice! The first rain, be it observed, that had fallen on its marble pavement for many weeks, and which began just as I set foot on it.

In the court of the hotel were standing five or six travelling carriages, and how they got there is an enigma to me, for on the land side the hotel is only accessible by a street scarcely wide enough for a wheel-barrow, and the side towards the Grand Canal has a flight of five or six steps. And then how could six travellers at once be

found absurd enough to bring their carriages to Venice. But there the carriages were, and probably therefore the owners not far off; so that, as the house is far from large, I had a pretty good guess as to the kind of accommodation I should meet with, even without reckoning the confounded Dutchmen. In a word, I had to content myself with a little back garret, with an enlivening prospect of chimneys and gutters.

Out of all the languages of the world I used to think there could scarcely be put together two or three words that had a more enchanting sound than "The Carnival at Venice."

The Roman Shrove Tuesday riots, even when set to the music of her language by a Goethe, what were they to compare with the impassioned glow, the mystic charm of the Venetian Saturnalia? An atmosphere impregnated with fire—every breath a draught from the deep springs of poetry—every touch sending through you an electric thrill. What a rustling of silk robes—what a gleaming of rubies upon white foreheads, what a flashing of diamonds from rich masses of gold brown hair! Beneath those masks, lips are whispering the words that intoxicate; the gondola waits—a glance, and with a few silent strokes of the oar it is out in the moonlit Lagoon. In the

illuminated marble halls, guests are thronging more than can be counted—the zechins roll backwards and forwards from full hands over the green tables—the bright wines of Cyprus or of Samos glow in the gaily-coloured glasses — a golden shower rewards the lovely Greek dancer—the song and the Andalusian guitar resound through the air—and the nightly fires of Heaven are extinguished before the festal torches of the Queen of the Sea.

Such did I imagine the Carnival at Venice, but the real Carnival, alas, my love of truth compels me to declare it does not bear the least resemblance to all that, and I scarcely think it ever has in the memory of man. The most sober town of Northern Protestant Germany could hardly wear on Shrove Tuesday a more common-place and work-day appearance. Were it not that the Theatre of Fenice is open, which it always is from Christmas to Ash-Wednesday, one might forget that it was Carnival time at all. Considering, however, that this theatre is only open two or three months in the year, and receives from the Government in aid of its expenses, a sum of 60,000 florins, it does but little for the honour of the Venetian festival.

With a very middling company it has brought

out a very faint-hearted opera, by some nameless composer—entitled “Allan Cameron;” and these weak voices and this insignificant music, is all that can be afforded to the fine musical organization of the Venetian public, after long privation. But the public revenges itself by stopping away from the theatre; and whilst every puppet-show can count with certainty upon a crowded audience, the renowned *Fenice* is playing to half-empty benches. The moiety of an audience that it does collect, also is drawn to it much less by the opera than by the *ballet*, in which the first dancer bears the English name of Maywood. She is not yet equal to Taglioni or Fanny Elslér; but she has time before her, and is backed by a troop of figurants, which Vienna or Paris might envy. Little Maywood, besides her external graces and skill as a dancer, displayed considerable dramatic talent, which indeed she somewhat abused, for she gave us a representation of insanity with such horrible truth that I had to turn away my eyes, though a certain portion of the audience broke out into clamorous approbation. The theatre is neither large nor elegant, but its tasteful simplicity and happy choice of colours give it an air of elegance, which might entitle it to serve as a model,



where it is not essential to spend a great deal of money.

I wonder who first raised the report that Venice was an agreeable place of residence for the winter. It is certain many people believe in the fable, for it counts amongst its guests at this season a number of illustrious personages—some crowned and some dis-crowned heads,—Don Carlos, and the Duke of Bordeaux, the Duke of Modena, and the Duchess of Berri; and if we may judge by the rich liveries of many gondoliers, many other persons with no less distinguished names, inhabit the bare apartments of the Palaces on the Grand Canal. It is to be hoped, at all events, that those princely halls are somewhat better provided with firing than the plebeian chambers, which a traveller of my class has to put up with.

The French Restaurant for instance, at which the only French dish I ever saw was the "Constitutionnel"—has four or five large rooms, and in one of these, I have seen it with my own eyes, a fire is sometimes made; and if you are lucky enough to come in during the five minutes when the smoke has just gone off, and the three sticks are not quite burnt out, there is nothing to hinder you from warming your hands, unless indeed

some frozen officers have got there before you, and placed themselves in front of the chimney. "What 's to be done in that case?" "Why then you must go and take a walk, as others do, on St. Mark's Place;" and so out you go. Fortunately the thermometer is not lower than two or three degrees above the freezing point; and you walk on St. Mark's Place, not along the arcade of the *Procurazie Vecchie*—nobody goes there (Heaven knows why,) but along the opposite side—the *Procurazie Nuove*, where you will find a thick stream of people; you swim with the stream and go up and down, once, twice, ten times, twenty times. It is very amusing, but after a-while you feel you have had enough of it; and the theatre does not open till nine o'clock. "Over there is a little coffee-house, lit by four gas lamps. Who knows? Perhaps there may be a fire!" And so you enter and find a climate in which you may exist; and if you choose your place well, even read the newspaper, without fear of chilblains on your fingers. But presently you become conscious of an icy draught of air that chills you to the bone; and behold the master of the house, who politely informs you that, fearing you might suffer from the heat of the gas lamps, he has opened the back door. "Go to the ——"

Never mind, you make some reply, and rush through the open door in desperation, back into the street.

I had noticed in the corner of my apartment, at the Hotel de l'Europe, a curious machine, made of bricks; and near it a basket, containing some little slender sticks like tooth-picks; and I thought I would try whether this machine could be meant to serve for a stove, and the tooth-picks to represent fuel. No sooner said than done. I made the experiment, and found that the tooth-picks really did burn; but even the machine was not warmed through by their combustion, and of course the room remained as cold as before. They offered to bring me some more sticks, but I had made the experiment satisfactorily, and I declined repeating it. And it was well for my purse that I did, for on my bill the next day stood a certain apparently jocular entry, "Firing, one florin, twenty kreutzers;" so that if I had continued my fruitless attempts to warm myself for one day, it would not have cost me less than ten florins.

When we consider, however, that the Venetians have to fetch their wood from Istria, which itself has no wood worth mentioning, it will not seem surprising that it should be scarce and dear.

The prospect of the completion of the railroad to Trieste holds out golden hopes to the owners of coal mines in Styria and Croatia, and to the people of Venice the delightful expectation of a good fire.

The theatre of San Benedetto had announced for that evening, a piece called "La Notte de San Silvestro," by Marchese so-and-so. As I was curious to know something of an Italian New Year's Night, I would not lose the opportunity; and, at last, though not without difficulty, found my way to the theatre, through a labyrinth of narrow dark lanes and gloomy passages, my expectations not being greatly raised by such a mode of entrance.

But so much the more agreeably was I surprised to find a spacious, brilliantly-lighted theatre, with the most numerous and fashionable audience that I had seen in Venice, or than I should have thought possible. The six tiers of boxes filled, according to Italian custom, entirely with ladies, presented scarcely a single gap; it was a rich gallery of decorated busts, amongst which were some perfect master-pieces.

The curtain exhibited a picture of an old Venetian spectacle,—a tournament on the St. Mark's Place, well designed and executed. I

really felt an emotion of thankfulness to the painter for having spared me the eternal mythology and allegory which, in a similar case in Germany, we should infallibly have to submit to. Apollo and the Muses, Tragedy and Comedy, the worship of Art, and other such dreary absurdities.

I must own, however, to some doubts as to whether the Venetian nobles ever appeared to much advantage on horseback, for though a horse is not precisely a fabulous animal in Venice, it is certainly to be counted among rarities. I was rather amused at seeing one day a placard in one of the public gardens, ordering people not to ride round on horseback over certain paths. It put me in mind of a certain Forest Edict, pasted up at the entrance of a little wood, at the gates of my native town, which prohibited the good citizens, under heavy penalties, from shooting pheasants and partridges—in a place where one would think one's self in luck to have the opportunity of shooting a sparrow.

I had at San Benedetto a little hint that Venice was still in a state of siege, from the presence of two soldiers, with fixed bayonets, in the pit. For what purpose? They could not be intended to take cognizance of what was passing

on the stage, for they did not understand Italian. For a military guard, they were either superfluous or too weak; and that they should be sent merely to throw a damp upon the harmless recreation of the people is a supposition that Christian charity forbids me to entertain.

My expectation of finding a picture of Italian Life in the "Notte de San Silvestro" were entirely disappointed, for it turned out to be an old acquaintance, from a well-known German original, whose author I have forgotten.\* A young watchman in Dresden is led to change dresses and characters with a prince, who has just left a masked ball; and while the latter, as a watchman, plays all kinds of wild pranks, the former, in his character of prince, is let unexpectedly into the secret of a number of court intrigues; and the whole is wound up pleasantly and naturally with the prospect of a joyous wedding for the watchman. The piece was not very good in itself, but played with so much spirit that every one was amused; indeed, the *naïve* and child-like enjoyment of the fun by the public, was to me (as I could not help bringing with me rather a more *blasé* state of mind) the most delightful

\* We can come to Mr. Rochau's assistance; the story is the "Abenteuer einer Neujahrs Nacht," by Heinrich Tschokke.—Ta.

part of the entertainment. It would be impossible to keep a sour face, with a thousand people laughing heartily around you.

Some political allusions were caught at readily, but with good humour; such, for instance, as the young watchman saying, "I am but a provisional prince, it is true, but, now-a-days, all things are provisional;" and, his consternation at the discovering that the 15,000 florins which he had won in a few minutes at the card-table, was only paper-money—though this, perhaps, the Venetian public would have laughed at less, if they had had a little clearer conception of what paper-money is.

A little comedy of Scribe's, which followed the "New Year's Night," had also its scene laid in Germany; but, of course, characters, situations, plot, and *dénouement*, were wholly in the French; or, rather the most approved Paris fashion, such as has been seen in thousands of vaudevilles, and employed by hundreds of French dramatic writers. In these theatrical productions—I hardly know what to call them—there reigns the dreariest sameness, to which only the talents of French actors could contrive to give a little variety, so as to make them, in some measure, tolerable: and, as the old Italian comedy

has its standing masks, its harlequin, columbine, &c., so has the French comic drama its half-dozen unchangeable figures, with which it contrives to meet all demands, and to which nothing but an unchangeable costume, and a common name, is wanting to establish perfect identity. Well, perhaps, they may get it some day, and then we may make out the list of *dramatis personæ* for the whole comic drama about as follows:—Two grisettes, one volatile, and one sentimental, for various purposes; a *grogard de l'empire*, the French *miles gloriosus*, a Parisian *gamin*, a booby grocer, a virtuous *chiffonier*, a quarrelsome portress, an ass of a husband, and a few figures more, and the dramatic chess-board will be complete. The play begins—the pieces make their accustomed moves according to unalterable rules, and, after the first few, the spectator knows perfectly well how the game will end. If this mechanism were not animated by the wit and talents of the French actors, the play-going public would, ere this, have died of *ennui* to the last man.

The French actors really are good, and this alone has made the continued existence of the theatre possible; but how our German managers can answer it to their consciences to weary a



much-enduring public with the mediocrity of our actors, and the everlasting sameness of the French dramatic pieces at one and the same time, I really cannot understand.

It is well that the offence brings with it its own punishment, and that their theatres remain four-fifths empty during three-fourths of the year. The public asks for something new, and it has a perfect right to do so; but these gentlemen will afford it nothing but the same insipid dish perpetually hashed up anew. It may be that only a small part of the audience finds out what is the matter, and that what is presented as a new piece is in reality the same that under twenty different names they have seen twenty years before; but they feel that they are not interested—they yawn, they grow weary, and the next time they stop at home.

The case is still worse when they give us what they call German plays, in which German names are given to French masks, speaking the regular slang of the day in Paris.

But it may be said as the French actors, so are the French dramatic authors, bad as they are, superior to ours; and we have nothing to do but to learn from them. Doubtless we have to learn from them, for apart from what is conven-

tional and mechanical in their treatment they far excel us in ease, elegance, and firmness of hand. But to mimic is not to learn. As long as our dramatic writers will work after patterns—as long as they are incapable of seizing on and moulding to their purpose the actual life around them, we have small prospect of any real improvement. It is to no purpose to offer premiums for dramatic pieces, as has been done in Vienna,—this is a species of excellence that cannot be called forth by any methods of that kind.

Some part of the fault may lie in outward circumstances, but much more in inward spiritual defects—in want of warm genuine and truly national feeling. If we had that we should not be roaming over the world in search of dramatic subjects—they would come of themselves—we should find it possible to dramatise German life and German history, like the Frenchman, who, with few exceptions, seeks his materials in the history of his own country, and in the life that he sees around him at the present day. That our dramatic writers do not understand this of themselves is a sure sign that they have no genuine vocation to their art. What should we think of a lyric poet who should employ his talents and his industry in writing Greek idylls,

Chinese love-songs, and Provençal odes. As a mere play, such a thing may be allowable, but no one, I suppose, would regard it in any other light. Yet this childish work is what our dramatic writers have long been engaged in, and will be until they can take their own countrymen as they live and move, with the character, customs, prejudices, modes of thinking and acting, "Up rouse ye, then, ye merry men," who are strong enough for such a work, and, if you are not, do not complain if we care very little about you as long as you are merely dragged along at the tail of the French.

The commerce and manufacturing industry of Venice has in general gone sadly to decay, but there are trades flourishing in full bloom, of which elsewhere people have little notion: the business of the money-changer, the wig-maker, and the shoe-black.

As to the honourable guild of hairdressers I would venture to lay a wager that it is, relatively to the population, twice as numerous as in Paris, and five times as numerous as in London; and I venture to infer from this that there is something in the climate of Venice extremely favourable to baldness. The scarcely inferior numbers of the money-changers may be partly

explained by the circumstance that Venice lies on the frontiers between the kingdoms of paper currency and of hard cash: partly, but not altogether, for Trieste lies on the same frontier, and is, from its manifold commercial relations, the point where various monetary systems meet; and yet I doubt whether in all Trieste there could be found as many money-changers as may be seen in Venice round St. Mark's Place alone. But most inexplicable of all is the incredible number of professors of the noble art of shoe-blacking, an art which can hardly be said to exist in many cities that might be supposed to stand far more in need of it. Venice is, perhaps, the cleanest town in the world; all the streets and squares are paved with marble; there is no carriage, no dust, no mud brought in from a country road, no accumulation of refuse and garbage, for it all finds its way at once out of the windows into the canals—in short, with the best will in the world, it really seems impossible to get your shoes dirty, and yet the shoe-blacks are running about in swarms, and, moreover, seem devoted to their art with a really passionate fanaticism. However immaculate and polished I considered my boots to be, I never succeeded in escaping their zealous services, and it was so much

the more provoking as the offer was always preceded by a searching critical glance at what I thought my quite irreproachable pedestal.

One day I had had the imprudence to make my appearance on St. Mark's Place with boots of really doubtful lustre. I might have foreseen the consequences. This time they did not ask me, but the first artist in blacking that caught sight of me, seized upon me, whether I would or not, and it was not till I had submitted to the operation, in all form, that I recovered my liberty, and was allowed to pursue my way.

There are two other things in Venice that I have never been able to make out. How do they build a house, and how do they put out a fire? Building materials, of course, can be procured, and there is certainly no want of water. But where is the ground on which firemen or builders can take their stand? Even for the commonest repairs of houses three or four stories high, in streets only five or six feet wide, some plan must be adopted of which I have no conception. Two or three beams—half a hundred building stones, and a hod of mortar would block up the street, and interrupt the traffic of a whole quarter.

Fortunately for their posterity, the old Vene-

tians made their houses so well, that there will be but little to mend in them for a hundred years to come. In order to obtain a really vivid conception of the unsurpassable excellence of the old Venetian mode of building, one need do nothing more than take a good view of the Rialto bridge. A model that had but yesterday left the workshop of the mechanician could not be more finely proportioned, more perfect, more faultless; and it has stood probably three or four hundred years. Even in the steps, over which a whole series of generations of men have passed and repassed, not a single stone has yielded so much as a hair's breadth—not the smallest variation is discoverable in the long slender lines; not the finest chink between the massive granite blocks, which form the body of the steps, and the thin white marble flags with which they are faced at the sides. As we *now* admire the fragments of Roman constructions, so, perhaps, and with still more reason, will people go a thousand years hence to gaze with wonder at the ruins of the Rialto bridge, half swallowed up in the sands on which Venice once stood—for in these sands, to a certainty, will Venice perish. The canals are growing shallower every year—the harbour is filling up—

the Lagoons are getting choked by the soil which the Brenta is continually bringing down, and to speak in the fine style of a pupil just dismissed from one of our learned schools, we may say—Neptune is lowering his trident before the triumphant earth.

The Rialto is still, as it has always been, the centre of popular life in Venice, and the long winding street that leads to it from St. Mark's Place, the Merceria, offers such a picture of busy and various traffic, as one could scarcely have expected to find in half-desolate Venice. You pass one rich-looking shop after another, filled with gold and silk, pearls and embroidery, engravings and carved work, and there is a perpetual coming and going of a double stream of busy passengers, with idle gazers lounging among them. The Merceria must have a great resemblance to an Oriental bazaar, in its narrowness, the piling up of goods, and its darkness; for on cloudy days it is often necessary to burn gas in the shops. At the further end it opens into the gay noisy throng of the market-place, which spreads out on both sides of the Grand Canal, as well as at the back of the Rialto. What a hurrying and pushing past! What bargaining and chattering, jesting and laughter! I do not

wonder that there are not in Venice, day-theatres, as there are in so many Italian towns; the Rialto is a most entertaining theatre, in which the performance is going on the whole day long, and I am certain that Gozzi and Goldoni must have found it an admirable place for study.

One more walk to the St. Mark's Place, and then adieu, Venice! In the magnificence of an Asiatic Sultan there it stands, gorgeous with the tribute of distant ages, rich continents, happy islands, and of still richer and happier genius. On its broad shoulders it bears a long line of ages—its domes and palaces shine in gold and marble and bronze, fresh as in the days of their youthful beauty. And yet there lies on them an indescribable expression of melancholy, like a foreboding of their approaching doom. Is St. Mark's mourning that the wings of its lions are broken, and that they, before whom the proudest ensigns trembled, must now lie down with the lamb? Or does Venice weep for the best of her sons, who have rested in her lap six hundred years? for the iron Dandolo, who spurned with his foot the Imperial crown. Weep on, Venice, no conqueror of Byzantium shall ever again enter thy gates; thy day of power is gone, and thy proud dome shall one day be as a lonely grave-stone in a forsaken churchyard.



## CHAPTER X.

PADUA.—UGLINESS OF THE CITY.—THE UNIVERSITY.—THE LADY DOCTOR.—THE PRATO DELLA VALLE AND ITS STATUES.—THE CAFE PEDROCOHI AND THE OPERA.

ALTHOUGH now in use for some four or five years, the railway terminus at Venice is yet in a very "provisional" condition. Mere naked space, supplied at best with the barest necessities, and not always with them, and looking more like a decayed, deserted building than a new half-finished one. The waiting-rooms of the First Class are worse provided than those of the Third are with us. White-washed walls, wooden benches, stone pavement, and a few holes intended for windows, but as yet untouched by the hand of carpenter or glazier. Of course you are not allowed to enter the train till your papers have been rigorously examined; and there is now also added the regulation, that you must show your ticket (which, of course, only serves for the next stage of your journey) before you

can get through the passport-office, and if anything objectionable be found either in your passport or your person, you are detained, but you have at least the consolatory assurance of having paid for your place.

Half-an-hour's journey brings you to Padua. Narrow-built, old, yet unpicturesque, poor in men as in provisions, it makes no very pleasing impression on a stranger. Behind almost all the streets run covered alleys, to which you may give the pompous name of colonnades, but they are so narrow and dark, for the most part, that they more resemble the lanes in some of our old towns, where the poorer trades formerly had their place. The so-called palaces of the Paduan aristocracy of former days, are heavy massive buildings of gloomy unadorned appearance. The inner courts, often ornamented with trophies of weapons, armour, and statues, have a certain charm for the eye of the passer-by, but the charm vanishes unhappily when you enter these courts and see how close and narrow they are, surrounded on every side by walls which seem to touch the sky.

Among the churches of Padua there are few which, after once seeing, can be recalled to the memory with pleasure. The church of St. Anthony is distinguished by the number of grave-

stones it contains, but they are not much to boast of as sculptures. Most of them date from the seventeenth century, and the corrupt taste of the period is apparent in them. The bas-reliefs in the chapel of the Saint after whom the church is named, and many of which have been taken away, owe their renown rather to the insignificance of their neighbours than to their own merit. The reliefs on the pilasters which support the façade are, on the contrary, of rich invention, and sculptured with delicacy and purity.

The allegorical figures on the rail which separates the choir from the church also deserve mention, although the execution does not equal the design.

The only thing worth seeing at the university, is the hall where are engraved the names and coats-of-arms of all the doctors who have had their diploma from the college, and among them there is the name of one woman! There is much talk in these days about the emancipation of women, but I much doubt whether if a lady should aspire to the doctor's degree now, either at Padua or Heidelberg, at Paris or Cambridge, gallantry would suppress the noisy laughter which she would be greeted with. But the

motto of this century should be "much cry and little wool."

The Paduans have a public walk, named *il Prato della Valle*, of which they are very proud. It is a large oval grass-plot in the middle of the town, planted with trees and surrounded by a moat, around the edges of which are placed the statues of no less than seventy-one celebrated Paduans. There are a whole host of Popes among them—happy town that has produced so many great men! though the right of some to claim Padua for their birth-place I very much doubt; for example, that of a certain Duke of Gloucester; but as a man who knows how to control both his curiosity and his doubts, I will not dispute the right of the British peer to his place beside Livius and Arria. Another critical and historical scruple too arose in my mind, when I read such a number of loud-tongued panegyrics on the deceased, and thought of Pætus and his epitaph, "*In quo Nero virtutem ipsam interfecit*,"—for it is well known how the "virtus" of Pætus had to be propped up by his wife.

The Paduans should, however, think seriously of restoring their great men a little. There is the Venetian Field-Marshal Pisani, from whose sword the last trace of plaster has been washed away,

leaving the bare wood exposed. Think of a soldier, and, moreover, a field-marshal, with a wooden sword! Time has also committed similar ravages on many others; and, if I had the honour to be a member of the Common Council of Padua, I would certainly send my respected fellow townsmen of the *Prato della Valle, en masse*, to the whitewasher's; and even if any accident should happen to them on the way, and hinder them from returning to their former places, I don't think I should be inconsolable.

In speaking of the curiosities of Padua, I must not omit to mention the Café Pedrocchi. It is one of the largest buildings of the kind that can be seen anywhere, but that is all; there is no question of elegance, comfort, or pleasant situation, and the hopes I had of gaining some insight into Italian student-life here, were disappointed. A large, cold, half-lighted hall, on whose hard benches sat here and there, with long empty spaces between them, small groups of talkers: such was the Café Pedrocchi when I saw it.

In order, if possible, to have one pleasant idea connected with Padua, I went to the theatre, though I had been warned that it was bad. It was not as bad as I had hoped; the orchestra, to

be sure, did its best in that way, but fiddles out of tune are no joke. Beyond a doubt, the music in the Venice Marionette Theatre was better than that of the Paduan Opera. A few words of the Piazza della Ragione, and I have done with Padua altogether. Thanks to the old town-house, which fills one side of it, it has a very picturesque air. It is built on arches, over a stone hall, where the market is held, and consists of a single room, said to be unique for size. In short, the large hall is very large; the wooden horse in the middle is very wooden; and, as for the pictures on the walls, why, there are a great many of them! that is all that need be said.

## CHAPTER XI.

FROM PADUA TO BOLOGNA. — THE EUGANEAN MOUNTAINS. — THE HALF-WAY HOUSE. — THE MAD OPERA. — FERRARA. — TRAVELING COMPANIONS. — PATRIOTIC FICTIONS. — BANDITTI. — A DISTINGUISHED CAPTAIN. — A DRAMATIC PERFORMANCE NOT IN THE BILLS. — PECULIAR NOTIONS OF JUSTICE.

THERE is an occasional diligence between Padua and Bologna, and a daily omnibus, in which, with some reluctance, and rueful remembrance of an omnibus journey from Karlsruhe to Stuttgart, I booked a place.

The distance between Padua and Bologna is stated at about thirty-two miles, but the omnibus, nevertheless, manages to take two days on the journey. To effect this, it starts from Padua at two in the afternoon, so as to reach Rovigo as night is falling; and, of course, it is then natural to stay the night there. I could get no satisfactory answer to my questions about this arrangement, and can only imagine that the host of the inn at Rovigo is a cousin of the Paduan omnibus-contractor.

On the whole, the omnibus-journey was much

better than I had expected. Excellent roads, a good team, and plenty of relays, carried us forward at a speed which every passenger in the vehicles of his Highness of Thurn and Taxis\* would bitterly have envied.

Immediately after passing the gate of Padua, you come in sight of the Euganean mountains, which rise with extraordinary abruptness from the plain. The country is absolutely level up to the very foot of the steep volcanic heights, in which the cone-shape is uncommonly regular. The Peak of Teneriffe itself cannot be more exactly cut than one of these mountains, lying a few miles distant from the road, which only enters the range towards its southern extremity, near Monselice, and then but for as long as will suffice to traverse the town. Monselice lies in a narrow deep valley, which divides the southern portion of the chain from the principal mountain, a steep isolated peak, crowned with the picturesque ruins of a castle, which is said to be infested by countless numbers of poisonous snakes.

It was beginning to get dark, when the omnibus reached the shore of the Etsch. The stream

\* The Prince of Thurn and Taxis has a contract with the Governments throughout Germany to farm all the public conveyances.—Tr.



is scarcely a stone's throw across, but, instead of a bridge, has a ferry, bearing unmistakable signs of age and infirmity. Once across the stream, the horses began to scent the stable, and set off at a rapid trot, which soon brought us to the inn. Amid a throng of curious idlers, and three times as much noise and clamour as was necessary, the luggage was unpacked, and each traveller put in possession of his goods, while the host, in busy haste, ran hither and thither, too full of useless zeal to find time to answer the questions and entreaties addressed to him. The course of circumstances, or the guiding hand of Providence, brought me into possession of a room which was provided with a stately bed, but was nevertheless, so uninhabitable, that I was speedily obliged to seek a better place, in which to pass the hours of the long evening still before me.

"Show the gentleman into the coffee-room," cried the host to the waiter, who, thereupon, opened the door of a sort of cellar, low and cold, and full of bad air, and gave me the bill of fare. Happily, some of my travelling companions were there too, and, with the help of some wretched wine, we managed partially to supply the missing warmth. An attempt to improve the air with aromatic cigars was less successful.

After supper we went to the opera ; one was quite worthy the other, but still the performance was much better than the one I had heard the evening before in Padua, a town five times as large as Rovigo. The piece was Ricci's "*Columella*," pretty music, and, as usual, a stupid *libretto*. A whole act takes place in the Lunatic Asylum, where the lover is brought after he has lost his senses, through the lady's imagined faithlessness. The stage shows a corridor, ranged with numbered cells, and the lover, mad through jealousy, makes his appearance with distracted glance, dishevelled hair, and everything to correspond with his abode ; and this is called an Opera *Buffa* ! I cannot say whether there is a chorus of the insane, for I could not sit out the monstrous thing. If Signor Ricci should have neglected the opportunity for such a *taking* novelty, I should advise the manager to lose no time in preparing it. Chorus of madmen ! the idea is enough to make the fortune of an opera ! With such a skilful hand as that of Signor M—, one-half of his audience might have a cold shuddering, and the other half have the drum of their ears broken. An opera that should send the ladies home in hysterics, and the men with headaches, would be quite sure of a run.

We were to start at five o'clock the next morning, and I felt a sort of remorse for the already wasted time. A firm determination, however, will even bring one out of bed in the middle of a cold night, and to my own astonishment, I was the first at the starting-place. I was beginning to repent bitterly of my own over-zealous haste however, when my travelling companions made their appearance in a great bustle, and the omnibus really set off pretty punctually to the appointed time.

The sun had risen with wintry magnificence when we stopped on the banks of the Po, which divides Lombardy-Venice from the States of the Church. Although the stream is of very moderate breadth, the transit on the ferry and the passport formalities, delayed us an hour. The custom-house officers and police were in waiting, but they were both very expert in their business, we were soon on the road again, and half an hour more brought us to Ferrara. Here I had intended to pass one or two days, but I was informed that the diligence, which started that day for Bologna, would not go again for four days, and I resolved rather to sacrifice Ferrara than lose so much time. To make the journey with a *vetturino* was doubly impossible, on ac-

count of the bad condition of the roads and the danger of banditti; and as I was told in the omnibus office that I must make haste, as the diligence would start in half-an hour; I chose one of the Facchini, who were offering their services, and desired him to show me the way to the diligence and passport offices. "Let us be off," he said, "the quicker the better, and the luggage can stop here in the meantime." "No, we will take the luggage with us to save the trouble of coming back," said I. Evident as it was that this way would lose least time, the Facchino had a thousand things to say against it; and I was obliged to insist positively on his obedience.

When we came to the posting-house, the horses were already standing by the coach; but the postmaster gave me quarter of an hour's grace. "I will run and fetch the luggage and the passport," said the Facchino. After a tedious delay—the diligence waiting for me—he burst in, crying, *Ecco il bagaglio!* and behind him came one of his comrades, crying *Ecco il passaporto!* "Where?" exclaimed I, for their hands were empty. *Ecco! ecco!* they answered. At that moment a third party came in, carrying the luggage, and a gentleman, dressed in a handsome suit of black, who handed me my passport.

As soon as the postmaster had received a small consideration, for keeping the diligence waiting, we rattled out of the courtyard and through the town, where I had the advantage of seeing the richly-adorned façade of the cathedral. As for the monks and various muffled-up members of certain holy fraternities, which swarm in Ferrara, they can scarcely be reckoned among the things worth seeing. So priestly an air has everything in the town, that I half-expected the postmaster to be an abbot and the postilion a friar.

My travelling companions consisted of an old apothecary of extraordinary garrulity, and two young lawyers who were at first very monosyllabic, but whom during the time we both spent in Bologna, I found to be very agreeable people, of good education and manners.

These young men were very anxious for information about the public condition and institutions of Germany; and of course I gave them to understand that we were in a state of patriarchal felicity—the Government one heart and mind, all classes happy and contented, the nation proud and prosperous, in short that we could scarcely be better off, if we lived under the protection of the blessed St. Peter.

When we had got about half-way, three of

the Papal carabinieri joined us as an escort for the most dangerous part of the road. "The country hereabouts is a very nest of murder," said the apothecary, "and the most sanguinary severity of the laws is unable to crush the fierce propensities of this people. There are executions every week in Bologna and Ferrara, but that does not diminish the number of attacks and robberies."

With all this the landscape is far from having a dangerous air. It is perfectly level, excellently cultivated, and set with numerous houses, which are scattered about over the fields as farms usually are. The long lines of mulberry trees which cross the country, together with vines trained on poles, give it a general air of prosperity, industry, and peace. But this appearance is extremely deceitful. The Bolognese peasant has wild blood, very doubtful ideas of the rights of property, and an eager love of danger and adventure. From time to time at a given signal, or according to preconcerted agreement, he leaves the plough and the pruning-knife to drag forth the offensive weapons which he keeps hidden under a woolsack, or in a hay-loft, and the peaceful farmer of one day, is on the next a cruel and determined robber.

The whole province is now full of the sayings and doings of one Belloni, surnamed *Il Passatore*, who, for some time past, has been playing the robber-captain in it on a grand scale, and after the most approved fashion of romance. The governor of the province set the price of 1000 scudi on Belloni's head; Belloni set 2000 scudi on the governor's head, and everybody is convinced that he could and would pay the money if the conditions were fulfilled. His master-stroke was struck in Forlimpopoli three days before I passed through. This town counts five or six thousand inhabitants, and one evening while the greater part of the people were at the theatre without the slightest idea of what was going forward, Belloni entered it with a numerous band and took possession.

The audience were awaiting the second act of the performance, when the curtain drew up, and showed the muzzles of ten or twelve guns pointed into the pit by as many men with blackened faces. This scene was not in the play, but the explanation of it was soon received from the mouth of the robber-captain.

"I hope, gentlemen," said Belloni, stepping forward, "that you will not force me, by a useless resistance, to measures of violence which would

really pain me, and must certainly frighten the ladies. The *gens-d'armes* are overpowered, these keys in my hand are those of the town-gates, every outlet of the theatre is well guarded—in short you are in my power. But do not fear that that power will be abused, fulfil my moderate wishes, and not a hair of your heads shall be hurt.”

He then drew a paper from his pocket and read the names of the wealthiest inhabitants of the town, imposing on each a tax in proportion to his supposed fortune. As each was named he was despatched home in charge of one of the robbers, and in every case brought back the desired sum.

In the meanwhile those remaining in the pit had been stripped of their watches, rings, and purses: the ladies in the boxes, however, were not molested. Towards midnight Belloni departed, carrying with him a booty of from 10,000 to 12,000 scudi. The boldness of the undertaking is only rightly understood when it is considered that about four miles from Forlimpopoli is the town of Forli, strongly garrisoned with Austrian troops, which would have had time twice over to come to the rescue, if they had received intelligence of what was going on.



As it has been found impossible to get possession of the robber-chief's person, his family has been seized upon, though they are respectable people, not even accused of participation in Belloni's exploits — his parents thrown into prison and his sister forced into a convent.

"That's what the priests call justice," said one of the young lawyers.

The apothecary, on the contrary, thought it a very proper measure.

"Belloni has only to leave his evil ways," he said, "and his relations will be set at liberty."

I had a strong inclination to denounce the fellow for a cousin of Il Passatore; before his innocence was discovered he would have plenty of time to improve his notions of justice and acquire ideas a little more befitting a Christian apothecary.

## CHAPTER XII.

BOLOGNA.—A GENTLEMAN OF TOO FINE TASTE.—APPEARANCE OF  
BOLOGNA.—PRODIGIOUS NUMBER OF CHURCHES.—PLASTERERS  
AND WHITEWASHERS.—WALKS IN THE ENVIRONS.—STONE WALKS.  
—ANTI-COMMUNISM.—THE PLAGUE OF ROMAN LAW.

It was growing dusk when we stopped at the post-house in Bologna. After a vain attempt to accommodate my notions of comfort and cleanliness to the level of the arrangements in the Italian inn, the Black Eagle, I went to the Swiss hotel.

It is, in truth, a palace, and has a grand staircase, a spacious lofty hall, adorned with pictures and busts, and everywhere large, light, well-ordered rooms.

An Austrian general and his staff had possession of a great part of the house, orderlies came and went, and the *table d'hôte* was almost exclusively occupied by officers, among whom the difference of rank did not prevent a noisy gaiety of conversation, and a lively interchange of jokes.

My left hand neighbour was a Frenchman, who sat swelling with silent wrath against the kitchen and the successive dishes. He cast mistrustful glances on the yellow pea-soup, and left it untouched after a single spoonful—certainly, no such soup stood on the bill of fare in the Palais Royal. The *mortadella* which was next offered him, he repulsed with silent contempt—the macaroni the same;—but as the beef, for which he perseveringly waited, *would* not come, and hunger was imperative, my Gallic neighbour was forced to bow his pride before a piece of mutton, though rejecting with scorn the accompanying potatoes; for it stands to reason that haricot beans are the only bearable accompaniments of mutton. I was sorry for the hapless Frenchman, and wished I could have set him down to a German *table d'hôte*. There he should have arranged the dishes, and ordered about the cook to his heart's content; and, as I have myself seen, the host and the other guests would have obeyed, without a murmur, the French laws of gastronomy.

Bologna is better built than Padua—the streets not so narrow, and the colonnades, which run along most of them, lofty airy arches, raised on slender elegant pillars, which as well as the large

buildings, give it an air of state. Yet Bologna can scarcely be called a beautiful town. Among the many houses which bear the name of palaces, there are few which please the eye, either by harmony of proportion, a good situation, or an ornamental exterior. They are, for the most part, heavy masses of stone—unpleasing in appearance and uninhabitable, monuments of former power and wealth, but not of taste or domestic refinement. In short, there is something half-barbaric in these palace-dwellings of the patricians of Northern Italy in the middle-ages.

The Austrian commandant, whom I had to visit on the subject of my passport, had taken up his quarters in one of the largest, handsomest, and best situated palaces in the town—named after Napoleon's brother-in-law, Baciocchi.

I felt myself more at home with this German soldier, than in an Italian police-office, for I belonged, at all events, to the same family. Yet truly there are two sides on which to view this relationship. For that day, however, I only looked at one side; it is so rare for us, when in a foreign country, to feel ourselves members of a body that is something in the world.

In the neighbourhood of the palace Baciocchi

stands the church of St. Dominic, with the much-admired monument of the Father of the Inquisition. It was not the holy Dominic that attracted me to the church, but the monument of King Hencius, which is said to be there. As, however, in spite of a long and zealous search I did not find it, it must be very insignificant, which surprises me, for it would be quite according to the spirit of the time and the people to have erected a magnificent mausoleum and a pompous epitaph to a conquered enemy, who perished in a rigorous imprisonment. The Town Hall where he was confined serves now as a savings' bank, where nothing is imprisoned but dollars and scudi, nor even they for their lifetime.

The church of Bologna's patron, saint Petronius, is the greatest I have ever seen, according to the plan. But, fortunately for the cathedrals of Cologne and Ratisbon, this plan has not been carried out. The church is only finished as far as the transept, yet the interior has a grand effect. As much cannot be said of the outside. For about 30 or 40 feet high the rich architecture has been carried up, but beyond it the walls are covered with rough tiles—a monument of the inconstancy of the most pious and fiery zeal. For the Bolognese pulled down no less than eight

churches to make room for this temple to their patron saint. If the eight churches bore any resemblance, however, to seven others which still stand, jammed close together in a dark corner of the town, the sacrifice was not very great.

The finest church in Bologna is San Francisco. The exterior, like the rest, is ungainly enough; but the interior combines simplicity with dignity and grandeur. Unfortunately it has suffered much by the last new decorations which have been bestowed on it. After using it a long time for profane purposes, it is now restored to its original design; and to make amends for former disrespect, it is being painted up in a very lively style, and above all with inharmonious colours, so that it resembles a child's picture-book more than anything else. The rage for painting and plastering creates the most terrible ravages throughout the country. The architect's work is considered incomplete until the white-washer has done his. And yet here, in Bologna, there are most striking proofs of the capability even of brick, to carry out the most noble architectural designs. The *Casa della Mercanzia* for example, with its lofty pointed arches, its slender pillars, and richly ornamented façade, is all in brick; and so neat and elegant that the very

plasterers have paused before they seized upon it. Simple and unadorned as the walls of the churches are, they would look a thousand times more dignified in their original costume, than smeared over with this mess of chalk ! But it would be time wasted to attempt to impress this on the Bolognese. They have lost the feeling of what is truly reasonable, and they cannot be reasoned into it again. Who knows whether they will not paper the walls of their churches before long ? A papered wall is much prettier than a bare white one, there is no doubt of that ; and then such an immense demand for coloured paper would be a great encouragement to that branch of trade !

A walk round the walls of the town gives a good view of the range of hills which bounds Bologna to the west. They are the first hills one catches sight of after leaving the Euganian mountains behind ; but the environs of the town are so thickly set with country-houses that I endeavoured in vain to reach some point from which I might get a good view of the town and the neighbouring country ; the road was constantly losing itself between walls or palings or high hedges, which are generally rare in Italy.

It is always difficult for a stranger to enjoy

the beauties of Nature in the 'neighbourhood of an Italian city; for the soil is so completely private property, that it is difficult for others to get enough even to satisfy their eyes. Wherever you go, two high walls accompany you. Perhaps some lofty spot, or striking feature of the country has attracted you from a distance, and when you come near you find it enclosed, even the iron-gate through which you might catch a glimpse of the blooming garden, is lined with wooden boards; and the only common property is the sunshine and the blue sky.

I was told that from the Saragossa gate, I could reach one of the heights which commanded the neighbourhood, and at the same time visit a church there, containing a picture of Christ by the Evangelist Luke. An arcade leads from the gate of the town to the hill, which lies quite four miles off, apparently intended to protect the pilgrims to the picture, from rain and heat, and erected at an immense expense; but the arcade appeared to me so tedious, that I renounced even the prospect.

I wished to see the university from whose walls the learned pest called the Roman law has spread over half Europe. Here was brewed that cauldron of judicial gibberish which has



distracted the heads of our German lawyers for four hundred years past, and poisoned our legal proceedings, like a magic draught. Oh! Irnerius, Accursius, and all the rest of you, where were Dante's eyes that he did not enrol you among the destroyers of mankind! Do not tell us of your good intentions and purity of mind! It was the demon of pride that inspired you. A blind idolatry of Latin was your crime, and that of all your descendants, even unto the present day. It were useless to deny it, for the people still live, nay, are increasing in number, who would answer any doubt of the infallibility of Roman law, with a shake of the head and a shrug of the shoulders. A law which lives only in colleges! A law which a learned pedant who never met the world face to face, can enlarge, and alter, and arrange in the seclusion of his study—a law which Cujacius himself did not half understand—such a law can still be regarded as a masterpiece of human wisdom. Are there no mad-houses in Germany?

## CHAPTER XIII.

FROM BOLOGNA TO FLORENCE.—SILENT TRAVELLERS.—A STARTLING EXCLAMATION.—A SOCIABLE PARTY.—PROFOUND GEOGRAPHERS.—KEEPING A FAST.

EARLY on a very cold morning (the last of January), I drove out of the gates of Bologna, in company with a number of travellers bound, like myself, for Florence. The vehicle which held us was called a diligence, but had the arrangements of an ordinary omnibus; a single space with benches running up the sides, so that all the travellers shared the fortune of the day in common. In such an arrangement what is lost in comfort is generally gained in amusement, and I consoled myself with this reflection for my bad seat, as we rattled over the streets, whose miserable pavement prevented all attempt at conversation.

The universal silence lasted yet some time after we had passed the town-gates, and were moving noiselessly forward in deep mud.

“This cursed Pope!” suddenly exclaimed my neighbour, “he might, at least, make decent roads with all the money he robs the people of!” Shocked at such a profane exclamation, I looked at the speaker, and saw in the dawn of the morning an old gentleman who bore no resemblance either to a Mazzinist, or an Austrian police spy, for which one might have taken him by his presumptuous words. A female voice answered from the depths of the omnibus, a deep bass fell in afterwards, the conversation became general, and before long, if a fresh passenger had entered, he might have imagined all the travellers to be old friends.

Our company was sufficiently varied. Opposite me sat a little doctor, with a pedantic but amiable manner, who laboured anxiously to distinguish himself by a refined style of conversation and elegant delivery. Next to him there came a young peasant-woman, going to join her husband, and accompanied by her brother, a young fellow about nineteen. The further corners were in possession of a singer and her mother from Reggio, where treachery and spite (we were told) had managed to break off their engagement. The daughter was young and pretty; what the mother was I will not say,

but if any one guesses it I cannot help that. Passing over some insignificant personages I come to my bold-spoken neighbour. He was a Venetian gentleman, whose name once stood in the Golden Book of that noble city; he must have worn a beard before the fall of the Republic, and had, doubtless, seen far different times. Far advanced in years as he was, however, he had not forgotten his politeness, and his desire to please. His anger against the Pope soon changed into a lively attention to the young singer. He was inexhaustible in little civilities, jokes, and flattery, all very happily turned and well brought in, and yet without any absurdity, but like an old man who knew from long experience how to entertain ladies. The fair singer's eighteen years' experience, however, had taught her far more knowledge of the world than the seventy years of the Venetian, and there ensued between them a war of wit and words which continued for upwards of an hour, with unwearied vigour to the amusement of the whole company.

The roads were abominable, but the horses good, so we got on through the grey wintry landscape with tolerable rapidity.

The new road from Bologna to Florence, which passes through Prato and Pistoja, runs

along the side of a mountain-stream called the Reno, which hurries down the Apennines towards the plain. These mountains are very bare, destitute of forest or cultivation, but their picturesque forms atone for the want of vegetation, and make a noble landscape, even in winter, under a dark and rainy sky.

“Where does this little river Reno empty itself!” I asked of the doctor.

“I don’t exactly know; either in the Po or the Danube,” was the answer.

“I beg your pardon—where?” I repeated, not trusting my ears.

“In the Po or the Danube!” was again the reply.

When I had a little recovered from my astonishment, I remarked that we also had a river Reno in Germany. This was something quite new to the company—not one of them had ever heard of the Rhine! By-and-by, when the doctor talked of the wolves which still render the Apennines unsafe, one of our fellow-passengers asked what sort of an animal a wolf was, and appeared to be quite ignorant of its very habits and propensities; yet, he had all the air and manner of a well-educated man. The Venetian, however, brought the stoutest piece of ignorance into the common stock. A man of re-

finest education, a man who had lived through the eventful history of the last fifty years, a man who had seen life—he was quite unconscious that Italy contained a State named Lucca! He was indebted to the two theatrical ladies for this piece of information; and they went on to tell him how it had lost its independence to Tuscany. The ladies felt their local patriotism deeply insulted by this event, and they gave me to understand that it was not exactly blessings which had been showered on their Duke when he departed for Parma.

After we had been searched through and through at the Tuscan frontier, we halted at a little town to have supper; we were expected, and the table was already laid in a place which was a cross between a hall and a barn. The wind blew vigorously through a few open doors, and a bundle of faggots mouldered in a sort of grate, filling the place with black pungent smoke and obstinately declining to give out the least warmth.

But the wine was good, the victuals not very bad, and we were all heartily inclined to welcome them; for since a hasty cup of coffee taken at six A.M. in Bologna, we had not so much as seen anything to eat. The Venetian showed his aristocratic blood by an uncommonly well deve-

loped *gourmandise*, and the theatrical ladies kept up the character for stout appetites which belongs to their profession in every country.

“ But how do you reconcile this to your conscience ? ” I asked of them.—“ To-day is Friday, but it seems to me you don’t fast much ? ”

The singer replied, that on account of her voice she must eat meat ; and her mother explained, that she was in general very strict in such things, but that she made an exception when she was on a journey. The doctor said he had got a dispensation on account of ill health, and the peasant woman, that she would fast the next day or the day after, which would be just the same thing.

“ And what can you say for yourself, Sir Censor ? ” said the pretty singer, turning to me.

I announced myself at once as a heretic, which they all seemed to understand. As for the noble Venetian, he said nothing and eat all the more.

After the supper was over we sat for about half an hour, chatting round the fire, which had in the mean time burnt clear ; then we got into the diligence again, and slept the sleep of the righteous, until about two o’clock in the morning, when we were set down in the streets of Florence and abandoned to our fate.

## CHAPTER XIV.

FLORENCE.—THE LUNGARNO.—MANIA FOR RAPID DRIVING.—PIAZZA DELL' MARIA ANTONIA, ETC.—THE BAPTISTERY GATES.—THE CATHEDRAL.—THE CAMPANILE, AND THE PROSPECT FROM ITS TOP.—SCULPTURES OF MICHAEL ANGELO.—THE TOMB OF DANTE.—TARDY GRIEF.—FLORENTINE HOUSES AND FLORENTINE CHARACTER.—FORTRESSES.—SACKLOTH ARCHITECTURE.—THE OPERAS AND THEATRES AT FLORENCE.—A DURABLE JOKE.—TEMPER OF THE AUDIENCE.—FOREIGN CUSTOMS IN FLORENCE.—COSTUME OF THE ARMY.—THE MEDICI GALLERY.—GALLERIES AND MUSEUMS MERE MAKE-SHIFTS.—GALLERY OF PORTRAITS.

“FIRENZE LA BELLA!” say the Italians. Florence lies in the lovely valley of the Arno, and under the bright sky of Italy, it has in it much that is beautiful, both human beings and works of art, but Florence on the whole is not a beautiful city. Besides the Lungarno, it has scarcely two or three streets or places worth seeing. The town is close, ill-built, and irregular throughout; and though there are certainly many fine public buildings and splendid dwelling-houses, they are so scattered about as in no instance to form fine architectural masses or picturesque groups. Yet Florence, undoubtedly, ranks high among the



towns of its size, and I will not dispute it the title which Italian national pride has given it.

The promenade of Florence is the Lungarno, which runs along by the side of the river, as far as it flows through the town. The bed of the Arno is not deep here, but about as broad as the Maine at Frankfort; four of the five bridges which bind its two shores together have each a separate physiognomy of their own; the ranks of houses on each side rise in stately rows—especially beside the bridge of the Trinity with its extremely flat arches, and above their summits the green heads of the neighbouring hills look pleasantly into the town. The Lungarno borrows its greatest charm, however, from the gay crowds which are drawn thither at certain hours of the day by the brightness of the winter sun.

On Sunday afternoon in particular the Lungarno is so filled to overflowing with elegant pedestrians that you can only take the very smallest steps, and must sometimes stand still for several minutes together.

I was very much surprised to see the rapid pace at which the glittering carriages of the nobility broke through the human stream, in a way very unlike the usual urbanity of Italian manners, even in public; but I ought to add, that

a mania for quick driving seems universal here. Not a farmer of the neighbourhood but has some light vehicle with little fiery horses, with which he dashes along the road at a hand-gallop. Incredible as it is, I most solemnly assure my readers, that the very hackney coachmen are infected with this fever, and even when you hire them by the hour, drive at a good smart pace.

The public place which I think the most beautiful in Florence, is the Piazza Maria Antonia, in one of the most out-of-the-way parts of the town.

This square is very large, regular, and, on all sides, enclosed with houses which are remarkable for taste and elegance, though not for grandeur. The Piazza is not picturesque indeed, but extremely pleasing.

The Piazza dell' Annunziata, on the other hand, is not wanting in architectural ornament, yet notwithstanding the colonnades, designed by far-famed artists, the church in the back-ground and the grand statue of Cosmus de Medici in the midst riding on an elephant, which is meant for a horse, the Piazza dell' Annunziata is not attractive, it looks very much like the court-yard of a palace, and is, moreover, in a very neglected condition.

The other Piazzas are not worth mentioning with the exception of the Cathedral Square, which would be one of the finest in the world were its architecture better disposed, and in a place where there was room to look at it.

It contains three buildings which are each worth a journey to see, *viz.*, the Battisterio, the Cathedral, and the Campanile. The actual building of the Battisterio is a tasteless mass of marble, but its gates by Ghiberti are, and have been for many hundred years, the admiration alike of the connoisseur and the masses.

Who has not seen a plaster copy of them, more or less good or bad, and what remains to be said, after Michael Angelo has declared them worthy to be the gates of Paradise?

This may sound overstrained to many ears, but from the first moment that I saw a plaster model of Ghiberti's gates, I understood that the art of working in metal had here reached a perfection which even Milton's angels could scarcely surpass in the foundry where they prepared the ordnance for the decisive battle between the heavenly hosts and the forces of Satan.

For my own part, however, I doubt there being any gates to Paradise.

The Cathedral of Florence is a monstrous

building. When you stand before it, or still more when you stand behind it, and see the huge dome swelling out above you, it seems impossible that human hands can ever have raised such a mountain of free-stone. Powerful, however, as is the impression of immense size which the Cathedral makes, the impression of its artistic beauty is weak in spite of the gay marble mosaic which decks it from the roof to the ground, and which leaves the front only free in the naked stone of which it was built; I cannot but mourn over so much wasted labour. On entering, you find that even the effect of size is not equal to the actual extent. Whether the proportions are false, whether they have made bad use of their space I know not, but the interior of the Cathedral with its white walls and arches, its sea-green columns and pilasters, looks merely large, and the immeasurable dome itself, seen from within, has no sublimity.

The paintings on the ceiling of the cupola are very famous, but I must take their merit upon trust, for coming out of the bright noon-day sunshine my eyes could not penetrate the darkness enough to judge of them. Perhaps those who gave them their fame had the dome lit up.

The Campanile, however, is the real attraction

here. It is one of the richest, slenderest, most charming towers in the world. It rises I don't know how many hundred feet upon a slender base; it is square, but the corners project forth, elegantly rounded. From top to bottom it is set with a beautiful mosaic in black, white, and red marble, interrupted by pointed arches, supported on slender interwoven columns, the bases of which are ornamented with well-executed friezes and bas-reliefs. But the crowning feature of the Campanile, in two senses, is the exquisite gallery which runs round the top, and as it stands beside the great clumsy Cathedral, with its excrescence of a dome, it put me in mind of a lovely young bride with her wreath on her head, by the side of a corpulent bald-headed old husband.

From the gallery of the Campanile, the eye ranges over the whole valley of the Arno, in the midst of which lies Florence. The wide circle of country-seats that surround it, are not yet hidden among the foliage of their gardens; the meadows of the Cascine are still yellow, and the distant mountain-heights of a uniform grey.

The very furthest horizon is bounded by the white line of the snow-covered Apennines; the sun smiles warmly down from the cloudless sky;

close beneath you rolls the gay life of a hundred swarming streets, with a very different murmur from that of a trading city; and lively music from the promenade, mingles, not inharmoniously, with the more stately tones of the church bells.

It is well worth the weary ascent, to look forth on such a day from the Campanile of Florence.

The town boasts thirty or forty other churches, but they are little worth the trouble of looking at. The finest is indisputably the Santa Maria Novella, the only Florentine church, after the German style of architecture. It bears some resemblance to those splendid cathedrals which we are proud to own, but it cannot be compared to them.

Michael Angelo was so charmed with this church, that he called it his bride. What names would he have found for St. Laurence's in Nurnberg, the Cathedral of Freyburg, or the Strasbourg Minster?

Luckily for Santa Maria Novella, he had probably never heard of them.

Among the finest ornaments of the St. Laurence are two pieces of sculpture, with which Michael Angelo has enriched his native town. They are the tombstones of two of the Medici,

and the design is as bold as the execution is perfect. The original genius of the sculptor has here struck out for itself a completely new path. The statues of the men, whose memory he has immortalised, are, of course, the principal figures of the monument; but they are not laid out like mummies, in sarcophagi, nor on their knees, nor rising like ghosts out of the vault, nor attitudinising like stage-heroes. They are seated in a perfectly easy, natural, yet dignified position, as they sat in the ducal chair; figures, full of life, that have no further connection with death, its terrors, and its mysteries, than their seat on a grave.

The more I learn of the powerful mind of Michael Angelo and his works, the more evident does it become to me, that he was a true redeemer of art. He freed it from that fatal monotony of its origin, the unalterable mask, which Byzantine tradition held up as as the only true artistic form, and which was everywhere slavishly copied.

It is not his fault, if numbers of his followers are now falling back into the worn-out old track, or, that even in Italy, at the present day, an attempt has been made by Germans to bring about a complete restoration of the style, which

I hardly know whether to call Byzantine or Chinese.

Michael Angelo's grave is in Santa Croce, the Westminster Abbey of Florence; and, among the numerous monuments you see there, his is almost the only one of which you carry away a pleasing recollection. Most of them are insignificant or tasteless. To one of Italy's greatest men, for instance, Galileo, there is a memorial as commonplace as it is possible to conceive. Alfieri's tomb is not much better, though carved by the hand of Canova. Dante is still worse off—Dante, whose memory would have been worthily honoured by the hand of Michael Angelo, to the glory of Italy, and the enjoyment of the whole educated world, had not Leo X., with childish obstinacy, refused the prayer of the Florentines, that the bones of the illustrious exile might be brought back to rest in his native city. A certain Signor Ricci has lately taken upon himself to supply the place of Michael Angelo, and has erected a monument to Dante, over the empty vault in Santa Croce.

The principal figure is Italy, who points with a theatrical air to the form of the poet, and enjoins the spectator to "Honour the most noble poet," (*onorate l'altissimo poeta*). If anybody



knows of a more miserable common-place, let him publish it.

On the other side, Poetry bends over the coffin, dissolved in grief. Had the monument been erected at the time of Dante's death, it would have been merely trivial, but coming five hundred years too late, it is absurd.

No one can have a greater respect for Dante's genius than I have ; but it does seem as if not only his mortal admirers, but even Poetry herself, have had time to be consoled since 1321, when the poet died.

Most of us have read the story of how, when the Emperor Tiberius lost his son, the Mayor and Aldermen of the respectable town of Troy were unwilling to let slip so favourable an opportunity for showing their loyal affection for the reigning family. They, therefore, dispatched a deputation, to lay an expression of their grief and respectful sympathy at the Imperial feet. But, by the time the deputation reached Rome, Drusus had been dead a long time. An audience was gained ; but scarcely had the ambassador begun his speech, when Tiberius interrupted him, saying—"Tell the Trojans that I am equally grieved at the loss of their excellent fellow-citizen, Hector."

Had Signor Ricci read Tacitus, he might have been spared the expression of his stupidity, and art would have been scandalised once the less.

The Florentine style of palace, simple, grave, and imposing, is quite an original production of Tuscan art. It was with astonishment that I looked up at the granite masses of the giant Palazzo Strozzi, the first of these stately buildings, of which I came in sight; but I found a number of such giants, one after the other, and my astonishment only increased.

Perfectly convinced of the truth of that axiom of Victor Hugo's, that the style of the architecture is always in unison with the character of the age and population, I sought in vain to discover how such buildings can be found in Florence. The history of Florence is dazzling, but not great; the disposition of the Florentines was formerly as now—lively, pleasure-loving, full of gaiety, their nobility the most insignificant in all Italy; and how, thought I, does this agree with the size and severe dignity of the houses, which the wealthy classes of Florence built for themselves, during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries? This apparent contradiction between the spirit and its works, occupied my mind for some

days, before I came to any satisfactory conclusion.

I then discovered, what I might have guessed before, viz.—that the grand exterior of the Florentine palaces is only the garment to cover the nakedness of the brick, which forms their real body. The house was first built of brick, and then fronted with huge slabs of stone, so that the majesty of their architecture is but a mask, and, as such, I understood it. A Sicilian gentleman, living at present in Florence, who has made himself a name by his knowledge of the history of architecture (though he did not need that to be of value in the world), solved the riddle yet more completely for me.

“These freestone walls,” said he, “have their origin in the times when the Florentine’s house was his fortress, in a much more literal sense than that of the modern Englishman when he says, ‘my house is my castle.’ In the centuries of the civil disorders in Florence, there were not merely combats in its streets, but regular sieges laid to the houses; and chroniclers assert, that in a single battle between the Guelfs and Ghibellines, thirty strong palaces were laid level with the ground. These strong outer walls were erected for defence. and belong much more

to the science of fortification than to that of architecture. What began from necessity became later a style, but the grandeur of that style is melancholy—it cannot deny its origin, which is sprung, not from the proud consciousness of power, but the helpless timidity of weakness.”

On a close examination you become aware that the architectural pomp of Florence is for the most part mere show. The ostentatious triumphal arch at the San Gallo gate (erected by I don't know which Grand Duke, for I don't know what great deed) is of shabby brick, covered with shabby stucco ; the same is the case with the fantastic colonnade of the *Palazzo Vecchio* ; but the worst piece of this sort of deceit I discovered at the Grand-ducal Palace itself.

On each side of the great door, in that side which is turned to the Boboli gardens, there are eight handsome-looking pilasters, and they are made—of *sack-cloth stretched over lattice-work*. I would not have believed my eyes had their evidence not been confirmed by that of touch, for I never rested till I had felt with my hands the object of my astonishment.

When the principal Italian theatres are counted up, it is usual to place the Pergola of Florence in

the third or fourth rank : but if it really deserves that station, the opera must be in as languishing a condition in Italy as in Germany. The theatre itself lies far behind the Fenice in Venice, and the troop is just as indifferent. If the Prima Donna had not fine eyes her voice would not keep her in her place for two nights running ; but such a pair of eyes ! they would get on anywhere. The bass is tolerable, the tenor thoroughly bad ; the chorus is not without musical abilities ; but oh, so abominably ugly !

When I arrived they had been playing for a fortnight, *Le due Foscari*, which appears to be the fashionable opera all over Italy just now.

Apollo and the Muses defend Germany from modern Italian music, and from the Duc Foscari in particular ! it is one catastrophe from beginning to end, and the excellent orchestra is as irretrievably ruined as the hero. As ballet we had a piece called, *Aladdin*, a wretched tissue of unconnected nonsense, in which there was nothing dramatic but the curtain and scenes. I cannot say much of the female dancers, and as for the others, they were great fellows as tall as pine-trees, with faces buried in coal-black beards.

Besides the Pergola, Florence has eight or nine other theatres, and whenever I visited them

I found a full house. Comedy and farce are so well given in the most insignificant theatres (of which the boxes, however, are always filled with elegant people), that I became envious in the name of the German drama.

The principal person in a comic piece, whose presence is indispensable, and who figures in the bill in letters a foot long, is called Stenterello. Stenterello's part is not easy, for he has to play a variety of characters at different times—now a good humoured roysterer—now a faithful old man. But in each character Stenterello is to be recognised by one unfailing sign, namely—an immense head stuck up in the air. This head alone is a grand joke both for pit and gallery, and without it Stenterello would soon lose his popularity.

The more harmless and laughter-loving the Italian public show themselves in general at the theatres, the more was I surprised to remark that many insignificant expressions of the actors were seized on passionately and twisted to bear an inimical meaning. Political allusions or words which could be supposed to convey them, I never heard on the Florentine stage; thanks, I suppose, to the dramatic censor. Instead of these, there were accusations of hard-heartedness against the

rich, and complaints of the carelessness and discontent of the poor; and such expressions always found an echo in a hundred voices. Would it be too hasty to conclude from this, that in Italy, hitherto so indifferent in this respect, even in prosperous Florence the Socialist ideas of the present day have already given their colour to public opinion?

The influence of English and French manners and customs, of which there are no traces beyond the Apennines, is perceptible enough in Florence. Without noticing such things as may be meant for the use of travellers,—of hotels, English doctors, French cooks, &c., or of the abundance of foreign faces and foreign tongues in the streets—it may be boldly asserted that foreign habits and fashions reign in the Florentine homes.

The many similarities with German customs, however, which you meet with in the North of Italy, disappear almost entirely in Florence, and but for the Austrian possession one would only be reminded of Germany by the “Allgemeine Zeitung.”

That the Austrian troops are here in a perfectly strange country and stand completely isolated, may be seen in a multitude of slight

circumstances. They have no connexion with the Florentine troops, not even that footing of military courtesy on which the officers of hostile armies often meet.

The soldiers here, for the most part well-grown handsome fellows, are clothed and armed exactly after the French fashion, only tricked out with more finery. This is a great fault, which does small honour to the sagacity of the Government. France is the only foreign enemy against which, sooner or later, Italian Governments will very possibly have to defend their existence; and they should carefully avoid weaving any unnecessary ties between their own troops and the foreign army. Nobody can imagine it probable that the French should serve under the Italian flag, but the contrary does not seem improbable under certain conditions; and this similarity of dress and custom will not only strengthen the attraction of the powerful body, but materially aid the entire absorption of the weaker one.

But let us speak of less dangerous topics. The Medici Gallery in the Palazzo degli Uffizi is state-property, and the doors stand open every day to all visitors. In other places, for instance in Berlin and Paris, sculptures are placed in the cellars. The cabinet of antiquities in the Louvre



might be taken for a catacomb. A faint light struggles through windows never shone on by the sun, the air is that of a cellar, the sound of your footsteps echoes from the naked vaulted roof and bare walls, and the statues look like gravestones grouped around. To get up any enthusiasm in such a place is given but to very few, and I am very sure that out of ten people hastening up from the nether regions of the Louvre, nine of them are thinking of nothing but their joy at regaining the sunshine.

In Florence they understand these matters better. The Medici Gallery is lofty, light, and airy. The walls are adorned with fine pictures, not *covered* with them: the Florentines have too much taste for that. Connoisseurs of art blame, I know, this mixture of works of the chisel and the pencil, and say that the picture spoils the statue, and the statue the picture, but I find the arrangement altogether charming. If the gallery belonged to me, I would, to say nothing of other arrangements, place myrtle and laurel trees in it, however the antiquaries and learned classical professors might swear. Is it not bad enough that we should pack into magazines the works of art, which once adorned the theatre and the public bath, the market and the

garden; and lay up in cabinets of curiosities, what were intended only as decorations, or constituent parts?

I have fully made up my mind, and do not fear to express it, that the mere collection of a museum, as it is now carried out, is a barbarity—a barbarity as gross as that of the Cossacks, who collect money meant for constant circulation, and bury it in the ground, to be disinterred only on high festival days, that they may feast on the sight of it. I need not add to an intelligent reader, that I have no idea of denying the value of our collections of art; but they are still only the make-shift of a generation which lives poorly on a small inheritance, not knowing how to increase it. The ugliness of this barbaric make-shift should, however, at least be softened, as far as our means and our taste will permit, in spite of the cries of the "*Dryasdusts*," and fine art fanatics. And it is because this is not done that I complain.

The Medici collection of pictures is extremely extensive; and, although not possessing many works of the very first rank, has yet a great number of pictures which would be an ornament to the richest museum. From the very commencement of Italian art, from Cimabue, Giotto,

and Memmi, the most eminent schools of Northern Italy, the Florentine, as well as the Venetian, have contributed richly to the Medici Gallery.

There are also many French, Dutch, and German pictures, some of which are a loss, both historically and artistically, which it is not easy to console ourselves for. Among the first of these is an "Adoration of the Shepherds," by Albrecht Dürer. Such an idyllic peace breathes over the whole performance, that I prefer it to a hundred renowned pictures on the same subject.

A portrait of Albrecht Dürer here agrees in all the features with one I have seen at Madrid; but there is a very decided difference in the expression of the face, and particularly of the eyes, which have something false in the Madrid picture. There are a number of portraits and hunting pieces, by Lucas Kranach, here too. The most remarkable among them are those of Luther and Melanchthon, whom Kranach seems to have painted very often; but, perhaps, never with so happy a result as here. Melanchthon particularly stands out so life-like from the canvas, that one is convinced, at the first glance, of the perfect truth and fidelity of the likeness.

Another portrait which charmed me very

much was that of Alfieri by some French painter. Alfieri is one of those men of noble disposition and proud spirit, in whom modern Italy is richer than most countries even in the midst of its national misery; a great character in a petty time, a soul on fire with patriotic inspiration and patriotic sorrow, in the middle of a nation lost to itself. But the *future* is never lost to a people that can boast its Alfieris, Manzonis, Pepes, and a hundred others whom it is better not to name.

Many people have remarked the resemblance between Alfieri and Schiller, and it is really striking, in the form of the head and the expression of the face, no less than in the turned down shirt-collar and curly red hair. But in the bearing of the two there is a characteristic difference. Schiller is ever represented with downcast glance, as well in the Stuttgart full length, as in the medallion head in the title-page of his works. Alfieri, on the contrary, in the Florentine portrait, has his eyes raised. Neither posture is, in my opinion, accidental. Aristotle, an acute observer, and probably as deeply read in human nature as any man we have ever known, says that when a man casts his eyes on the ground he is thinking of the past, when he

raises them to heaven of the future. It is easy for every one to obtain the confirmation of this axiom from his own every-day experience, and the portraits of Alfieri and Schiller contribute their testimony to this theory. The former turns to the past merely to arm himself in the cause of the future, the latter out of purely poetic feeling turns back from the reality of the present to the dream of the classical and romantic past. Schiller lived on remembrance, Alfieri on hope.

The most costly works of sculpture and painting in the Medici Gallery are assembled in a rotunda called the Tribuna. On the walls are the masterpieces of Titian, Correggio, Michael Angelo, Raphael, Guido, Dürer, Vandyke, and many others, both Dutch and Italian. In the hall itself stand the "Medicean Venus," the young "Apollo," the "Wrestlers," and the well-known "Knife-grinder," perhaps the most life-like of the marble figures that have descended to us from antiquity. The "Wrestlers," on the contrary, is, as a composition, a magnificent success in one of the most difficult tasks that sculpture has ever presented, or very probably ever can present.

Whoever, from the less happy efforts of really meritorious artists, has conceived an idea of how

difficult it is to combine stone and metal in a composition, will see with astonishment the life-like beauty and truth with which this group is executed, though taken at the very height of the energetic combat of the ring.

Of the "Medicean Venus" it is best to say nothing—enough that of all the forms in which Grecian phantasy has sought to embody the divinity of love—of all the glorious forms that have descended to us this approaches nearest the ideal. The Medici Gallery possesses five or six other Venuses, among which the Venus in the bath eminently deserves mention. The head is modern, but is in admirable unison with the body. The whole position of the figure and the protecting movement of the arm denotes surprise, as well as the turn of the head and expression of the face. Another charming piece of antiquity is the "Venus Urania," a good deal resembling the Medicean, but in a more severe style. The "Venus Genitrix" stands among all these like a Dutch peasant woman among houris.

The numerous busts contained in the *Degli Uffizi* gallery, have more historical than artistic interest. There is an excellent bust of Cicero, without the wart on the nose, from which, as our professors so zealously endeavour to prove,

the great orator derived his name ; that is, if he did not happen to have derived it from an ancestor, who distinguished himself in the culture of chick-peas.

(Oh ! what a glorious thing is our philological school and university instruction !) The form of Cicero's head is something like that of Goethe, only that the Roman head has a little more breadth and a more secretive expression in the face. In Ovid's face there is a look at once of the artist and the man of the world, and, it is difficult to say, which is predominant.

The bust of Socrates is by far the best among many that I have seen, and so is the portrait, though its appearance is quite modern, with stiff hair parted on one side. Yes, I can imagine him looking thus, the great "*accoucheur* of thought." The heads given under his name in other places, are usually mere typical imitations from a third or fourth hand, in which one sees the manufacture at the first glance.

"Sappho," I will say nothing of its fidelity, is very piquant ; "Alcibiades," thick-necked and fat. If that is the true portrait of the Lion of Athens, I am afraid he would not meet with the success to-day that crowned him two thousand years ago.

## CHAPTER XV.

PISA, AS IT WAS, AND AS IT IS.—MAGNIFICENT PROMENADE.—  
RAILWAY TRAVELLING IN TUSCANY.—A NECESSARY OF LIFE IN  
PISA.—STEEPLES AND CUPOLAS.—THE CATHEDRAL.—AN ÆSTHETIC  
PEASANT.—THE CAMPO SANTO.—THE TOWER OF FAMINE.

PISA looks now but little like a city, which once sent forth mighty fleets and armies, ruled over Corsica, Sardinia, and Sicily; made conquests in the East, and raised a prouder flag over the waves of the Mediterranean than either Saracen or Norman. One seeks in vain the harbour, whence rode forth her victorious galleys—in vain the walls which sheltered her hundred thousand children; buffaloes and bulls graze now where ships of war once anchored, and the plough turns up the ground that supported the lofty fortress towers.

Pisa is far too large for her present inhabitants, far too poor for the faded splendour, which is all that is left of her better days. Most of her streets wear the look of a Moravian village; whole rows of houses, separated sometimes by



gardens, stand deserted—the mass of her inhabitants appear to be in want, and an immense number of them make a trade of begging.

But there is still one dazzling feature in this sad picture—the Lungarno. That part of Pisa which clothes both sides of the stream, presents an aspect (even without considering the lovely background of landscape) which might be sought in vain in the finest cities of Europe. The Arno, swelled here to a stately stream, flows in a splendid reach between two ranks of palaces, a giant-street with which Rome or Madrid, Paris or London, Vienna or Berlin, can offer nothing to compare. Beautiful as is the Lungarno in Florence, it is nothing like its brother of Pisa. The sweep of the water-line is as noble and pure as the arch of a rainbow, the splendid edifices on both shores are so numerous that the more modest houses are lost to sight, and the astonished eye drinks in the whole glorious prospect at a single glance.

At almost every point of the Lungarno you can see along its entire extent, which a stout walker can scarcely traverse in half-an-hour, an incomparable perspective which has a powerful effect by every light and at every time, but whose perfect enchantment even the most prosaic eye

must feel when the glowing light of the evening sun streams across one end, while the other is already shrouded in the twilight of its own shadows.

But Pisa's pleasures cannot be enjoyed gratis, they must be bought by the journey from Florence. It is true there is a railroad and the journey takes only two hours; but a journey, however short, on a Tuscan railway (which is Government property) is no trifle.

At the railway terminus in Florence, there are formidable difficulties to be encountered. In the first place, the entire body of the Florentine flower-girls have their station here.

Before the coachman can open the door, they sound their war-cry and pour forth a flood of sweet speeches and good wishes for the journey of the hapless traveller. One pokes a nosegay into his right hand, another into his left; one bestows a decoration on his button-hole, a fourth stuffs a handful of flowers into his coat-pocket; and all these manœuvres do not for a moment interrupt the flood of chattering which makes your ears sing again.

A swarm of porters have meanwhile thrown themselves on the luggage, the coachman is in a hurry to be paid, fruit, and cake-sellers pester

you with their very superfluous wares—in short, ten tongues and twenty hands would be but a scanty allowance to rid yourself of the sudden locust-swarm by which you are overwhelmed.

When at last I had actually escaped into the peaceful harbour of the waiting-room, the inexorable bell warned me that I must not spare a moment to recover breath; and I obeyed its summons to the carriage. What a carriage! If a tourist having taken a ticket for a steamboat were shown into Noah's ark, he would not be more astonished at the aspect of that antediluvial conveyance than I was at that of the Tuscan railway-carriage.

Perhaps I have been put by mistake into the fourth class, thought I, and applied to the guard.

"We have no fourth class," was the reply; "there is the third," he pointed to an open truck, without any seat, and with a railing about a foot high as its sole protection; "this," he added in conclusion, "is the second class."

The bench on which I sat was a good span across, stuffed, I should imagine, with hazel nuts, and provided with a bolt upright wooden back, a real martyr-bench.

I had never given myself credit for such

powers of balancing, as I found it necessary to exercise to keep my seat on this stool of repentance. Like a vessel tossing on the restless ocean, the carriage swayed from side to side, in a systematic alternation, only interrupted now and then by a tremendous jolt either backwards or forwards. To fill up the cup of misery, we were drawn, evidently not by a locomotive, but by a snail.

Let me return to the Diligences of Thurn and Taxis. Oh! ye avenging deities!

I regarded it as the work of a propitious destiny that my lot afterwards fell on an excellent hotel, upon the elastic cushions of whose comfortable arm-chairs, I rested for four-and-twenty hours, before my limbs and whole frame were restored to a serviceable condition.

It was early in February, but the breath of Spring floated already around Pisa, not only while the sun shone, but far into the evening hours. "Where shall we get ice for the summer?" was the cry of the distressed people. One fine night, however, the heavens had pity on their necessity, and in the morning, to the universal joy and surprise, the moat was covered with a thin coat of ice. Everything that owned a pair of hands, set immediately to work to

secure the manna. It was only nine o'clock when I came out, and already they had fished out nearly every morsel from the moat, with a kind of net on a wooden hoop.

It was, certainly, high time to do so, and I much doubt whether the last cart carried anything to the cellar but wet boards. Such good or such bad weather, whichever it may be considered, is not the rule in Pisa, and I was assured that in some winters skaters might be seen on the Arno.

The finest specimens of architecture that Pisa possesses, are at the most out-of-the-way part of the town, pressed together in a space which is only just large enough to see them in—they are the Cathedral and its appurtenances, the Campanile, the Battisterio, and the church-yard.

Was it merely as a make-shift that the great Italian architects so often placed their steeples beside their churches? Could they not trust themselves to unite these two parts of the sacred edifice into an harmonious whole? It is certain that that problem, so magnificently solved by Gothic art, presents great difficulties to the Italian Basilican and cupola styles—difficulties which, as far as I know, have never in a single instance been happily overcome, but in which the artist has always either failed or escaped by

designing a separate tower after the above-mentioned plan; if not, he has merely found a modest place for the bells in an insignificant belfry.

Must it be inferred from this, that the dome and the tower are incongruous, and can at best only be placed near one another? It is possible, but to my mind not conclusive, and the supposition that the division of the building was not compulsory but voluntary seems all the more probable to me, when I see that all the great Italian architects have placed a baptistry beside their churches, as well as a steeple. It would certainly have been easy to have found a place for a font in the church itself, and yet a separate building has in most cases been erected, so that we must apparently seek the explanation rather in a sort of devotional luxury, which sought every opportunity and every excuse to exhibit its powers and multiply its possessions. Thus when one building would have served all the purposes of worship, this religious ostentation preferred the erection of three.

The Cathedral of Pisa must give much offence to the strictest connoisseurs of architecture, for both its design and its execution proclaim defiance to all the laws of the art. The architect Reinald was, as his work bespeaks him, a

romancer in his profession, little caring for the three orders; a rebel against the laws of purity of style, a contemner of the rules of architectural costume. The various styles of building are mixed together most boldly in the Pisan Cathedral — the Basilican flat roof with the cupola, and the cross arches; the round arch, with the pointed; the fluted column beside the smooth one; besides golden joists, and richly coloured mosaic, in the Byzantine taste; and pillars, arches, and walls, inlaid with black and white marble.

This gay and varied appearance certainly deprives the Cathedral of the loftiness and dignity of character which such a building should possess; but, to an unprejudiced eye, the liveliness, and, in spite of its variety, the simplicity of form, is by no means inharmonious or without effect. There is even in the whole a certain grandeur — a grandeur which neither elevates nor depresses; a grandeur which one feels to be produced by human means.

The rich and pleasing façade, built in five rows of columns, is adorned with brazen gates, from the hand of Giovanni, of Bologna, and his pupils: a work, which might be pronounced unsurpassable, if the gates of the baptistry in

Florence, did not prove the contrary. "It must have been a holy man that made those gates," said a peasant one day to me, when he saw me lost in admiration of these magnificent reliefs; "human skill alone cannot have done all this," he added softly to himself. This peasant had certainly been taught at no academy of art, nor heard any lectures on æsthetics; and people may therefore shake their heads, when I say that his opinion had some weight with me. It was so, nevertheless; and my conscience has not even reproached me for it since.

On the gates of the cathedral the reliefs are very high, and sometimes rise into entirely round figures, part of which are quite free from the ground. This is by no means a recommendation to the performance, and, instead of aiding the effect of reality, it injures it materially. It is going too far, on the other hand, to maintain that there is no perspective in a relief. The authority of actual performance contradicts this in the most decisive manner. We have distinguished works from all times—from the classic ages up to the present day—which prove that the best known masters have held it permissible to raise entire figures from the relief, and have executed them with the happiest result. It is



not rare to find the effect of a bas-relief heightened even to dramatic interest by a single important head standing forth from the flat, or by a hand wielding a sword, projecting in a marked degree, from the level of the rest of the picture. But pedantry puts himself forth as a lawgiver to taste, and forbids the artist, in the name of some theory, to make use of such assistance. I did not much admire the baptistry itself, with all its marble arabesque work; but it was from the far-famed Leaning Tower, that my pride had the most severe fall.

I had come to Italy with the determination of making some discovery, and after remaining a long time undecided whether I should fix the precise birthday of Ennius, the father of Roman song, or decide the true pronounciation of the Osk alphabet, or find out the tombstone of Eneas, I resolved at last to convince myself first, and the world afterwards, that the Leaning Tower of Pisa owed its fame to an optical delusion, and was, in reality, perfectly straight. But I own it with shame—this ambitious scheme was at once completely shattered; for after having most closely examined the tower on all sides, from beneath, and finally from above, I am convinced that it is really leaning on one side.

I am not even able to throw any new light on the question so much in dispute, as to whether it was built so, or has gradually sunk into its present condition, and I did not so much as catch sight of Corsica from the gallery of the tower, as so many have done before me. My journey is then destined to remain unblessed by any scientific result, for after such a failure, I do not feel spirits to pursue any of the other involved and important subjects which I first proposed to myself. I must, however distressing it may be to my feelings, give up all hope of the approbation of learned societies.

This melancholy reflection would have been an appropriate accompaniment to the Campo Santo, if, in spite of its name, it were not more of a museum than a cemetery. It was, without doubt, originally intended for the latter purpose, but it must have been very early diverted from it, if it were ever really used as a place of burial. An extremely beautiful arched cloister runs round a square grass-plot, which is only occupied by four cypresses. In this hall or cloister, whose walls are covered with frescoes, there are collected a great variety of sculptures of all ages and styles, antique statues, busts, sarcophagi, capitals of pillars, mediæval bas-re-

liefs, and tombstone figures, and some monuments of a very recent date, not placed over any graves, I believe, but merely put up as a mark of honour.

But numerous as is this collection there are very few objects in it on which the eye can rest with true pleasure. Much is so mutilated as to be unrecognisable, and the new is mostly worthless. As for the frescoes they are for the most part the work of famous hands, but have suffered so terribly by time and neglect that no one but a professional man can regard their faded remnants with genuine interest. The works of Grecian, Roman, and Etrurian art have not fared much better, they are mostly broken bits, charitably bestowed on Pisa, because they were not good enough for Florence; and though many an artist may be thankful to study them they present but little attraction to an amateur of art. Of all the antiques there was but one that I set a high value on—a bust of Brutus, as fresh as if but yesterday from the workshop. One can recognise the Roman in it, but there is too a touch of the *Spiessburger*. No, no, such a Brutus could never have saved the Republic; Cassius must have been a very different sort of man.

Among the recent monuments the handsomest

is that of "Signor Brunicci," a patrician of Pisa, a French Count of the Empire, and Knight of the Legion of Honour, Grand Cross of Tuscany, and Grand Ducal Chamberlain, &c.

The figure of the deceased is engraved on an insignificant medallion, but on the monument is a life-size figure of a young and luxuriantly beautiful woman, the wife of the plentifully be-titled old gentleman, and who, as the epitaph says, *Al marito desideratissimo lagrimando poneva*. I should like to know which of the two speaks the truth, the epitaph or the appearance of the lady? Perhaps, however, they both lie.

But the best of all the monuments in the Campo Santo, or at least the one which was most charming to me, is the monument by Thorwaldsen of the oculist Berlingieri. An unpretending bas-relief represents the healing of Tobias, a group of the simplest composition, but the most excellent design and execution.

Thorwaldsen has left us in this work a signal proof that grandeur of style by no means excludes the life-like power of individualisation. That the aim of those Grecians who directed their powers exclusively to the typical, is an exemplary one, nobody will ever persuade me. The demands and necessities of the heathen religion may have

been perfectly expressed by this absolutely ideal representation, but the feeling of art independently from that of religion or cultivation requires a warmer expression to reach the mind through the senses. How the form of an Apollo, or a Mercury, was represented in the mythological contemplations of ancient times, I do not know, nor has any one known since more than a thousand years, however learned they may pretend to be in the matter.

To us of the present generation, who have scraped together from books and with infinite toil our scanty ideas of the Olympian deities, many a far-famed Apollo or Mercury with all its wondrous beauty must be a mere cold statue, although that does not prevent us from asserting the contrary with great emphasis and perseverance. In the mythological representation of the ancients the personal element of the god might be dispensed with, on account of their preconceived idea; but we seek in vain by an effort of the understanding, or of the imagination, to realize that idea. Since the comprehension of those works of ancient art, is not facilitated to us by faith (for so I call for brevity the conception imbibed with the mother's milk, and breathed in with the air, the poetry of religion received at

every pore from the earliest age) we are at a loss for a mental interpretation, we miss in them a comprehensible characteristic, the expression of individual life, and personality.

Modern art, when she thinks to cope with ancient, commits a lamentable error in entering the realms of the ideal. Instead of thought, sensibility, intellect, which we expect of her, she gives us forms and nothing but forms, which must ever be moulded after classical patterns, and naturally enough the copy is inferior to the original.

It is easier, indeed, to find the form than the expression—it is often extremely difficult to draw the exact boundary line between ideality and individuality; but that the perfect execution of the highest province of art is not beyond human powers, we have evidence in the works of Michael Angelo, Thorwaldsen and Murillo.

I sought vainly in Pisa for an historical building, whose name I had learnt to know with shuddering in my earliest childhood—namely, the Tower of Famine. Since those days I have never read Gerstenberg's famous drama, but the shock it gave me then still makes me tremble at the name, and I still cannot help thinking that it must have been an extremely powerful narra-

tive that produced such an ineffaceable effect. No one is now able to point out the exact spot where that horrible tragedy was performed, and it is not only for the fearful poetical interest attaching to it, that I regret the Tower of Famine being destroyed. The sight of the dungeon where Ugolino perished might have offered some living lessons, besides its terrible recollections. We have no tower of famine now for high treason, nor have we any Bishop Ruggieri to stand up for the free state against the high treason of usurpation; Ugolinos are become rare in the world, and the avengers of their crimes yet more rare.

Whoever has read Dante can never forget the passage which describes the punishment of Ugolino and Ruggieri; both have been condemned to suffer the torment, not of the eternal fire, for to the poet of sunny glowing Italy that does not seem so severe, but to the eternal winter. Chained to each other with fetters of ice, there is just so much room for movement allowed to Ugolino, as will enable him to bury his teeth in the brains of his enemy; as a compensation for the anguish of starvation which Ruggieri made him suffer. Is not the present judgment of Ruggieri perhaps a mere echo of Dante's fear-

ful condemnation? I do not attempt to defend Ruggieri's cruelty, but only his motives. But Dante's ideas of poetical justice are shown by the fate of Brutus and Cassius, whom he casts together with Judas into the very lowest depths of hell to be perpetually ground in the jaws of his three-headed Satan. If they did lay their hands on the first of the emperors, what were they but the young brood of the Guelphs at the cradle of the Ghibellines?

And yet this boiling torrent of human passion has the good effect of bringing forth great characters and great works. At the present day we have prudence, justice, and moderation, noble qualities, which certainly do honour to the century which can boast them, but their value for national life has yet to be proved.



## CHAPTER XVI.

LUCCA. — "LIBERTAS." — THE ROAD FROM PISA TO LUCCA. —  
CHURCHES IN LUCCA. — EXQUISITE ALTAR-PIECE. — THE VOLTO  
SANTO.

OVER the gate of Lucca stands hewn in stone *Libertas*. What does the word mean? I have found it in such wonderful company and applied to such varied meanings, that I have long found my interpretation of it to be quite erroneous. On the very chains of the galley-slave you may read "libertas!" The cancer, which has eaten away the substance of our empire and nation, is called "libertas Germanica;" and now the old word, which was buried long, long ago, is translated (they need no softening expression now), into German, and lives again. Yes, even in state papers you may see the name of German freedom, and hear it invoked against the demand of the nation for unity and national life.

Whether the inhabitants of Lucca trouble

themselves about the writing over their gate or not, I do not know, but certainly you need only keep your ears open to hear bitter lamentations over their lost independence wherever you go. Independence in their mouths means exactly the same as the word freedom from the pen of a certain race of German politicians.

It is because Lucca has ceased to be the capital of a so-called independent state, that its inhabitants are inconsolable ; they feel themselves deeply humiliated at no longer having a court within their walls—at falling into the station of a country-town. Doubtless there are individuals who feel very differently ; but this seems to me to be the ruling sentiment in Lucca.

But it must not hence be imagined, that the people of Lucca have found much to lament personally in the separation ; on the contrary, I do not think it prudent or proper to repeat what was told me concerning the rulers, now fellow-citizens, whom they have lost ; but I do not believe that the bitterness of repulsed affection was at the bottom of their anger.

Never did I journey by a more comfortable railway than that from Pisa to Lucca, and it has, besides, the recommendation of being extremely

short. The carriages, too, are the complete antipodes of the prison-vans, in which the Tuscan Government conveys the luckless passengers by its railways; and lastly, the landscape, through which you are whirled in the space of three-quarters of an hour, is the richest and most charming that can be seen anywhere within such narrow compass.

The railway passes out of the richly cultivated plain of Pisa, to skirt the mountain lying nearest the town, and traverses a smiling valley watered by the Serchio; the shores and neighbourhood of which are thickly studded with charming country-houses. Here and there a cone-shaped mountain, rising abruptly from the plain, and crowned with the mouldering ruins of some ancient fortress, forms a romantic feature in the peaceful pastoral scene. A few more deep-drawn puffs of our engine, and we enter the plain, almost completely hemmed in by mountains, in the middle of which lies Lucca, of aspect as cheerful as its environs seem to promise. If this prospect is so pleasing in the drear nakedness of winter, how exquisite must it be when dressed in all the fresh charms of spring!

It is true the landscape was now by no means destitute of green, but it was the green of the old

year faded, blackened, worn out. I could not understand this tardiness in the vegetation, for, although it was then only the second month of the year, the whole winter had been of a mildness unexampled; and, for three weeks, we had been basking almost uninterruptedly, in the beams of a summer sun. And yet not a blade was to be seen issuing from the earth; not a bud or a shoot on bush or tree; at best, here and there an almond-tree in bloom. In Lucca, however, the air was very decidedly sharper than in Pisa, and, towards evening, the wind that blew from the mountains was much colder than was agreeable.

The walls of Lucca, in perfect repair, planted with cannon, and recently strengthened by outworks, seem to declare that the town is still regarded as a fortress. We will not debate, however, on what these walls might be worth in case of war, but content ourselves with a peaceful promenade upon them.

Wherever the eye wanders, the environs of the town offer a pleasing picture; and where the mountains approach nearest—that is, where they are distant about a couple of miles—there is many a picturesque view.

Hence the walls are never free from prome-

naders, among which the priests make such a figure, that Lucca would appear to be the most pious town in all pious Italy.

There are not many fine points inside the town, though it is by no means poor in buildings worth looking at, and particularly in remarkable churches. But there is a want of happy grouping, and of room and light, to see the edifices by.

I have called the churches of Lucca remarkable; more especially on account of their great age. While, throughout the rest of the Christian world, it is rare to find many churches dating earlier than the twelfth century, there are in Lucca six or eight from that period, and many that can be traced to the eighth, and even the seventh; having been originally built by the Lombards. All these edifices bear the stamp of the Christian ecclesiastical architecture, which, through a thousand varieties of different peoples and different ages, has preserved its essential features among all the nations of Christendom; at least, with the exception of certain individual cases, where additions or alterations have been intentionally made from some personal caprice. This unanimity and steadiness in the application of one form of building, is very striking at the first glance, but,

on nearer consideration, it is evidently the necessary result of the fundamental laws of organic life.

In many of the churches of Lucca, there is such a peculiar mixture of the Byzantine, Italian, and Gothic forms, that it is difficult to decide what name belongs most to their style. The ground plan is generally Basilican, never pure however, but modified by arches, vaulted roofs, transepts, &c. The façade too appears in the average Basilican, supported by pillars, as in the cathedral of Pisa, and several other churches there. This façade is usually of much later origin than the church; and is sometimes in the shape of a completely detached wall, rising high above the body of the building—a monstrosity which may also be seen in the Pisan church of St. Catharine. The nave is often disproportionately higher than the aisles, and supported by short columns, above which rise the walls, more or less bare, to the roof; a style which has a very heavy appearance. The antiquary and the architect may admire these buildings; but the lovers of beauty will find but little to rejoice at in them.

This cannot be said, however, of the San Martino. Next to the cathedral of Milan, I have seen no church in Italy which produces a like

impression of grandeur and sublimity. The proportions of this church are as noble as its form, although the latter cannot be called pure according to the scientific rules.

The rounded arch is predominant, but so combined with the pointed, that the entire character of the building is more Gothic than Roman.

The side-wall above the short columns is interrupted by rich and elegant threefold arches, through which galleries running from the cross-arches of the aisles open upon the choir—an arrangement which I do not remember often to have seen elsewhere, and which is here employed with surprising effect.

The church of St. Martin is tolerably rich in the works of celebrated artists; among them one who deserves all the more to be mentioned here from the circumstance that he seems to be little known beyond the walls of Lucca. I mean the sculptor Civitali, whose works have seldom, if ever, found their way out of his native city. The St. Martin's church is full of the productions of his chisel, which, in spite of many faults, breathe a wonderful grace. A characteristic want in Civitali's figures appears to me to be the squareness of their joints and the disproportionate shortness of the lower part of the body.

In spite of this fault of outline, there is an exquisite elegance in all Civitali's forms; and it is scarcely possible to see anything lovelier than his two kneeling angels, in the chapel of the Sacrament, the mechanical modelling of which is also better than in most of the productions of the artist. I was told that it had been executed from a German design, and I fancied that I could trace in the expression some signs of its German origin, or more correctly its German co-paternity. The flower and fruit carvings, with which a wonderfully lavish hand Civitali has showered on the pulpit, the *socles*, and the altar pilasters are admirable for their perfect execution.

I cannot pass over a performance of Giovanni da Bologna. It is an altar-piece in the Capella della Liberta, and the subject, the "Resurrection of Christ," is intended to be typical of the regeneration of the Republic, in which, for my part, I can see no blasphemy. Never should I have conceived it possible for heavy marble to be so spiritualized. The Christ of Giovanni da Bologna seems not hewn from marble but woven of ether, his foot does not require the point of support which is placed beneath it—he is ready to float in air. This Christ could never wander for forty days upon the earth, his flight is hea-



venwards and cannot be stayed. But the two Apostles beside him disturb me. The shepherd's crook and keys do not belong to the realm where the soul, freed from earthly sufferings and bonds, is soaring up to God.

The Capella della Liberta bears its name in memory of the restoration to independence of the State of Lucca by the Emperor Charles IV.

A man bearing the vulgar appellation of *Castruccio Castracani*—a petty Buonaparte of the fourteenth century—with the help of a successful military policy, had perverted the constitution of Lucca, and bequeathed his privileges to a race of worthless successors. One of the *Scaligeri* of Verona was the last of the crew. Florence and Pisa quarrelled over his inheritance, until the Emperor Charles IV. stepped in as umpire and decided the matter by denying the right of either combatant, and restoring Lucca to independence, in consideration of a good round sum of ready money, which his most needy and Imperial Majesty exacted as ransom.

The purchased independence got on but poorly, as may be imagined, and in the very next year Lucca had a new master. How in later time, the free state rose again by its own right and might, how a wily nobility corrupted it to the

condition of morbid luxury, in which, together with its brothers Genoa and Venice it died a shameful death beneath the French ascendancy—all this may be read in the history of the crippled nations of the last three centuries.

The finest work of art which the Church of St. Martin possesses, at least according to my opinion, is the altar-piece by the Florentine Bronzino, who is but little known. The subject is the "First Introduction of the Virgin to the Temple." I could write whole quires about this picture, the subject of which I never remember to have seen anywhere else, but I will be as brief as possible. Mary is represented as a young girl scarcely past childhood, and is brought forward by her mother and the high priest. On the right and left are groups expressive of the ceremony. Every one of the numerous heads are excellent—but particularly that of the mother and the high priest.

This last is not exactly the godly and venerable Prince of the Church which the Italian masters know how to depict so seductively; but the dogmatic and bigoted priest of the Old Testament. It is Caiaphas, with something of the high priest of the middle ages, and perhaps a touch of the Shylock.

Once admitting the anachronism of such a representation of a Jewish High Priest, the figure has a wonderful effect. It is not imposing from in-born majesty, but by a power of which he himself seems so certain, that he avoids all exhibition of it without assuming the false garb of humility.

This High Priest reminds one of the time when Samuel gave kings to the people of Israel; he knows that that age is past, but he does not despair of its return, and then he will spring forth from his unpretending attitude, like a lion raging to avenge the days of his captivity.

The figure of Mary is the most insignificant in the whole picture; it is impossible to unite this period of female youth, the almost imperceptible transition from childhood to girlhood, with the charms of form and poetry of expression; and perhaps it arises from that, that our language is so poor in words for this doubtful age.

The mother of the Virgin, on the contrary, is so exquisite a creation that all languages in the world would lavish their sweetest words in vain to describe her. There is nothing unearthly about her however, she is a being of human flesh and blood, yet unapproachable. As a

mother, one would love her with infinite fervour—as a sister with timid and boundless devotion, in short, there is a magic about the whole form which I can liken to nothing else.

I must, as a matter of conscience, speak of the great spiritual treasure of the church of St. Martin's, the "Volto Santo," although I did not see it.

According to the description of the Sacristan, the "Volto Santo" is a portrait of Christ, painted by Nicodemus, or some one of his contemporaries or disciples; except the eyes, at least, which, after many ineffectual attempts of the artist to render them with fidelity, were painted in, during the night, by an obliging angel.

The steps which lead to the little shrine containing the "Volto Santo," are covered all day with kneeling adorers; but these I passed by with feelings in which it were hard to say, whether anger or compassion had the greater share.

## CHAPTER XVII.

CIVITA VECCHIA.—ALL READY TO LAND.—UNEXPECTED DELAY.—  
HOPES AND DISAPPOINTMENTS.—THE RUSSIAN LADY AND HER  
VICOMTE.—LANDED AT LAST.—A VALUABLE POSSESSION.—AN  
ALARMING "HANDKERCHIEF."—MY CONSUL.—A JUDICIOUS AP-  
POINTMENT.—A TREATY, AND HOW IT WAS KEPT.—THE GATES  
OF ROME.—PLAIN DEALING.

ONE of the pleasantest incidents of travel that can happen to any one in Italy is that of a landing in Civita Vecchia.

Gliding over the liquid silver surface of a moonlight sea, on a soft summer night, our steamer brought an overload of passengers without the slightest danger or difficulty, within twelve hours, from Leghorn. At sunrise we found ourselves at anchor, and the boat was immediately got out, in order to carry the ship's-papers to land to be examined by the Sanitary Commission.

"It is six o'clock," said one of the passengers, putting up his chronometer again with an expression of great satisfaction; "if we get off in two hours, by two or three we shall be in

Rome: and then we shall still have half the day before us." And then came an enthusiastic description of the glorious prospect of the Eternal City from the heights whence it first becomes visible on the road from Civita Vecchia, till I seemed to see the dome of St. Peter's already before me, and to be urging on the postilions to their utmost speed.

A Capuchin, with rosy cheeks and sly little eyes, stood all ready for landing with his hand-basket and umbrella—the inseparable companions of the travelling monk.

I felt tempted to follow his example, and arm myself with my carpet-bag, but as the rest of the company did not seem quite so much in a hurry with their preparations, I began to feel some little doubts arising on the subject. These doubts increased, when one half-hour after another passed, without the crew making the least movement towards getting up the heavy luggage out of the hold.

"This examination of the passports takes a long time," said an Italian; "there are so many of them; but as soon as the police are convinced that we have no one sick of the plague among us, and especially that every traveller has paid for the Papal *visa*, we shall get on fast enough."

We contented ourselves with this assurance for a while longer, and took another survey of the grand panorama around. Before us lay the town, so near that we could only see the first row of houses which are neither handsome nor ugly. Towards the sea-side are fortifications leaving only a narrow entrance to the harbour open.

In this harbour were lying a few slovenly lazy-looking vessels, to which an English war-brig, with her slender outlines and smart *toilette* presented a most advantageous contrast; on the shore were prowling about a troop of porters, hungry for their prey, and a few French soldiers lounging about their guard-house. As it struck seven o'clock a boat pushed off from the shore.

"There come our deliverers," cried the Italian, and the Capuchin set his basket to rights, and clutched more firmly his umbrella. A dozen strokes of the oar brought the boat up to us, and there came on board a smoothly shaven well-dressed little man, on whose very face it was written that he belonged to the police. All eyes were eagerly fixed upon him; but after he had spoken a few words with the captain, he advanced in a very courtly manner towards a young French lady—took off his hat, bowed in a most

reverential manner, and began with a still bent back to murmur some scarcely audible tones.

“For heaven’s sake,” I exclaimed, “surely this young lady with the child-like blue eyes, and the innocent flaxen hair, is not a disguised conspirator, whom they are going, with the respect due to her rank, to convey to a state-prison?”

But my fears were groundless. As soon as the police official had done speaking, the young French lady turned to her mother, who was, apparently, rather deaf, and said, “*Maman, ce sont les Altieri qui nous envoient chercher.*” Now I understood why the messenger still retained his attitude of veneration, awaiting the answer. A lady, to whom the family of a Roman prince sent an ambassador, and who could mention so distinguished a name in such a careless confidential manner, must, at least, be a Duchess of the first water. I understood, too, that for a lady of this rank, a friend of the house of Altieri, there could be no such thing as police and sanitary regulations ; and I saw, therefore, without surprise, though not without a little envy, that my Duchess and her mother, and all their attendants, immediately left the vessel and landed without the slightest opposition.



A Russian lady, with a numerous suite and a pretty little daughter (from whose age, by-the-by, she had certainly by some accident let fall at least two years), took the matter by no means so philosophically as I had done, and began a most lively address to a certain Vicomte who accompanied her, on the claims of her rank, not to mention those of her purse ; requiring him to procure for her the same favour that had been shown to the friend of the Altieris.

The Vicomte,—a most doubtful-looking Vicomte he was, by the by, and with a more than suspicious-looking red riband in his button-hole,—seemed by no means anxious to undertake the proposed negotiation, and, after a time, found a way apparently, to soothe the ruffled pride of the Muscovite grandee ;—he seemed to hold a rather equivocal position with relation to the lady, having been, it appeared, but lately and accidentally, encountered as a fellow-traveller.

Eight o'clock struck. “I’m afraid we shall not get to Rome before the Ave Maria,” said the Italian, very much crest-fallen. A murmur of impatience, like the hum of a hive of bees, was heard over the whole deck. Even the Christian resignation of the Capuchin seemed to be giving way. He had climbed up on the paddle-box,

and stood there in full armour, like a warder on a watch-tower, looking out towards the shore, which was distant but twenty yards.

Had it come to a general *pronunciamento*, I am convinced that monk would have raised the umbrella of insurrection, and borne aloft his market-basket, like the seven-fold shield of Ajax.

Fortunately, at this critical moment, a word was spoken, that saved us from the punishment of mutiny. An official personage came on board, took possession of an elevated place on the deck, and, calling every passenger by name, solemnly handed each a little printed paper, which contained a permission to land.

We did not wait to be asked twice. The whole company dispersed like a cloud; and, a few minutes afterwards, as if by enchantment, were all assembled again in the Custom-house.

Then began such a rummaging of trunks as I have never seen before nor since. There were, perhaps, two hundred packages, and they were all searched as if it had been thought that a Mazzini would be found hidden in every carpet-bag. Each stocking was viewed with distrust; every shirt regarded as suspicious; and, as for a bit of written or printed paper, it was treated at once as a probable criminal.

Among my very innocent little collection of books, a certain Italian Grammar, which I carried with me for the refreshment of my memory, occasioned great anxiety.

I had bought it quite in a hurry, and only discovered afterwards that its "Method," as it is facetiously called, was the very ideal of a muddled literary hotch-potch, a hopeless mass of confusion, that it was utterly impossible to make any use of, and which I was really ashamed should be found in my possession. At this so-called grammar, the officials now looked askance with mistrustful eyes. One of them began to turn over the leaves and read a little bit at the end—a little bit at the beginning—a little bit in the middle; then he cast some stern glances at poor me, and then he began to read again. At last he handed over the book to one of his colleagues, with a most significant look. "Heaven be praised," thought I, "they are going to confiscate the book, and I shall get rid of my Ollendorf sooner than I expected." Vain hope! After repeated examination the horrible grammar found its way back to my trunk. It was quite too bad. They would have nothing to do with it.

With sorrow and shame I buckled up my property again; and at the same time I noticed a

considerable sensation arising about the trunk of my Italian fellow-traveller. A printed silk handkerchief had been discovered, about which four police officers were standing, each holding a corner, and reading all together with great eagerness. I began to feel nervous. "What is it?" I whispered softly and anxiously to the proprietor. "Nothing but a wedding poem," he answered, with an expression of perfect composure. But the zealous officers were not satisfied till they had read it through to the last line.

When the examination of our effects was concluded, a custom-house officer advanced with pack-thread and lead, to perform the customary absurdly superfluous ceremony, to which the other passengers had submitted in perfect good faith. I thanked him for his intentions, but declined giving him so much trouble. He seemed as if he could not believe his ears; but when at length he was convinced that I did not mean to accept his services, he said, saucily, "Very well; it is at your own peril." "At my peril be it," replied I; and so was rid of at least one nuisance.

The next thing was to apply at the police-office for our passports; but the police-office was not yet opened—well, there was time for breakfast. This affair was settled in a quarter

of an hour, and by that time the gentlemen had made their appearance.

"Will you be good enough to get the *visa* of your consul?" said one of them, handing me my passport.

"My consul!" the expression sounded to me so tragi-comic, that I did not know whether to answer in jest or earnest. I was tempted to answer that the entire corps diplomatic and commercial, of the state of which I have the honour to be a subject, was then sitting at Dresden upon a single chair; and, therefore, could not conveniently accredit my passport at Civita Vecchia. I contented myself, however, with a part instead of the whole truth, and simply replied, that I had no consul here.

"You are mistaken," said the official personage, with a condescending smile; "all states, except those of Barbary, have consuls here."

"Oh," thought I, "all but the robber states."

But what was the use of my naming, as my country, a dukedom which had, probably, never been heard of in Civita Vecchia since the beginning of time, and the existence of which was, I dare say, not known to three people in the town? and yet, the great man remained firm to his declaration, that I must produce the *visa*

of my consul, or give up all hopes of going any further.

During the discussion I had been revolving in my mind, a method of getting out of the scrape, and I was only hesitating as to which of the German consuls would be the safest to apply to. After a little reflection, I decided for the Prussian, and obtained accordingly an audience of that dignitary, in the shop of a money-changer. Happy omen! To my German salutation I received an answer in French, and then I knew that I had made my calculation correctly—I had won the game.

As soon as I perceived how matters stood, I began a very fluent and elaborate speech in German, of which I could see my man did not understand one word—and the more uncomfortable the worthy consul looked, the more eloquent I became. By my presenting my passport at him he knew what I wanted, and accordingly he took it, and looked at it before and behind, as if he were making a most critical examination of its contents; then he summoned his secretary, and the secretary wrote, stamped the paper, and presented it to the consul for signature. “Now Heaven grant,” thought I, “that no scruple may seize him at the last moment;” but no, he took

the pen, made a scrawl, and the *visa* was completed. I drew a deep breath, and stretched out my hand to receive the document,—when, by all that's unlucky, that ducal coat of arms in the corner has caught his eye,—and those particular heraldic animals he is unacquainted with.

“Oh, ho!” exclaimed he, shaking his head, “now I see, this was not my business at all; it was not I who ought to have given this *visa*.”

I replied, “that good works were so much the more meritorious, when we were not positively bound to them, and that since the misfortune had happened, he would do well to try and reconcile himself to it”—and snatching my passport, I rushed off to the police-office, to go through the next formality, forgetting, in my hurry, to invoke a blessing on the wisdom which rules the choice of our ambassadors and consuls, and which had shown itself here in the appointment to the office of political and commercial agent for Germany in a foreign country, of a man who did not understand one word of German. What would have become of me, but for this happy arrangement!

“Since we shall not after all be in Rome before dark,” said my Italian friend, “we had better look after a vetturino, as we can then

engage our places, and if we go by the diligence, we must take what they give us." I agreed, and we found a vetturino, who promised to give us the cabriolet seat of his vehicle, also that we should have four horses, that they should be changed when we had gone half way, and that in eight hours at farthest we should be in Rome. He looked so candid and honourable while he was making these promises, that it seemed almost impossible to doubt him, and yet somehow I thought it was as well to secure my place a good while before the time of starting, and I applauded my own wisdom in doing so, for soon after there appeared three other persons, to each of whom the same place had been secured by solemn treaty, but who, finding it already occupied, were fain to content themselves with the stuffy inside. It was in the course of nature that the treacherous vetturino should be nowhere to be found, and that the man whom he had left in his stead should know nothing about anything.

Of course too, we did *not* get four horses, and those that we had were *not* changed, and we did *not* get to Rome in eight hours, but only in eleven; but all that will be so readily understood, that it is scarcely worth while to say it.



Our coachman had informed us that our goods would be again overhauled at the toll-bar of Rome, with a view to the discovery of articles liable to excise duty, but that we could easily ransom them by a little present to the man in office.

Such discreet arrangements are not uncommon in many places. The custom-house officer silently, and as if unawares, opens his hand, you turn away your eyes, but you happen to let fall a few coins, and the troublesome business is over with the forms, if not the reality, of something like shamefacedness. But they manage these things better in Rome.

In the Custom-house itself, with the doors open, and nine or ten persons present, a regular bargaining was going on across the table. On the one side stood the group of travellers; on the other, not only the clerks and underlings, but the superior officer himself, a very decorous-looking gentleman. The Government functionary was asking five shillings, and two or three of my fellow-travellers were trying to beat him down; but they had to do with a man of firm principles. "He could not do it for less," he said; "it was the lowest farthing, it was, so to speak, corruption at prime cost."

I must own I felt so disgusted at this discussion, that if the matter had depended upon me, I would not have given him one halfpenny, even at the risk of being detained another hour by his official revenge. But the bargain was struck; and then two officers, with flaming lanterns, climbed up on the carriage, the superior standing at the door, gave his orders; and they, lifting with the utmost possible care, just the corner of the leather covering of the luggage, held their lanterns to the opening, felt a little about, with their hands, the outsides of the packages; called out with a loud voice, what they had found, and the abominable farce was over.

Yet one more visit to a police-office at the gate, and we made, with our jaded horses, our not exactly triumphal entry into the gloomy, empty streets, of the "Eternal City."

## CHAPTER XVIII.

ETERNAL ROME.—EXTENT OF THE ANCIENT AND MODERN CITY.—  
ASPECT OF THE LATTER.—THE RUINS.—THE LANDSCAPE.—MONTE  
PINCIO.—ROMANS NO LOVERS OF NATURE.—THE POPULATION OF  
ROME. — WRETCHED APPEARANCE OF MANY QUARTERS. — ROME  
EXPIRING.—COULD NOT BE THE CAPITAL OF UNITED ITALY.

ROME is a great name—great, especially, by the ideas of power, of dignity, of splendour, which it calls forth in the most uncultivated mind. In the whole domain of European culture, and far beyond its limits, there is no one to whom that name is not familiar, and in whose mind it does not call up some association corresponding with its imposing sound.

The former centre of the mightiest empire that the world has ever seen—the present seat of a high priesthood, to the extent and duration of whose sway History can afford no parallel; the most holy temple of art, and still its most productive field—ancient and modern Rome melt in the distance, into one grand and venerable idea.

But no imagination, and no previous knowledge, will suffice to form a picture of the Rome of the present day, which would come tolerably near the reality. Not that the glories of Rome exceed our powers of conception, but that the physiognomy of this city admits of no comparison, and cannot well be described as it is, like Venice, peculiar in its kind, and will, therefore, in some measure surprise you, if you have previously read twenty descriptions of it. If, nevertheless, I do attempt to convey something of the impression which Rome has made upon me, it will be only in the hope of catching here and there in faint outline, some slight likeness to nature.

The wide district, enclosed by the walls of Imperial Rome, have hardly one-fourth part filled by the modern city. Gardens, fields, desolate places and ruins, take up nearly the whole space—north, south, and east, between the walls, and the Capitol and the Forum, the centre of the whole area.

In those spots, where formerly swarmed the busiest life of the city, silence and solitude now reign. Rome has moved off within its walls to the north-west corner; and its finest and most animated quarters, such as the Piazza del Popolo, the greater part of the Corso, the Spanish

Piazza, lie most remote from the focus of its ancient splendours.

The further you go from the north-west angle, the more solitary become the streets, the more shabby the houses, the more poverty-struck the inhabitants; and when you get beyond the ancient centre of the city, all appearance of a city ceases in almost every direction. In general, the number of streets and squares, that have the appearance of belonging to a great town, is surprisingly small in Rome; smaller than in many other towns, that have not one-fourth of its population.

Nine-tenths of the cultivated and inhabited districts of the town consist of narrow dirty streets, without any apparent traffic or means of subsistence, and inhabited by an idle and half-starved population. If it were not for a stately church rising now and then out of some filthy corner, one might fancy oneself in an immeasurable *ghetto*. You stumble, indeed, here and there upon some grand remnant of an ancient building, but the number of such in these quarters is very small, and the condition of those there are so ruinous that they do not soften at all the general impression of decay and misery conveyed by their whole environment.

When you have passed these streets you enter on the ground on which the memorials of the great past present themselves in masses.

From the Capitol you look over the cemetery of a departed grandeur that has never had, and probably never will have, its equal upon earth; but it is a cemetery from whose mouldering grave-stones only imagination and learning can read the inscriptions. Here is a group of mutilated columns—there the steps of a temple—further on the foundation of a palace, or a ruined triumphal arch—the fragments of a judgment-hall, and in the background the gigantic wreck of the Coliseum. That is the prospect afforded from the Forum and its neighbourhood.

The aspect of the Forum cannot be called beautiful—it is not even picturesque, for almost all its monuments lie far below the surface of the ground; and when they are not reduced to mere heaps of rubbish they are crushed by the Palatine and Capitoline hills. In order that these ruins shall produce their full effect on the mind we must go up to them and examine their details with a practised eye.

The Coliseum, only, it is not necessary to study; it reveals itself even to the most careless observer a ruin of heathenism—of heathenism

in the worst signification of the term, yet grander, more awful than the most sublime temple of Christianity.

But while the monumental magnificence of antiquity lies in ruins, and the great works of the Middle Ages and modern times stand isolated, yet has Rome a wondrous beauty—a beauty that is all its own, and with which the wealth and architectural splendour of other towns admit of no comparison; and for this it is indebted perhaps as much to the ground it stands on as to the history which has passed over it, and which has left its vestiges everywhere around.

It is the combined effect of all these that is felt in the view of Rome. Its beauty is much in the landscape and depends greatly on the perspective and the point of view, but thanks to the many commanding spots in the circuit of the town, there is no difficulty in finding these. As soon as you have made your way out of the labyrinth of narrow streets, every path will lead you uphill and downhill, and without your turning a step aside, a thousand fine points present themselves, from each of which you are surprised by a new picture. The fine houses and the dirty streets form themselves into imposing architec-

tural masses, and the eye rests with pleasure even on the sea of roofs and gables, above which the cupolas of the churches rise like high waves. Beyond the inhabited city the uninhabited offers an endless variety of attractions. Over the fragments of imperial edifices pleasant villas have arisen that smile down on you from the midst of these luxuriant gardens, in which the shapeless ruin, embosomed in a grove of slender pines, forms a significant feature. The church standing alone on the summit of the hill, surrounded by fields and vineyards, seems to invite you to a pilgrimage, the Tiber flowing through its deeply worn channel, looks more like a wild mountain stream than a civilized river, and the boundless line of gigantic wall which the eye can follow along all its capricious windings, appears like a stony girdle clasping the whole landscape. Beyond the walls you look into the romantic Campagna to the Alban and Sabine hills to the jagged ridge of Soracte, and onward till the snowy boundary of the Apennines proclaims, "thus far and no farther."

By the hilly nature of the ground on which Rome stands, and the great extent of land that, being little or not at all cultivated, offers no obstruction to the view, you may form from these



constituents a variety of landscapes as exhaustless as those of a kaleidoscope.

The city may serve either as fore or background; or individual objects, such as the St. Peter's Church, the Vatican, the Mount St. Angelo, may be taken separately. It is, indeed, the number and variety of objects, and the possibility of continually changing the point of view that makes Rome so beautiful to an artist, although it has little in common with those towns to which we commonly apply the word.

Of the Seven Hills of old Rome, five lie beyond the circle of the modern inhabited town; and two, namely the Capitoline and the Quirinal, on its frontiers. Rome has descended the Campus Martius and the plain of the Velabrum; and the inequalities of the ground on which the city of the Popes stands, either consist merely of the rubbish heaped up during successive centuries, or they appeared so insignificant beside the Seven Hills that antiquity did not think them worth reckoning.

The only height of modern Rome that can be named, beside the classic hills, is the Monte Pincio, which was only subsequently enclosed in the circuit of the town. This upstart has, however, outstripped them all; even the Capitoline,

with its museums, and the Quirinal, which bears the summer palace of the Popes.

Monte Pincio commands not only the richest and most animated quarter of modern Rome, but forms by far its finest point.

A double flight of a hundred steps leads with many windings from the Spanish Piazza up the steep hill, whose broad side rises like a huge bastion on the northern front of the town.

The buildings on the Monte Pincio are few, but they strike the eye advantageously, from their favourable position. The Church of the Trinita dei Monte, especially standing at the spot where the two last half-ovals of the double flight of steps meet, has in its gorgeous style a fine effect, contrasting with the solemn stiffness of the façade of the church, and the two towers which flank it.

The greater part of the surface of Monte Pincio has been laid out as a public walk. It might have been more tastefully done, and it might be kept in better order, but the charms of its situation and environs leave one no leisure to miss the hand of the gardener. Standing on the southern brow of the Pincio, you have before you the best-built and wealthiest part of modern Rome, which on this side wears an imposing

aspect; it is but a mask indeed, but a mask so closely resembling nature, that one willingly surrenders oneself for a moment to the illusion.

Countless cupolas and roofs of churches, stately palaces, columns, obelisks, and grey towers, stand out from the closely pressed mass of houses, which also turn their handsome fronts to the Monte Pincio; so that whatever is decayed, fragmentary, or poverty-stricken in the town, is completely hidden.

At your feet lies the Spanish Piazza, with its gay restless crowds; and straight from thence, into the very heart of the town, runs the street of the Condotti, narrow indeed, and by no means fine; but picturesque, from its measureless perspective. On the opposite side of the town, the landscape rises in slopes and hills to the distant mountains, which bound the Roman Campagna to the south and east.

But, notwithstanding its beautiful situation, and that it is nearly the sole public walk that Rome possesses (for that near the Coliseum lies too remote for every-day purposes), the Monte Pincio is very little visited by any but strangers.

The Romans, and indeed the Italians in general, care nothing about air—hate exercise,

and have not the slightest taste for what we call the beauties of nature.

No Roman ever dreams of such a thing as "taking a walk." When he or she goes out, it is either for some immediate business, or for the sake of seeing and being seen; and these objects can be best attained by remaining in the principal streets. Accordingly, at certain hours of the day, carriages and pedestrians crowd the narrow, dirty, gloomy Corso, filled as it is with all kinds of exhalations; while a few hundred yards further there is sweet air and warm sunbeams and flowers and the music of nature, and all the lovely sights and sounds of spring.

Rome counts two hundred thousand inhabitants; it is the capital of a not inconsiderable state, and the centre of a boundless spiritual dominion, yet, as I have said, it has scarcely the aspect of a great city; certainly it does not make that impression for four-and-twenty hours together.

A great city is made such, not merely by the number of its population, but by commerce, wealth, luxury, public life—the machinery of the state, and in all these conditions, Rome is almost wholly wanting. There are some rich families, but to every rich man at least a thou-

sand who are receiving alms, the number of whom indeed (if you include all who receive any kind of assistance from public institutions) amounts, according to the most accurate calculation, to no less than fifty thousand.

The poor and needy appearance of the habitations which surround the fine churches and magnificent palaces, sadly disturb the grandeur of the impression made by the first glance at them. Of active business, of manufactures on a large scale, or of any of the grander operations of commerce, there is no sign. Petty shopkeeping and small trades represent the whole commercial life of Rome ; and even these by no means extend over the whole town, the greater part of which seems to vegetate in quite incomprehensible inactivity. Rags are hanging out of all the windows ; offal and refuse, weeks old, lying on the miserable pavement ; dirty people and dirty habits meeting you at every turn. In this decay, ruin, and poverty, is the splendour of modern and opulent Rome so imbedded, that it appears only as something artificial, untenable—an isolated fragment of civilization in the midst of a world of barbarism.

For thousands of years Rome has been a city devoted to decay—for fifteen hundred years it

has been struggling with death, and it is obvious that life has already left the extremities. The country round Rome is become a desert, in which men are more scarce than in the Russian Steppe. The measureless suburbs, which are said to have been once the dwelling-place of *millions* of inhabitants, have vanished without leaving a trace behind—the city has shrunk into a corner of its former extent : and even in this corner it is only maintained by the contributions, levied on the curiosity of travellers, and the faith of those who come to it as pilgrims from distant lands. Rome has seen worse days indeed than these ; the flame of life has flickered in it yet more feebly than it does now ; but if it has of late flared up more brightly than might have been expected, its trembling unsteady light shows that its oil is nearly exhausted. Rome can no longer stand on its own feet ; it is dragging itself along on mouldy crutches, and even these it will, probably with its own hand, break and fling from it. And, by heavens ! ten times better would even destruction be than this lingering, crippled, mendicant existence ! The festival of the resurrection of Italy will sound the death-knell of the “ Eternal City ;” for it is just as little possible that Rome should become the capital of the

Peninsula, were it united as one nation, as that it should continue to subsist as one of its provincial towns. And should Rome fall, poets may continue to hang their garlands of sonnets on its grave. Classical scholars may compose inscriptions for it in their most Ciceronian language ; sentimental English ladies may weep for it in the moonlight ; but the world—Christianity—Italy itself, will know how to console herself for its loss !

## CHAPTER XIX.

SHROVE-TUESDAY AND ASH-WEDNESDAY.—MELANCHOLY TEMPER OF ROME AT PRESENT.—THE CARNIVAL.—ORIGIN OF ITS CUSTOMS.—HOSTILE FEELING TOWARDS THE FRENCH.—THE POSITION OF THE POPE'S GOVERNMENT WITH RESPECT TO THEM.—NEVER LEAVE ROME TILL DRIVEN OUT.—THE FAST,—FISH, FLESH AND FOWL.—GETTING OVER SCRUPLES.

YESTERDAY the carnival ended, and heartily glad I am of it; not that the pleasures of Shrove Tuesday have been too much for me, but that I have been tired of waiting in vain for the beginning of the pleasure—that is, of the real people's festival. The Romans are this year still less in festal mood than they were a year ago, for then the pressure they had to endure was new, and they hoped it would be of short duration. But now that they have borne its leaden weight for twelve months, they are beginning to lose heart. Hundreds of the citizens of Rome are in exile, without a hope of return—hundreds are languishing in prison, without the hope even of a speedy trial—hundreds more



have been dispossessed of their employments, and with their wives and children abandoned to destitution.

Besides these causes of sorrow, the trade and industry of Rome—such as they are—have been standing still, there has been less influx of strangers, and the partial depreciation of the republican paper-money, and the increase of the taxes, have affected every one, more or less.

When the spirits of the great majority of a population are depressed, those of the smaller minority can hardly be free from care. To-day may be secure, but they cannot help looking anxiously to the morrow. The recollection too of the vengeance that last year overtook Prince Musignano, for trying to free himself from the general sorrow, did not contribute to the splendour of the present carnival, any more than the prohibition of masks did to its joyous *abandon*. In a word, it was a merry-making, in which the spirit of merriment was entirely wanting.

The greater part of the carnival amusements was furnished by foreigners; from most of the balconies of the Corso foreign faces looked down; and two out of three of the carriages were filled with English or Germans. Even of the crowd in the streets which seemed to be amusing itself

in something like the approved Shrove-Tuesday style, the unquestionable majority consisted of the French soldiers.

That the Roman carnival has gained nothing by the mingling of foreigners in it, is an old complaint, and that this complaint is but too well founded is a truth that has this time been impressed on many a partaker in it, in characters of black and blue. The manner in which sweetmeats as big as scarlet beans, and great lumps of flowers denominated *bouquets*, are hurled about the Corso, remind one of the fable of the ass turned lap-dog. But even without this coarse exaggeration I cannot say I see much to admire in the custom. What was at first a mere jest, elicited in the frolicsome spirit of the time, has been made into a regular business, and is carried on in the most mechanical way it is possible to conceive. The manner in which it has arisen appears to me very obvious. Some one amidst the crowd of masks has recognised an acquaintance whom his voice has not been able to reach through all the tumult of the carnival, and in the playful humour of the moment has flung a nosegay at him, which he happened to have in his hand or button-hole, in order to obtain a salutation. When the *bou-*

*quet* was gone, they saw, perhaps, another friend, and then there was nothing for it but to throw some of the sweetmeats that had been taken to eat. By degrees, as it continually happened that people saw friends thus separated from them by the crowd, they got into the habit of bringing extra *bouquets* and sweetmeats for the purpose, and then armfuls of *bouquets* and baskets full of sweetmeats, until the whole carnival has concentrated itself into the effort to distribute the largest possible quantity of these valuable commodities, right and left, above, below, and in all directions.

Of the jokes usually going on at masquerades, of wit—or the attempt at it—of fun, or playful teasing, there is no notion; you throw handful after handful of what are called flowers, and lumps of plaster, that you are to take for sweetmeats—down from your balcony or up from your carriage, till you are tired—and then there's an end of this delightful festival, or at all events this is all that foreigners can see in it.

At the striking of the clock that proclaims the time for the drive on the Corso, people appear fully armed and equipped on the field, where, veiled in clouds of lime dust, they toil in the sweat of their brow, to amuse themselves,

till the gun fired on the Piazza del Popolo, gives the signal for repose—and as it is to-day, so was it yesterday, and so shall it be to-morrow, and so on all the carnival through.

The very ideal of the “forced labour” of this holiday diversion was presented by a lady, an Englishwoman I believe, who had a mind, I suppose, that it should not be said that she had lost her time when on her travels. She had taken the principal balcony of a handsome house, in the most animated part of the Corso, and had placed near her an immense clothes-basket full of sweetmeats, from which, in a grave methodical manner, she was incessantly spooning out with a tin ladle, a certain portion, and pouring them down into the street. When her stock was out, a livery-servant came and replenished it, and then the lady went on again, without speaking a word, or moving a muscle of her face, but moving her hand as uninterruptedly as a machine, shaking down her dusty shower on the passers by, without any distinction of persons; and, according to the Scripture injunction, suffering the rain to fall on the just and the unjust.

The horse-races, which at sun set close every day of the carnival, form a spectacle so utterly.

paltry, that I cannot really understand how it has maintained its place so long.

The crowd, which, in spite of all police and military preparations to prevent it, fills the whole breadth of the Corso to the last moment, suddenly opens; eight or ten fiery little horses rush past, followed by the thousand voiced screaming of the mob, which closes immediately again behind them, and the whole affair is over.

Whether you take your stand in the middle of the Corso, at the Porta del Popolo, where the race begins, or at the Venetian palace, where it ends, you can only have the view for a few seconds; and there can be nothing of the interest which arises from watching the varying chances, and, therefore, for a spectator, no interest at all. So it seems to me at least, but the Romans look forward to these races with unmistakable eagerness, and appear to derive a child-like pleasure from the momentary sight of the horses galloping past.

The only really animated moment of the carnival, was the hour of the *Mocolotti*, on the evening of the Shrove-Tuesday. The Corso was crowded to excess, and the stream of lights that suddenly appeared above the heads of the throng,

seemed involuntarily to kindle all hearts into a blaze of pleasure. It was really a fairy-like spectacle. Along the whole Corso, on all the balconies, and before all the windows, up to the very roofs of the houses, it glittered and gleamed like an enormous Christmas tree; and between the many twinkling stars of the stationary lights in the houses, there moved up and down myriads of wandering ones, in the double line of carriages which proceeded slowly along, making their way, with difficulty, through the mass of foot-passengers. No one of these that I saw carried a light, but they rejoiced no less vehemently in this feast of candles. The grand joke of it consists, as is well known, in every one trying to put out the other's light; and the ladies took a still more active part in it than the men, and worked themselves up, in their enjoyment of the fun, to a pitch of wild maniac excitement. Their loud exclamations—their wild gestures—their daring attitudes and movements,—would have appeared among us as indecorous, indeed inadmissible; but here they seemed only the natural expression of a state of frolicsome excitement, which the time and place perfectly justified.

Most people are willing to admit in theory,

that the same rules of manners do not apply to all, but they are not always equally tolerant in practice; and this kind of injustice is never more shown than in the judgments different nations pass on each other. We make to the people of the South of Europe a crime of their warm blood, as they reproach us with the healthy appetites given us by our rough climate.

At a late hour, when the last *moccolo* was extinguished, accident led me to enter with a countryman, one of those houses in the centre of the town, where, instead of the English dandies, German artists and French lieutenants, which swarm in those of the Spanish Piazza and its environs, the society is exclusively Roman.

There was an incessant coming and going of guests, so that the company was completely changed every quarter of an hour, and it wore at least the appearance of something like holiday humour, so that the coffee-room became a tolerable place of dramatic entertainment, for those who do not consider the boards of the stage essential to the drama. Several young men came in, in the disguise (a very favourite one here) of the fair sex, and one of them played his part so well, that it really required some observation to discover the wolf in sheep's clothing.

Presently there came in two or three French soldiers. "What shall we have to drink?" said one, "Rum," was the reply.

"Yes, that's the thing—we want something *mild*," was the response, and the mild drink was served accordingly.

Now came in two exceedingly ugly fellows in women's dresses, and drew their chairs close to the Frenchmen's table. This, of course, was a regular challenge, and the Frenchmen's wit was out of the scabbard in a moment, and then followed a keen encounter—stroke upon stroke that was very amusing to the listeners, even to those who did not understand French, from the expressive and animated pantomime by which it was accompanied.

The jokes, too, though soldier-like and rough enough, were not insolent or offensive in any way. The last hour of the Shrove-Tuesday had long passed, but none of the military messengers of his Holiness's government had appeared to announce the Ash-Wednesday, and the frolicsome tumult was as loud as ever, when at length at a very late hour I wended my way home.

The intercourse between the Romans and the French, however, is not always carried on in this harmless manner; and even during this carnival



very violent scenes took place. That the French soldiers should make their appearance in crowds on the Corso was already an occasion of bitter annoyance to the people, and the occasional military rudeness of their unwelcome guests in handling the Shrove-Tuesday weapons was a ground of just complaint. On the other hand the soldiers were exposed to many attacks in which, sportive as they were supposed to be, a bitter hostile feeling was sufficiently obvious. The French officers came only in plain clothes, and, in general, the moment they are off duty they hasten to get rid of their uniform—an infallible sign of their unfavourable position.

The relations between the foreign garrison and the inhabitants of Rome have in part by no means improved by the lapse of time. There is, indeed, less of actual bloody strife, but these things do happen from time to time, and the murder of single Frenchmen is an incident continually recurring.

The bitter feeling against them is universal—all the sins of the Papal Government are laid on their shoulders; and in all things, great and small, the common sentiment is manifested.

When on Sundays there is a Grand Parade held on the Spanish Piazza, there cannot, out of

the curious and spectacle-loving populace of Rome, be a hundred people got together to listen to the excellent military music, nor contemplate the fine military spectacle, such as assuredly neither the Pope's soldiers, nor those of the Civic Republic, could have offered anything to approach.

In the first days of my arrival when I was looking about for a private lodging, I went into a house which had a great number of rooms empty. But when I had explained my wishes to the housewife, she turned suddenly to her daughter with the question put in an anxious tone—

“But the gentleman is, perhaps, a Frenchman?”

The daughter, who I suppose understood national physiognomy and accent too well to mistake me for a Frenchman, laughed and gave the required assurance to the contrary, which had an immediately tranquillizing effect on the elder.

“And if I had been a Frenchman?” I inquired.

“Then I would not have let my rooms to you, sir,” she replied; “I have had enough of the French.”

One may hear every day the wish uttered, “Would that the Germans were here instead of

the French;" but it would be a great weakness to place any reliance on such expressions, however sincerely they may be meant at the time. Were the Germans really here they would be no greater favourites probably than the present occupants; and in Bologna the people say, "Would that we had the French instead of the Germans,"—the Austrians, *videlicet*. The rest of Germany may thank heaven that no such task has been laid upon her—a task in which there is absolutely nothing to win—nothing in the world—no credit—no gratitude, and least of all, any agreeable self-approval.

As for the French troops they are far from being proud of the part they are playing here—nor is France precisely—as we all know. But I am, nevertheless, convinced that the *French will never leave Rome of their own accord*. The Ecclesiastical State will never more stand on its own legs, any more than a certain German State, whose foreign supporters only the very simple can suppose will be ever withdrawn.

"See! how firmly it stands!" they cry with a triumphant air—the foreign help is withdrawn and it is no longer required. Yes, the helping hand is drawn back, indeed, but it is ready to be stretched out again in a moment, and catch the

throne when it totters, otherwise it would not stand one day longer. If any one considers that as an independent position, I think it is not necessary to argue with him.

The position of the Pope's Government in Rome is the same, and likely to remain so. If the French and Austrians were to march off his territories, there might, perhaps, not be a revolution the next day, for it would be certain that in that case they would march back again directly. Now, it is not in the character of the French policy to lose sight of any of their own merits; and if they are to be the supporters of the chair of St. Peter's, they will, certainly, be inclined to make known this their mission to the world. Public opinion in France has been by no means satisfied with the manner in which their troops have entered Rome: but there would be the utmost indignation at the most distant hint of withdrawing them. We remember the storm raised in the year 1849 (a year of great weakness too), by the withdrawal of the garrison of Ancona. Now, when Rome itself is in question, no French Government will have courage for such a proposal, and Rome will remain in the hands of the French till the day when they are driven out by violence. Before that

day, events may offer them a quite different part from that which they have been hitherto playing against their own inclinations and against their nature.

An edict concerning the fast, which I had been reading in the "Giornale de Roma," had made me feel extremely anxious on the subject of my necessary nourishment and creature comforts. It is true that nine-tenths of the customary dietetic obligations were at once remitted to the Romans, and the whole severity of the prohibitions were only to remain in force for a few days. But, on the other hand, the edict urged on the faithful the rigorous observance of the rules that were left, with such earnest, pathetic, imploring eloquence, that one required really a heart of stone to resist it : also, there came at the end a little hint of the police, and of punishment for the contumacious.

I felt especially uneasy on the question of coffee with milk in it, which I was in the habit of taking, and which I found it would be only allowable to afford me in a private room, that there might be no scandal, and in order that the world should know "how we, in the capital of the Catholic world, lived," that is, were supposed to live.

Orders to the same purport were given to the *Restaurateurs*, in case they were required to furnish meat-dishes ; but on certain days, as for instance, on Ash-Wednesday, and for suppers—these were not to be provided on any terms. In the same way, *promiscuita*, that is, as the edict fortunately explained, the taking flesh and fish at the same meal were prohibited ; and there was such a talk about flesh, and fish, and eggs, and butter, and lard, that I seemed to be reading a page out of a cookery book.

How matters stand in general in Rome, with the observance of these edicts, I cannot positively say ; but, at least with respect to the Restaurants and their guests, they appeared, eloquent and impressive as these compositions were, not to make the slightest difference. Every body ate and drank just what he pleased, and the hosts seemed by no means so much scrupulous on their own account, as anxious to prevent the scruples of other people by attending strictly to the injunctions concerning particular localities. “Live and let live,” is a maxim that prevails, more or less, all the world over ; and, certainly, nowhere more than at Rome, even on fast days.

It is observable, besides, that apart from their

wilful neglect, these fast regulations take the mildest form in precisely the two most Catholic countries of Europe. The Spaniards, with the exception of a few days in the year, are released from all the rules of abstinence, which trouble the kitchens of the rest of the Catholic world ; at all events, for those who can muster a few pence for the purchase of the Bull issued on these subjects every other year for the benefit of those countries.

## CHAPTER XX.

THE CAPITOL.—THE CAPITOLINE HILL.—AN IMPORTANT QUESTION.  
—LEARNING OR PEDANTRY.—VAST QUANTITIES OF ANCIENT  
WORKS OF ART.—THE CAPITOLINE MUSEUM.—THE DYING GLA-  
DIATOR.—AVOIDANCE OF THE HORRIBLE.—THE FAUN ASCRIBED  
TO PRAXITELES.—THE GIRL WITH THE DOVE.—OTHER GENRE  
SCULPTURES.—RELATION OF THESE PIECES TO ANTIQUE LIFE.—  
TIBULLUS.—THE LIKENESSES OF THE EMPERORS.—THE HALL OF  
CELEBRATED MEN.—THE TARPEIAN ROCK OR THE PRUSSIAN  
EMBASSY.—THE FORUM.—A RECIPE FOR MAKING A FORTUNE  
FOR YOUR POSTERITY.

AT the furthest end of the Corso, if you pass through several little crooked streets, you will come to a small open space, whence two paths lead up a hill; on the left is a broad, steep, high flight of steps, to the right a more gentle ascent, paved with tiles, and furnished with a heavy stone balustrade.

This second entrance, built by Michael Angelo, for the reception of Charles V., opens on the square of the Capitol, a small space on the summit between the two peaks, where stood the Citadel and the Temple of the Capitoline Jupiter.



On three sides this square, or Piazza, is enclosed by what is called the Senate House, the Palace of the Conservatori, and the Museum, and on the fourth it is open to the city. The two last named buildings, in the simple noble style of the sixteenth century, lie on the right and left; the Senate House, with its imposing mass, fills the back-ground. In the middle of it stands the bronze statue of Marcus Aurelius, which, in some incomprehensible manner, has passed through the barbaric devastations and the storms of the Middle Ages, without any other damage than the loss of the gold ornaments with which it was profusely covered, from the top of the Emperor's head to the bottom of the horse's hoofs. Covetous hands have so completely stripped them off, that scarcely a trace of them is left; but their loss is not much to be regretted, for the effect of the gold in an artistical point of view is much more injurious than the natural colour of the bronze.

The Senate House is, like the two others, a modern palace, but it rests on the lower walls of an old Roman building—the Treasury, whose vast blocks lie several stories high on the side turned towards the Forum. This wall, gigantic in its proportions and firm as a rock, is the only

remaining fragment that can be named, of the numerous great works of ancient architecture, with which the Capitol was formerly covered. Even the Citadel and the Temple of Jupiter have vanished so completely, that all the mole-like industry of archæologists have not been able to make out the exact site of the one or the other. Thick volumes have been written to prove that the Citadel stood on the eastern summit of the hill; and other volumes no less thick to prove precisely the contrary: the learning of Germany has been pitted against the learning of Italy in this hard-fought field, but the dispute is not a bit the nearer to a decision; and according to all appearance the valuable labours of many academic generations may pass away before this most weighty and important question will be decided. One can hardly hear of such things as this without echoing the prayer of the Pharisee, and saying, "Lord, I thank thee that I am not as other men are"—philologists, antiquaries, and distinguished classical scholars.

Let me not be misunderstood, however, or let the reader for a moment imagine, that I would speak with disrespect of a rational study of antiquity. As great as is my contempt for these learned triflers, who occupy their lives in this

philological and antiquarian child's play which they carry on with the most ludicrous gravity, —so great is my thankfulness for the labours undergone and the help afforded, by men of judgment and insight, who have revealed the rich life of the old time, for the instruction and enjoyment of the present generation.

But to the classical pedants, “gerund-grinders,” who pass year after year in grubbing among dusty folios, and at last bring to light only what might as well have remained as food for worms—to them I say that their day is gone, and tomorrow, or the day after at furthest, the world will turn its back on them as I do.

The Capitoline Museum is the property of the city, and though by no means so rich as the collections of the Vatican, is, nevertheless, one of the finest antique cabinets in the world.

If one reckons up in thought the contents of the galleries of the Capitol and the Vatican, of the immeasurable halls of the Louvre, of the Bourbon Museum at Naples, of the palaces of the Uffizi at Florence, of the public Museums of London, Dresden, Berlin, and Munich, of the numerous private collections in Italy and England, one cannot but be astonished at the vast quantities of the art treasures of antiquity that

have escaped the devastations of time, war, flood, and fire, and the still more destructive effects of covetousness, through so long a series of ages.

These treasures must indeed have been almost incalculable. We read, for instance, of the Romans taking some insignificant Etruscan town, and finding in it two thousand bronze statues. In Athens the marble population seems to have been as numerous as that of flesh and blood.

But had these works been ten times more numerous, and had a statue stood on every paving-stone of the towns of Italy and Greece, we should, in all probability, have known them only from hearsay, had not the earth received them in her protecting lap, and hidden them till better times. From towns buried under the product of the volcanic eruptions of lower Italy — from the ruins of ancient temples and palaces, have almost all the works of ancient art that we possess been recovered; otherwise, those of bronze especially, would most certainly, from the value of the materials, have never escaped the greedy eyes and hands of the barbarian times. In all the Museums above mentioned, there is scarcely one important work of which it cannot be stated when and where it has been found, and which

does not bear the traces of some tremendous ruin; and if there are a few that appear to have been preserved uninjured without having been buried, they are almost without exception such as can be traced to Constantinople.

The most distinguished pieces in the Capitoline Museum, are collected in the hall named from the "Dying Gladiator," to which the place of honour in the middle is assigned; a barbarian, probably, as it is called, a trained gladiator, with a gaping, mortal wound, and representing the agony of death with most affecting truth, yet not so as to offend either the eye or the feelings.

Among thousands of antique works of art, I never saw but two which entered the limits of the horrible and revolting, where modern religious art is fond of seeking its most drastic effects. Both these had for their subject the "Execution of Marsyas." How the artist, as I suppose I must call him, who has thus made himself the executioner of the innocent marble, has performed his office, I do not know, and do not care to know. But if ever he was allowed in those ages of pure taste, a public place for the exhibition of the works he has *perpetrated*, it could have only been in order that he might

play the part of the drunken Helot before the youth of Sparta.

The Gladiator is half sitting, half lying on the ground, supported on his right arm, bending over a little, and his head drooping, while the blood flows from the wound in his breast. The matted hair growing low down on the neck, the cord twisted into a collar, announce the barbarian, but a barbarian who is dying with the grace of a Greek. Consciousness is evidently fading away, the mists of death are before his swimming eyes—in another second the power of the muscles will be exhausted—the supporting arm will give way, and the life ebb from him with the last drop of his blood. It is just this last moment, before will, and thought, and feeling have fled for ever, that the artist has seized and represented with a truth and power, that go direct to the heart of the spectator. The marble is a revelation of Nature through art—a revelation which carries its own evidence with it, and needs no other testimony than that of the eyes that see it, and the emotions that it calls forth. Probably no one of us at the present day has ever seen a naked warrior bleeding to death, and yet every one who sees it will say, “so, and not otherwise would a brave warrior die.”

On the other hand, the much-praised statue of "Antinous" in this Capitoline Museum, which has been placed in the list of the master-pieces of ancient art, appears to me in the highest degree inexpressive and unmeaning. Anatomists, and people who undertake to construct human beauty, according to the principles and rules of mathematical art, may admire this production as much as they please, but a mere ordinary observer like myself, who can only judge of the value of a work of art by the life, the action, the soul which it infuses into matter, can by no means work himself up to the pitch of their enthusiasm; and it would be wonderful indeed, if any chisel possessed the power by its mere technical skill, of making out of a fellow like this Antinous any thing that could call forth poetical emotion.

For a true picture of youthful manly beauty, we may turn to the Faun, which is ascribed to Praxiteles; there is so much grace in the careless leaning attitude; such a playful expression in the features, which differ considerably from the strict form of Greek beauty; and, perhaps, for that reason, are so very pleasing. The face is much more expressive than those of antique statues usually are, and the figure is altogether so attractive, that one is quite willing to be persuaded

that the high parentage assigned to it, of the first of Greek sculptors, rests on more than mere conjecture.

Another not less admired production is, the "young Girl with the Dove." She has hidden the bird in the fold of her dress, and is pressing it protectingly to her breast, while she glances timidly over her shoulder at the serpent that is endeavouring to seize on it. The little thing is frightened herself, at the dreadful creature that is rearing its crest up beside her; but her great anxiety is for her feathered favourite, which, one feels quite easy about that, she will certainly save. The figure is an idea as tender and pretty as any poet ever conceived.

Similar *genre* compositions are by no means rare in collections of antiques. Thus I find in this Capitoline Museum the original of "the Boy with the Goose," the imitation of which, by the most celebrated hands, is to be seen in many galleries—an honour that has been shown to few sculptures. The boy has seized the goose, which is almost as big as himself, with both hands, and, in his childish eagerness, is squeezing its neck so tight, that the poor goose is choking. Another boy has caught up a hideous theatrical mask to frighten the others, and is peeping out from



under it, roguishly delighted at the success of his trick. Another less graceful execution of the same idea, is to be seen in the Villa Albani. In this, the whole body of the child is hidden by the mask, and it is sticking its little arms out of the mouth.

I might mention a number of other pieces; from the Vatican, "a Tree with a Bird's Nest," with its family of little ones; from the Pompeian pictures, "an old Man, who is offering for sale a coop full—instead of Chickens—of little Gods of Love;" and many others; but these are sufficient to illustrate what I was going to say. These things, it appears to me, open to us a page of antique life, that one can hardly obtain from their literature; or, at all events, with so much difficulty, and so imperfectly, that most classically learned men do not seem to have the least notion of it.

The *naïve*—not in Schiller's, but in the rural sense—that is the child-like, the domestic and homely humorous, is, it seems to me, almost entirely omitted in our representations of the life of the ancients. We know the patriotic enthusiasm of antiquity, its civic earnestness, the poetical inspiration of its religious faith, its wild passions, its unbridled licentiousness, its

effeminate refinement, its dreadful depravity, its tragical suicides; in a word, we find in ancient writers, a thousand times what excites, imposes, inflames, revolts; but we seek in vain for what should touch our feelings, for the traces of calm, innocent happiness. The ancients had, undoubtedly, and so much the better for them, less of what we moderns, and especially we Germans, call sensibility, than we have; but still there must have been a corner of their hearts not quite so cold as they appear reflected in their historians, philosophers, and even their poets—a green spot, where daisies and forget-me-nots could blossom!

And, though I have named the poets, there are exceptions even among them. Did not the hard, stern Romans produce at least one poet of true sentiment, even in the modern sense of the term—Tibullus? Tender enthusiasm, sweetness, melancholy—Tibullus includes all the requisites of a modern poet of feeling; and that he might want no qualification for this interesting character, Nature appointed for him a true poet's death in his five-and-twentieth year.

But Tibullus died before Augustus—before the year 14, in which, as is well-known, the Romans left off writing Latin, good-enough to

be received into our German High-Schools; and the purity of his language does consequently appear in some measure suspicious to our grand inquisitors of the grammar. Moreover, it is more than probable that he neither enjoyed the patronage of Mæcenas, nor the favour of the court; and was therefore evidently wanting in the two most infallible signs by which you may know a genuine poet.

This may be, I suppose, the reason why his elegies are known to most of us only by name, and that that characteristic in him, by which he is peculiarly distinguished, and in which he stands alone among Roman poets, is never noticed except now and then by some superficial person, who has neither seat nor vote in the learned world. The accomplished but feeble verse-maker Virgil—the fluent rhetorician Horace, these are the men who find favour in the sight of that august body, to whose authority in such matters the general public submits in humble faith and silent obedience.

Even I, I must confess, read Horace through several times before I ventured to think that I had in him to do with a dialectician, and not with a poet. But it is time to turn back, or I shall be getting far too deep into the dreary

limbo of classical instruction, in which our childhood and a good part of our youth are wasted. Back then—to the Capitol.

One department of the Museum well-worthy of remark, is an almost complete collection of likenesses of the Emperors and their nearest relations, which is unique in its kind.

It is not till the later period of the Empire, when the Emperors had to be counted by the dozen, that the series is at all interrupted; and one cares little about this, since, of those wanting, history has scarcely anything more to tell us than the names.

Among the founders of the Empire, Tiberius is unquestionably the one with the most striking physiognomy, and that which has most strongly the stamp of personality. It is not easy to read in the face of Julius Cæsar, the great and many-sided mind of the man; and that of Augustus tells you absolutely nothing.

In the face of Tiberius, on the other hand, every feature is eloquent. An uncommon amount of understanding and strength of will may be read in the broad forehead and firmly closing mouth; the whole form of the head speaks of intellectual capacity, and the face is the mirror of a rich and cultivated mind; but the eye is

that of a crouching tiger. Nero looks like a talented gentleman, whose vices have not yet reacted on his originally-pleasing countenance; there is a something of primness in it, perhaps the effect of the smooth chin and upper lip, and the formal whiskers, which I have not noticed in any other antique head.

An extremely attractive figure is that of the elder Agrippina, which is of the size of life. He is sitting, leaning back in a sort of arm-chair, in a stately, but careless attitude, which combines both grace and dignity. The position of the whole figure, of the supported arm, of the feet, of the noble, proud, commanding profile, proclaims more plainly than any inscription could do, that there is a woman with imperial blood in her veins. Tiberius, no doubt, judged her rightly when he reproved her defiant opposition with the bitter sweet words—“*Injuriam tibi fieri putas, filiola ea, quia non imperas.*”

The Emperor Vespasian is the very image of our friend “Punch” in London. The same fixed smile—the same pointed chin, advancing half-way to meet the nose—in a word, precisely the wooden nut-cracker physiognomy that grins at us in every number of the humorous satirist. That is not the warrior who shattered the legions

of Vitellius, nor the Emperor who died standing upright; it is an old wag, who is always making jokes, bad ones oftener than good, to say nothing of their cleanliness.

And then Titus, "the delight of mankind," the romantic lover of the Queen of the East. He is the true son of his father; and with every year he grows more like Punch, so that if he had not died just at the right time we should have had Nut-cracker the Second. By Cupid and Venus, I think, the forsaken Berenice must have got over the loss of him more easily than Dido did that of the pious Eneas!

There was no one of the Emperors whose likeness I was so curious about as that of "Julian the Apostate," and no one who disappointed my expectations in so scandalous a manner. The Capitoline Museum possesses three busts of this emperor, all like one another, and all showing very evidently that they are the productions of a period when the arts were rapidly declining. I should not have cared much about the absence of artistic talent, if the character of the face had not contradicted in the most outrageous manner all my previous impressions. That the genial imperial renegade, the last champion of the old faith, which he himself did not share; the most

sagacious, the most moderate, and therefore the most dangerous of the crowned enemies of the new doctrine, and of its first greatest sacrifice! A flat skull with a low forehead, a square inexpressive face, with a snub nose, and, to complete the vulgarity a beard such as a journeyman barber of that time may probably have worn—that then is the portrait of the Emperor Julian. Did not his name stand in antique characters beneath the bust, I should regard it as a wicked invention of orthodox revenge.

This inscription did not, however, prevent my having doubts, which a subsequent discovery tended strongly to confirm. In the Bourbon Museum at Naples I found a bust, which feature for feature, and even to the vulgar tuft under the chin, not merely resembled that of Julian, but was absolutely the same—except that it proceeded from the hand of a more genuine artist and a better period of the art—and this bust bears the name of Periander of Corinth. If it be not some wonderful sport of Nature—a thing that does not happen, perhaps, once in a thousand years among a thousand millions of men—then are this Julian and this Periander one and the same person. But how this same person came by two names, separated from one another

by so wide a space, and which of these two names is the correct one, that is a question that I must leave the learned to decide.

From the Hall of Emperors, you enter that of Celebrated Men, which contains a very numerous and remarkable collection of busts of Greek and Roman warriors, philosophers, poets, and statesmen. What a treasure would be here for the student of antiquity who knew how to estimate the value of outward personality.

You despisers and calumniators of a doctrine which you do not understand, look on the head of this master, and confess that you have never seen a more speaking expression of spiritual nobility—this man was named Epicurus. You wretched pretenders, who when you have been cramming yourselves at an overloaded table, complacently, and without any one contradicting you, denominate yourselves Epicureans, look into the face of the man whose name you have dishonoured—that mildly earnest face, beaming with intellect, and be ashamed, if you can, for the first time in your lives. Even the head of a disciple of Epicurus, Metrodorus, is of noble beauty, although the thought does not in that so completely irradiate and control the matter, of which it is the noblest form.



Among the poets, Eschylus shines out from all who surround him, as a real prize-specimen of humanity, and which has been here presented by a chisel worthy of the task.

Quite roughly executed, on the contrary, and yet powerfully attractive, is the bust of Scipio Africanus, a man inexorable in action, filled with the most undoubting consciousness of authority and power, with the word of command on his lip—hard as iron—a true aristocrat. When he tore the accounts in the sight of the assembled multitude, it might be that so audacious a revolt against the sovereign people, brought him legally beneath the axe of the lictor ; but, I will answer for it, there was not the smallest error in the reckoning.

I cannot leave the Capitoline Museum without mentioning a marble sarcophagus which is lying almost unnoticed in a remote room of the ground-floor. On the lid are two figures as large as life, probably of a married pair, in a half recumbent posture, very common on the Etruscan urns, but rare on the actual sarcophagi—at all events, I do not recollect to have ever seen another example of it from the Pre-Christian times. But I am induced to mention this sarcophagus on account of the reliefs which

adorn its four sides, and, especially, the one in the front, which is well worthy of attention.

It represents the discovery of Achilles by the artifice of Ulysses, and is, certainly, a masterpiece of expression and grouping. The twelve figures which it contains, although distributed over a very long space, are in the closest connection with the principal action and with the central figure, Achilles.

He has thrown off the feminine robe, and is joyfully waving the sword. Near him are the two daughters of Lycomedes, one of whom is laying her hand on his shoulder, and looking into his face with laughing surprise, to assure herself of the reality of the change ; the other, probably, the saucy little spoiled child of the family, is turning away in half comic terror from the playmate thus metamorphosed into a youth burning with martial ardour ; she cannot help looking back, however, and as she clasps her hands she seems to say, " Here's a pretty story ! " The expression, attitude, and gesture of the two girls is inimitable — they certainly were innocent of the deception ; but whether Deidameia is among them I cannot say. Old Lycomedes, in the background, looks on with rather a sour face, and Ulysses is rejoicing, not

in a very noble manner, at the success of his stratagem. The subordinate figures, Lycomedes's men, and the companions of the king of Ithaca, holding the horses by the bridles, are, for the most part, equally happy. Surprise, astonishment, curiosity, are cut into the marble, as scarcely any painter could express them on canvas. The reliefs on the other three sides, also from the history of Achilles, are not equal to this ; but the one that shows the farewell of the hero and Deidameia, is admirable for its grace and *naïveté*, though Achilles is almost too indifferent.

From the Capitol to the Tarpeian rock is, as is well known, literally and figuratively, only a step ; but you cannot make that step without running the gauntlet through a whole army of troublesome dirty children, who waylay you and levy toll as you pass. "Do you want to see the Tarpeian Rock ?" is the question that here takes the place of the accustomed formula of "Your money or your life." But no sooner have you timidly admitted that you had some such intention, than twenty voices are raised, every one of which demands payment for a service which it claims to have performed for you.

"I showed you the door."

"I asked you first if you wanted to see the Rock."

"I rang for the keeper."

"I told him to ring."

And so on to a quite endless number of variations on the one theme of—

"Give me a *bajocco*."

The Tarpeian rock, like so many other things in Italy to which an historical name, or an historical recollection is attached, is kept under lock and key, and shown for money. The key of this relic is kept at the *Prussian Embassy*, and under its guidance we entered a little rather neglected garden, lying on the bank of the Capitoline Hill, where, in many spots, the bare stone appears. This rocky wall, therefore, which rises not more than thirty or forty feet above the roofs of the houses at the foot of the hill—this is the far-famed Tarpeian rock! At all events, it is impossible to prove the contrary. Let us stare and wonder, and—go on our way. But how in the world did the Prussian Embassy come on the notion of settling itself on the place of execution for state criminals—of those who plotted against the people's freedom, who hatched treason against the republic, and fell under the horrible suspicion of being attached to royalty?

Truly, the antiquary, Dr. Bunsen, has played his Excellency, the Ambassador, a scandalous trick.

The house of the Prussian Embassy is an ugly barrack-like building, in which Piety, and Learning, and Diplomacy, dwell together in unity. The two former appear in the forms of a Bible Society and an Archæological Institute, of which, we trust, the labours will prove more fruitful than those of the third partner in the firm.

By two well kept roads, from which a fine prospect is obtained, you descend from the Capitol to the Forum, the burial place of Roman glories, where a hundred mutilated fragments still speak of a grandeur which the world has seen but once, and will—it is to be hoped—never see again. But those who, like myself, have imagined the Forum a place corresponding in size to the extent and population of the city of Rome, bounded by regular architectural lines, and, if not of strictly symmetrical, still of fine, proportions, they, when they find themselves on the spot, will, like me, also find themselves wonderfully undeceived.

What the Forum may have been originally, at the time when it was the place of assembly for the people—the theatre on which all their

great actions took place—the focus and centre of republican life, I know not; but in the form which it took in later times, which is indicated by the existing traces, the Forum must have been not so much an open area, as a quarter of the town, rich and magnificent, but narrow and over-crowded.

Temples, Basilicæ triumphal arches, are placed so close to, and before, one another, that there is hardly any space left at all. The Capitol itself was so far masked by the vast edifices lying immediately before it, that most of the impression made by its commanding position above the Forum must have been lost. As to the proportion, that is entirely out of the question.

The triumphal arches of Septimius Severus and of Titus, lying at opposite ends of the Forum, are not only not on the same line, but at quite different heights, so that from the first—although it lies twenty or thirty feet deep in rubbish—you must still ascend considerably to get to the second.

Every one knows that the greater part of the Forum is covered with the rubbish and refuse of centuries, but if we consider its extent according to the fragments that still rise above those successive deposits, we shall find a space

that is remarkably narrow, even as compared with its not very considerable length. And if we examine certain spots where the rubbish has been cleared away, we shall discover, from the foundation-walls there brought to light, that a large portion, even of this small space, was also covered with buildings. Wherever the spade enters it strikes upon walls, and if ever the excavations should be completed—of which, I must own, there appears at present little prospect—it will, perhaps, be found, that of the enormous market-place which we have been accustomed to represent to ourselves as the Forum, nothing more is left than a street of moderate breadth, running sometimes straight, sometimes crooked, towards a quarter occupied by temples and palaces, and other magnificent buildings.

On the right of the Forum rises the Palatine Hill, the actual focus of all this splendour, the Treasury of the “Roman den,” in which was stored the plunder of a hundred nations, bought by the blood of the warlike robbers, to be afterwards squandered by many a villain and many a beast who bore the name of emperor.

Of the Golden Palace of Nero, and all the marble edifices with which his successors covered the Palatine Hill, there is now nothing left but

a heap of conspicuous though shapeless ruins, whose form and plan neither the most erudite industry can discover, nor the boldest fancy conjecture. The luxurious pleasure-grounds which surrounded the imperial abodes, are now kitchen-gardens and ordinary vineyards; the whole wide area appears empty and desolate, and had not a romantic-minded Anglo-Saxon settled in a lonely villa on the Palatine Hill, its population would have died out to the last man.

Those ruins, and those desolate gardens have in the meanwhile, apart from the recollections which cling to them, an interest, from having been the field that has yielded the richest harvest to the treasure-seekers who have filled our Museums. Of the finest works preserved in the Vatican, the Capitol, and the Bourbon Palace, great numbers have been dug out of the ruins with which the fury of the barbarians had covered the Palatine Hill; and, to all appearance, this mine of wealth is by no means exhausted.

In depopulated, impoverished, ravaged Rome, who should there be to concern himself about the master-pieces of ancient art, when once they were cast down from their pedestals? It was long since there had been anything like a true appreciation of their value, and even the sense



for outward beauty must infallibly have perished in the bitter physical distress of the period. There they lay among stones and tiles, or covered with moss and weeds, like the rude stone-images that we in Germany may find in some damp dark corner of an old convent-garden, or the weed-covered court-yard of a castle, over which war and revolution have passed. The now so numerous tribe of Roman dealers in antiquities unhappily did not exist in those days, or they would probably have accumulated so large a stock as not to be under the necessity of manufacturing antiquities to meet the demand of the market, as these painstaking individuals do at present. Had there been such a one, and that he had had the foresight to speculate on a return at the end of a thousand years, what a cheap collection he might have made, and what a fortune he would have founded for his descendants! May our contemporaries profit by the warning, and remember that for many things, now cheap as dirt, their weight in gold would probably be given eight or ten centuries hence.

What, for instance, do we regard as more worthless than a bundle of old newspapers. Well then, reserve a file of these for a year, from the common fate of waste paper, and consider

that in the year 2850, this will be a treasure to the possessor. My proposal would be an infallible recipe for securing a handsome provision for your posterity, and one that can be shaken by no revolution, though it rests only on a foundation of very bad paper.

I do not mean to take out a patent for my invention; I will content myself with the gratitude of future ages.

## CHAPTER XXI.

**PRIESTS AND PRIESTLY GOVERNMENT IN ROME.—PRODIGIOUS NUMBER OF PRIESTS.—VARIOUS CLASSES.—FATAL EFFECTS ON ITALY OF THE TEMPORAL POWER OF THE POPE.—HIS DEPOSITION NOT NECESSARILY INJURIOUS TO CATHOLICISM.—THE POPE'S ENCYCLICA.—HIGH DIGNITIES CONFERRED ONLY ON ITALIANS.—ADMINISTRATION WHOLLY IN CLERICAL HANDS.—THE EASTER FESTIVAL.—CONVERSIONS TO CATHOLICISM.**

To the uncounted and uncountable things in the world, belong — besides the sands of the sea, and the stars of the sky—the Priests and Monks of Rome. I don't mean to say that they resemble heavenly bodies in any other respect, unless, indeed, it might be in their shining faces; for a considerable amount of plumpness is a mark of the spiritual vocation that will in this country seldom deceive you. From the Pope himself down to the lowest mendicant monk, the appearance of these holy men affords a most satisfactory assurance that the sufferings and persecutions of Mother Church, of which they give us so many sorrowful accounts, are nothing less

than highly beneficial to the corporal welfare of her faithful sons. Or is it, perhaps, "sighing and grief," that puffs these gentlemen up, as it did Falstaff?

However that may be, an ecclesiastic who is not remarkable for *embonpoint* is decidedly in the minority, and those ascetic forms, pale faces, and languid eyes, which announce a soul struggling to reach an unattainable goal—are among the rarest exceptions. The jolly fellows one commonly meets, have reached their heaven, as they understand it, and can put it, in the form of a breviary, into their pockets; but here and there you do meet an individual to whom a well-furnished kitchen and an exhaustless cellar are not the chief objects of life, whose thoughts reach beyond the catechism, who cannot find God in a formula, but who doubt with struggles and with agony. Some there are, too, in whom blind faith has flamed up to consuming fire, men from whose eyes gleams the fierceness of mediæval fanaticism; in whom you see at the first glance that they are only born too late to become martyrs themselves, or to make martyrs of others. Between these categories there stands a class of ecclesiastical upstarts and adventurers, who serve in the church with a view to promo-

tion—clever fellows for the most part—good politicians, subtle courtiers, generally well-informed, fond of elegant enjoyments, and of the means of procuring them; ambitious under the cloak of modesty, and clothing deep pride in the forms of humility. This latter class of the Roman clergy is by no means the most estimable, and is assuredly the most dangerous, but at the same time it is the one most agreeable and accessible to strangers. You meet in these men the most high-bred deportment, and a perfect acquaintance with the forms of society; great moderation of judgment, liberality and benevolence—in short, all qualities which, apart from severe integrity and sound principles of morals, exhibit every effect of careful and refined cultivation. The ecclesiastical habit with this class is only the costume of the men of the world—one might say, the mask in which ambition and covetousness play their parts.

The higher the clergy of Rome ascend the monarchical ladder, the more must the truth force itself upon them, that the system is a delusion. A Pope who should believe in himself, appears to me an absolute impossibility. The most presumptuous thought to which human pride has ever risen; the thought of being the

appointed interpreter between God and the human race, is one too extravagant for the brain of an old man.

I could believe in a young prophet, but hardly, I think, in an old one; and, besides, what a chasm is there between a prophet who hears the voice of God in the whisper of the breeze, in the roaring of the storm, in the longing aspiration of his own soul, in its cries of joy and pain; and one who has to explain the dictates of the Holy Ghost from the archives of thousands of years; to discuss them in a college of Cardinals: to screw them tight into rigid forms of words, and say, "in these words, God speaks to you through my mouth." No, no, the Pope is not a dupe, or a youthful enthusiast; he may act in good faith, inasmuch as he may really believe that the system he represents is beneficial to humanity; he may persuade himself that the Catholic Church is an indispensable police establishment, but in the truth of its doctrine, and the divine origin of its discipline, Rome is not the place to believe.

Every other member of the hierarchy (though with more difficulty for every step he mounts) may sooner succeed in deceiving himself as to the part he really has to play, than he who

stands at the summit—the man whose head rises to heaven (or, is supposed to do so) while he touches the earth with his feet. But the heaven that he thus bears on his shoulders he must feel to be a bubble; and the figures with which he peoples it but the forms of the magic-lantern that he is exhibiting.

If Italy has been for centuries the most unfortunate of European countries, the responsibility rests chiefly with the Popedom. The instinct of the Italian people is beginning to lead them to this truth, and men of clear shrewd understanding, like Father Gavazzi, or General Pepe, have made it the first axiom of national politics. As a German poet, Platen, has eloquently expressed it—

“Was frommt es dass so liebevoll dich ausgeschmückt Natur —  
 Du bist für deine Söhne selbst ein dumpfer Kerker nur :  
 Was frommt dir nun dein Genius, so lodern und so hell,  
 Was Rafael und Dante dir Colomb und Machiavell  
 Dein letzter grosser Held sogar, erkämpfte fremden Thron  
 Du hast zu eignem Jammer dir erzeugt Napoleon  
 Nichts frommt dir, was du je begannst, und was der Welt du  
 gabst  
 Du hegst in eigner Brust den Wurm, den Antichrist, den Papst.”

Terribly must Italy now atone for her crime in having cherished in her lap the system, which she has dared to proclaim the vicegerency of God

on earth;—her own slavery in the expiation for the spiritual chain which she has fastened on the world, and which a great part of it still wears. The causal connection between the sin and the suffering is here, as in all the great phenomena of history, so clear and evident, that one must close one's eyes not to see it. As ancient Rome, menacing the whole world by its military supremacy, by its accumulated treasures tempted the barbaric violence under whose repeated attacks it finally sunk, so has papal Rome, by its immoderate pretensions to spiritual dominion, made itself the common object of hostility to all national and political forces that are strong enough for resistance or for attack.

The independence of the European powers has been determined by the preponderating influence of each in Rome; and for this, the French, Spaniards, and Germans have struggled against each other. Whoever could not contrive to make himself master in Rome, could not remain master in his own house. Rome compelled the nations of Europe to be the enemies of Italy. It was Rome herself who flung the Italian nation as a prey to her powerful neighbours, whom she found herself compelled, at any price, to appease, if she would save herself from destruction.



And as it was formerly, so is it still; although the intensity of the struggle has declined, and its forms have in some measure changed. It was in order to prevent Austria from getting the advantage that France has undertaken the re-establishment and the protection of the Papal Government, which the Roman people, in late but accurate recognition of the necessary condition of Italy's political life, had overthrown. Since 1820, in fact, the Papal chair had only been upheld by the power of Austria;—in the first instance, certainly, in the interest of her Italian possessions, but the value of which again, to the Austrian empire, consists principally in their forming the lever by means of which it can act on Rome, the indispensable accomplice of the Austrian system. Since the last revolution, France has assumed the place of Austria, in order to obtain a new fulcrum, for its long neglected influence on Italy, and especially to establish a claim to the gratitude of the Papal power; for, low as it has sunk, the petty policy of Louis Napoleon will not let him venture to leave it out of his calculations.

So long as the Romish papacy subsists, will Italy continue to be the foot-ball of the foreigner; but it will subsist no longer than until the mili-

tary props give way, which the jealousy and selfishness of foreign states have formed out of what were originally weapons of defence against the Papal ambition and lust of rule.

The attempt of Pius IX. to reconcile the cause of the Roman people with that of the Papacy, has had the result that a little sagacity might easily have foreseen. By the disappointment of the hopes excited, the evil was greatly increased—love has turned into bitter hatred—the blessing into a curse. Pio Nono, a few years ago the darling of the Roman people, has now sunk in their opinion, if possible, still lower than his predecessors. A Pope, after all, is a Pope; and the best Pope will always be the worst conceivable head of a State. Corruption, intrigue, extortion, arbitrary power, contempt of justice—these are the leading characteristics of Papal rule now, as they have ever been. Compared with the Papal government, the very Neapolitan is a pattern of order, wisdom, and morality. In cruelty only, I would not venture to give the preference to one or the other, for each may be regarded as a master in the craft. In Rome, as well as in Naples, the saying holds good—“He who is not lying in chains is a coward.”

Every denunciation, every impulse of priestly revenge, every personal spite of an ecclesiastic, is sufficient to plunge the most upright and virtuous citizen into the most hideous dungeon, where he may languish without a trial, without even a hearing, or the means of communicating with his friends, or making any arrangements for his defence. Where there is no plausible pretence for imprisonment the most trivial excuse will serve, and where even this is deficient they go to work without. If it is thought worth while to go through the farce of a trial at all, the sentence is certain beforehand. And what a sentence!

The Roman and Neapolitan cruelty is too cowardly to execute the sentence of the gallows or the scaffold. Death would be too great a mercy to state-criminals. They are condemned only to the *galleys for life*, and a servile journalism takes occasion therefrom to praise the "angelic mildness" of the King of Naples, and the "heavenly magnanimity" of the Holy Father. They call it mercy when they seize a man like Carlo Poerio in the night, bind him hand to hand, and foot to foot to a bandit, fling him into a subterranean dungeon, and leave him there while day after day, year after year, drags on its dreadful changeless anguish.

In the sight of deeds like this, it is the only consolation that a day of retribution cannot be far distant. The French, who have now become the tools of the basest system of government that has ever disgraced an age of civilisation, will be the avengers of the age, before, as an atonement for the share they have had in its misdeeds, they become its sacrifice. A little turn of affairs in Paris—such as may happen to-morrow, and will certainly happen before long, and the French troops in Italy will shatter to pieces with a few blows of their muskets the whole wretched crazy fabric of a hierarchy which European diplomacy has laboriously patched together. A turn to the south, and the Bourbon government of Naples is among the things that have been. Italy, indeed, would be in such a case no more free than it is now—it would only have changed masters; but this new master would be one whom since 1282 she has already, without foreign assistance, again and again flung from her door, and of whom this time, it is to be hoped, she will be able finally to rid herself.

The grand point, then, for Italy is never to permit again the rise of the Papal power; not even in the form of a Bishopric of Rome, from which priestly cunning would sooner or later,

aided by the magic of the name, of the place, and of history, contrive to weave a web of mischief. Deposed from his worldly dominion—stripped of the glory which the sovereignty of a thousand years had thrown around him—rent from the soil of Rome into which the deepest roots of his authority had struck—thrown on the voluntary contributions of the faithful—the Pope in some other locality may not, indeed, become innoxious, but at all events he will cease to be formidable. Catholic Christendom will have no cause to complain if the Roman people refuse for the future the martyr character which it has played as the seat of the Papacy. If the temporal dominion of the Pope be really, as it is sometimes asserted, necessary to the continued existence of Catholicism, it by no means follows that on the Roman more than any other people, should fall the obligation of sacrificing its freedom, its welfare, its whole human existence to this end. The case is far from being so improbable as it may appear from a distance. At the present moment, indeed, no Roman who values his freedom, and has no particular wish to give himself up to the tender mercies of the Inquisition, will think of risking any public declaration of his desire to leave the dominant church; but the first political

convulsion may, according to the opinion of the best informed Italians, bring a great change in this respect. It is not, indeed, religious conviction so much as a hatred to Papacy, which is leading the Romans towards Protestantism; but on the other hand, it is far less real faith than mere mechanical habit, that keeps others at present within the limits of the ancient creed.

It is, however, perfectly possible that, to all but a most superficial view, Catholicism can only be a gainer by the abolition of the temporal sovereignty of the Pope, and its consequent release from the responsibility of almost unexampled misgovernment. The Church would, in that case, recover the organic life which it has lost since the Council of Trent, and its benumbed dogma again become fluid and adaptable to the wants of the present century. Zealous Catholics perhaps may scornfully reject the offer of such an advantage, and it is undeniable that under such circumstances a change would be wrought in the Church, that would have some likeness to dissolution, but entirely independent of this and all other possibilities is our proposition, that the whole body of Catholic Christendom is not entitled to put a veto in any form on the deposition of the Pope as a temporal prince, whenever

the Roman people shall become weary of his rule. Should any such claim be made, it will only furnish one proof more in addition to those already existing in history—that the Catholic Church, familiar as the word freedom has of late become in its mouth, has never understood its own duties and the rights of others, but only the duties of others and its own rights.

The Romish hierarchy has also long ceased to be Catholic in that sense which supposed it equally open to all members of the Catholic body of whatever nation. The so-called “Church of the World,” with respect to highest dignities, has become a national Italian Church, towards which the sister churches of other European nations stand in a relation of conscious inferiority.

In the *Encyclika* of the Pope (8th December, 1849), it is very candidly confessed, that the other families of the Catholic world are to be regarded as subordinate to that of Italy. “Among the numerous calumnies,” says that instrument, “which the enemies of the Church have circulated, in order to excite hatred towards her in the minds of Italians, is the assertion that the Catholic religion is an obstacle to the greatness, the renown, the welfare of the Italian nation.

Such a disadvantage might indeed be borne in consideration of the great spiritual blessings for which Italy is indebted to the Chair of St. Peter; but so far from its being true that the confession of the true faith has brought any such temporal injury—*Italy has obtained through this divine religion, a more widely extended and more lasting dominion than it possessed under its former mighty empire."*

This is pretty plain speaking, and undoubtedly correct, since for the last four hundred years the Papal Chair has been an Italian entail, on which no foreigner has been able to make good any claim.

In order that the estate may remain in the family, it is necessary that proper care should be taken in the composition of the College of Cardinals, and this is so well understood, that nine-tenths of it usually consist of born Italians; though, for the sake of appearances, it is thought advisable, sometimes, to present a red hat to a German, a Spaniard, a Frenchman, or even an Englishman. That the governments of great states should be eager to obtain this dignity for their most distinguished prelates; that cities regarding themselves as far in advance of Italy in cultivation, should celebrate as a jubilee such



a compliment paid to one of their Bishops; that newspapers should discuss such a promotion as an important event—all these things are so many melancholy proofs of the weakness, the confusion, and the corruptibility of public opinion, in an age regarding itself as so peculiarly enlightened.

The Government of the States of the Church has, of course, since the re-establishment of the Papacy, passed almost altogether into the hands of the clergy, whose incurable incapacity has been established by long experience and universal acknowledgment.

In the time of Gregory XVI., the absolutist powers required in a common application to the Vatican, that the administration of the State should be in some measure secularized, in order that the abuses, and the consequent growth of discontent and of the revolutionary spirit, might be checked. Gregory did not pay the smallest attention to their request; but his successor directed to it his first attempts at reform, in order that at least some satisfaction might be afforded to public opinion. Now, however, as I have said, we have come back completely to the plan of the good old times.—Cardinals form the ministry, Cardinals are governors of the pro-

vinces. A Cardinal is at the head of the police; in short, priestly government is re-established again, in all its purity; and it need hardly be said, that not the smallest fragment of those social arrangements have been left, by which an opportunity was given to the Roman people for some modest essays in the art of self-government.

Even the village-bailiffs are now appointed by the Pope; whether also the village-constables, as it has been lately proposed in democratic France they should be (a proposal, by the by, supported by a numerous and influential party), I do not know. The censorship, also, has been re-established in all its honours — the “Index Expurgatorius” is longer than ever, and the spiritual tribunal, whose dungeons had been opened and destroyed during the Revolution, has silently recommenced its baleful activity.

The Government of Louis Bonaparte looks on in silence at the progress of the nuisance which it has restored; it lends its soldiers to be the tools of the Papal police; and since it once interfered to rescue a priest, who had turned Protestant, from the claws of the Inquisition, there has not been a single case known in which France has attempted, even by

a vigorous protest, to offer the smallest check to the Papal abominations, in the guilt of which it has an equal share. The French organs of the "party of order," with the "Journal de Debats" at their head, when they speak of Rome, have much to say of heresy, and of all that excites hostility to the now prostrate opposition; whilst for the doings of the priestly Government, supported by French bayonets, when even for the most brazen front a formal approval is impossible, it has only gentle and forbearing silence.

The mere presence of the French in Rome, however, apart from its future operations, is unquestionably an inconvenience to the Papal Government, and a hindrance in many little matters, in which it would be glad to have its free course.

Thus, for example, it has been found impossible to close the coffee-houses on Sunday, for the French soldiers would not submit to it; and the regulations concerning fasts also, are greatly interfered with by the ungodliness of these troublesome guests. In this capital of the Catholic world, even on Ash-Wednesday or Good Friday, dinners were served up at the hotels and eating-houses, as on the profanest days in the year. The Papal police, indeed,

looked on in silent anger, but it prudently remained silent, and behaved as if the quality of the dishes were as much a matter of indifference in its sight, as I imagine it is in the sight of Heaven.

I was exceedingly desirous of witnessing the festival of Easter at Rome, not on account of the ecclesiastical pomp with which it is conducted, but for the sake of observing the deportment of the Roman people on this solemn occasion with my own eyes, and to have another means of forming my opinion on its relation to the papacy. But, unfortunately, circumstances were not propitious to my wishes, and I was compelled to renounce this spectacle. Spectacle is, according to the most impartial testimony, the proper word, for though some call it grand, others sublime, others merely ostentatious, all agree that the Easter festival at Rome is rather to be regarded as a theatrical representation, than a religious ceremony. The Roman people plays in it merely the second part—the first is assigned to foreigners,—to ladies and gentlemen in full dress. These are the privileged spectators, for whom the doors and the ranks of the Swiss Guard willingly open, whilst the mass of the people of Rome, who have not on a wedding-

garment, are thrust back with the butt-ends of muskets, and kept out by inexorable bolts.

The meaning of this behaviour is no mystery. The object is to produce an imposing effect on the nations most remote, and to dazzle the eyes which are least accustomed to such scenes.

That this artifice is frequently successful, who can doubt? There are in the world so many feeble heads, sickly fancies, and worn-out minds, that the attempt at their corruption by all the means usually found effectual on human frailty can hardly fail; and in fact you hear in Rome every day of the conversion of some foreign heretic. Especially of late, the travelling English and Americans stream towards the Papal fold.

Well— whoever has a real vocation to be sheared, why let him, and fleeced and flayed into the bargain if he will—he is only playing the part that Nature has assigned him. But that any one man or woman of sound moral constitution should be, at this time of day, gained over to Catholicism in the city of Rome, that is hard to believe, and I have myself never yet, up to the present day, heard of one such instance.

## CHAPTER XXII.

THE PICTURES IN THE VATICAN. — THE TRANSFIGURATION OF RAPHAEL. — THE LAST SUPPER OF DOMENICHINO. — PICTURES OF HORRORS BY POUSSIN. — DISAPPOINTMENT IN THE WORKS OF RAPHAEL. — WHAT IS A TRUE WORK OF ART ?

THE picture-gallery of the Vatican is in an out-of-the-way corner of the palace, which it cost me a great exertion of the organ of locality to discover. It lies close by a large grass-grown court-yard, whose deathlike stillness is broken only by the monotonous plashing of the old fountain in the middle.

The gallery is entirely of modern formation, and, although the only national collection in Rome, very small, containing perhaps scarcely forty pictures. Among these forty, however, are few but masterpieces, or at least the works of first-rate masters. In the first room are collected the most famous pieces. The "Madonna di Fuligno," representing the Virgin with four sacred personages at her feet, amongst whom St.

John the Baptist stands out prominently, is certainly one of Raphael's best pictures. Less attractive is the "Coronation of the Virgin," designed by Raphael and completed by Giulio Romano and another of his pupils. The Christ, who is placing the crown on the head of Mary, is old and patriarchal according to custom. Beneath the celestial group is represented a number of earthly personages, assembled round the Virgin's open coffin, from which flowers are springing up. The dull bluish colouring of this group, probably intended as a balance to the stretch of sky above, is very repulsive to the eye. You cannot help thinking of the *spinach* pictures of Oscar, the painter with the orange-coloured beard, who plays so prominent a part in the eventful life of "Jerome Paturot."

The same subject, painted by Raphael himself, is much more effective; and the pleasing simplicity of character in the figures reminds one of German conception and expression. The graceful thought of the flowers growing from the coffin is here much more tastefully carried out than in the other picture, as we have single lilies and roses instead of a gay crowded parterre.

The "Transfiguration" is everywhere considered as Raphael's grand master-piece. Over a

mountain, very microscopically finished, in the manner of the earlier painters, is seen the Saviour, floating in the air, between two other Biblical persons, while some of the apostles lie dazzled on the ground. The light, airy hovering is inimitably expressed. At the foot of the mountain is assembled a numerous group of spectators, who gather round a possessed person, a child, who is tossing himself wildly about, with staring eyes and violent gestures. The persons who surround the child are occupied, some chiefly, some exclusively, with him. Only two or three of them pay any attention to the transaction going on on the mountain and in the air; and these do so only with reference to the possessed, whom they seem to direct towards the upper group. There is much monotony in the play of feature, so that the group appears to me to fail in animation, in spite of the violence of attitude and gesture, with the exception, that is, of the back-ground figures, who show no interest whatever in the chief action.

Many artists and connoisseurs place Domenichino's "Supper of Saint Hieronymus," higher even than the "Transfiguration" of Raphael; indeed they seem almost inclined to declare it the most perfect painting now existing. It



seems to me, however, that there is considerable doubt thrown on the validity of this decision, by the fact that the picture was formerly held in such bad repute, that Poussin was commissioned to paint it over; and it was not till he had refused, and declared it to possess the highest excellence, that its fame began.

For my own part, my only conception of a work of art, is of that which treats a poetical subject in a manner acceptable to the sense of the beautiful. The withered, almost naked, body of the Saint is such a repulsive object—all the more repulsive for being so true—that it contradicts my idea of the nature and aims of art. Though the accessories may be ever so successful, the principal figure repels me so much that I have no care to examine the rest of the picture.

In the second room of the gallery are collected a sickening set of representations of torture and slaughter that make the spectator's blood curdle in his veins. Here, among the rest, *Nicolaus Pussin* (as he writes his own name) has a piece of disgusting barbarism,—the disemboweling of a saint who has refused to do homage to the heathen gods. Whoever thinks it worth while to glance at this display of cannibalism will soon see that the stamp of self-degra-

dation is so glaringly imprinted on it, that even the otherwise warm and living colours of Poussin have here degenerated into a poor and faded daub. If he had left behind him a thousand pictures like this, they would give him no claim to the name of Artist.

In the last room we find a few more works of Raphael. One an "Adoration of the Infant Christ," marked in the Catalogue as being in "the early style" of the artist, might more appropriately be called the exercise of a beginner; in which at most we may trace some germ of the future master. Three little medallions by the same artist, Faith, Hope, and Charity, are in a style which I feel tempted to call classical, yet earnest and lovely at the same time; only I could have wished that Charity had not such a very large family of little children to hold in her arms,—two, I should have thought, would be enough in any case; as it is, she seems to be in danger every moment of losing some one or other of the number.

I might here mention that room in the Vatican which is covered with Raphael's frescoes, biblical, historical, and allegorical, but that I really have nothing to say about it; I saw them and went away without feeling the slightest in-

clination to look at them again; nor does there remain on my mind any other impression concerning them than that they have a very faded, darkened, and injured appearance; so that I was not surprised to hear that a hundred or two hundred years ago, there was some idea of pulling them down, and that they were saved only by some accidental circumstance.

“How, in Heaven’s name, does it happen that you artists make so much of Raphael?” I asked a short time ago, in a state of semi-despair, addressing an Italian painter. “The reason is that Raphael makes fewer mistakes than any one else,” was the answer I received. At these words a sudden flash of light came across my view of the matter, and the longer I thought about it, the clearer did it become. These few words contain the whole enigma. Raphael makes no mistakes; his drawing is true, his colours well chosen and well treated, neither out of keeping with each other, nor with the subject, his grouping is thoroughly considered, he observes the proportion and relation of every part; in one word, he is a *correct* painter. On this account he is admired by all those who are acquainted with the enormous difficulties of the technical part of painting; and it is therefore

that those who are anxious themselves to overcome these difficulties study him with such persevering zeal. Raphael is a master of the *handicraft* of painting; — and he must himself understand this craft who would thoroughly appreciate his perfection in this respect.\*

This handicraft, however, is still only the *body* of Art; what of the soul thereof, is the question. To make no mistakes is but a negative merit; and, however hard it may be to accomplish, can no more constitute an artist than to have no vices will make a man virtuous.

The poetic fire must gleam through these colours and these lines, if they are to become living art. Does Raphael possess this creative power? Is there in him that inspiration, that soaring fancy, that bears us unconsciously heavenward on the mighty wings of genius. Do we

\* The reader may perhaps recollect Sir Joshua Reynolds's acknowledgment of his great disappointment in the pictures of Raphael, when he first visited the Vatican. He disclosed his feelings, he says, to a fellow-student—who thereupon made a similar confession—but Sir Joshua adds, "notwithstanding my disappointment, I proceeded to copy these works; I viewed them again and again, *I even affected to feel their merit more than I did*, and in a short time a new taste, and a new perception began to dawn upon me." Our vivacious traveller contented himself apparently with his first impression, which he records with his usual straight-forward candour, without being at all alarmed at the great majority against him.—Ta.

read in his pictures the eloquence of an ardent soul; any passionate love, any fervent piety; deep powerful feeling of any kind whatever? No, and for ever no! The composition of Raphael is throughout cold, feeble, conventional, inexpressive; the composition, however, is that which constitutes the work of art. All else is merely accessory—the means to an end, as language and versification to poetry. The poet is praised, and justly, for the purity and dignity of his language, for the harmony and flexibility of his metre; but something more than this is necessary before we can grant the name of poet at all; better could we dispense with both the other elements than this indescribable something.

Just so with the technical part of painting, in comparison with the *spirit*, which expresses itself in composition. If there is any obstacle to this analogy between the arts of painting and poetry, it can only consist in the fact, that the technical part of the former is only to be overcome by immensely greater labour, and, at the same time, produces a much more striking effect than that of the latter. The labour which the painter expends in learning the language of his art, is doubtless the cause of his estimating so highly mere power of execution; of his over-estimating it, in fact,

an error into which the poet does not so often fall. The public, however, lets itself easily be imposed on by this one-sided artistical judgment; the majority of spectators having little confidence in their own natural taste, in justification of which they have no dogmatic formulas to bring into the field of criticism.

This one-sidedness is strikingly proved by all the usual expressions of artistical critics. "Admirably painted," is their highest form of praise. As to *what* it is that is painted, they scarcely ever give a thought. This conception of the art alone it is which makes it possible for painting to throw its powers away on the most worthless subjects—dead hares and quartered oxen, sliced melons and bunches of flowers. A living flower is certainly a charming object, but can just as little be painted as set to music; is just as bad a subject for art, therefore, as the sliced-melon or the still-life hare.

What does the picture say, what feeling does it excite, what thoughts stir up? These are usually the very last questions which a painter asks—if he ever asks them at all. And yet on the answer to these questions depends the real value of the work of art. The worth of art is identical with that which it says and does. The

art which is not in a certain sense dramatic, has no right to its name. Now it is exactly in this dramatic power that Raphael fails. The forms of his figures may be perfection itself, but he does not know how to put a soul into them, or how to bring them into living relations one with another; there is neither spirit nor action in his composition, and thus it is that they leave me, at least, cold and untouched.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

ROMAN OPERA AND DRAMA.—THEATRES ILL SUPPORTED IN ROME.  
—THE APOLLO THEATRE.—TEDIOUSNESS OF OPERAS.—PERPETUAL  
REPETITION.—MARIA THE SLAVE.—MADAME RISTORI.—GOLDONI.  
—NATIONAL HUMOUR.—NO MIMICKRY OF THE FRENCH.

THE stage holds a very subordinate place in Roman life, especially compared with the great influence it exercises in Florence, Naples, Milan, and other Italian cities. Whilst Florence, with at most a hundred thousand inhabitants, supports ten or twelve theatres, Rome, with nearly double that population, has scarcely half as many, and certainly not more than three, which have anything to offer to a cultivated taste. During Lent they are all closed by ecclesiastical order; and, in summer, many of them close for want of encouragement. The sources which maintain the principal theatres of other Italian towns in so brilliant a manner, are here either wholly wanting, or but very scantily supplied. The ecclesiastical grandees, who hold the public



purse, have no interest in the theatres, being forbidden to enter them. The number of the opulent laity of Rome is too inconsiderable to support the great expenditure necessary to a theatre, which should supply the luxurious wants of our day. It is easy, therefore, to explain the great inferiority of the Roman Opera to that of all the other capitals. The *ballet*, which since the "blessed Restoration" of the modest Neapolitan Government has had to put on again the well-known green drawers, cannot be expected to thrive under the severe morality of the papal *régime*. Modesty, in fact, is such a prominent feature in the character of the Roman Government, that it involuntarily shuts its eyes whenever any of its members are engaged in any little dirty work—such as bribery, adultery, embezzlement, seduction, and so on; and if it usually sits with one eye shut tight, it can better afford to keep the other wide awake to all delinquencies against the infallible orthodoxy of Church and State.

The Apollo Theatre, in which the opera is performed, is an insignificant-looking building, in a narrow, dirty street, out of the usual line of traffic, which goes on in the neighbourhood of the Tiber and the Mount St. Angelo. The

interior of the house is better than one might imagine from its unpromising outside. Leaving a spacious entrance-hall, with a fountain in the middle, and antique busts ranged along the walls, ascending a handsome flight of steps, and passing through a very tastefully decorated ante-room, you reach the body of the house, which is well proportioned, and of considerable size, containing six tiers of boxes. Candelabra are placed in front of each of these richly decorated boxes, though they are only lighted on extraordinary occasions; but the six-fold garland of well-dressed female heads, ranged along the house, forms the most attractive decoration of the whole. Custom requires the gentlemen, who are also in full dress, to confine themselves almost exclusively to the pit. Even those who are escorting ladies, take their leave at the door of the box; and, so long as the curtain is up, you seldom see the semicircular female rows broken by a singular masculine figure. Highly proper, certainly, and very ornamental this arrangement may be; but, take it all in all, a theatrical entertainment can hardly be expected to gain in attractiveness thereby.

The last new opera of Rome bears a German title, "Wellingrode," but is the work of an

Italian, named Verdi. Ricci and Verdi—Verdi and Ricci—these two are at the present day the idols of the music-loving Italians; three-fourths of the operas played from Turin to Syracuse. Donizetti and Mercadante are the only rivals who can be brought at all into comparison with them as popular favourites: Bellini is obsolete, and Rossini too learned. Now take into consideration the frightful custom which here prevails, of playing and listening to the self-same opera, night after night, the whole winter through! and how the Italians can stand it, let him conceive who can. A few enterprising individuals lately undertook, it is true, to produce two, or even three pieces, in the season; but, of these brilliant promises, some never blossomed into performances and the rest were accomplished in the following style. Instead of the pieces being given alternately, each was played on for months, as long as it could be borne, and then given up for the next, which was worked to death on the same plan.

“Wellingrode” was *ennui* itself, set to music, and the singers, male and female, quite worthy of it. Even the band was bad. After a first act, which lasted an hour, and an eternal interlude, the first scene of the second act finally

drove me from the place; much as I should have liked to see the *ballet*, which was to follow. My fortitude had been in vain; my boldest resolutions were overcome.

To clear my ears of Signor Verdi's music, I went to the Capranica theatre, whose play-bill promised silence at least, in the form of a pantomime. The house was large, handsome, and well filled, the pantomime flat and empty; kicks, cuffs, and tumbles, the standing jokes. How can it be, by-the-by, that the Italian Harlequin should have retained his hideous mask unaltered to this day? How can the public possibly believe that this ugly black-faced fellow is really favoured by that enchanting Columbine? But no innovator has ever been so bold as to touch the mask; so this detestable Harlequin leads his prize off every night in the face of all rational probability.

Rope-dancing followed the pantomime, and after the rope-dancing came a juvenile play, and after that a series of feats of strength and agility, by a company of Herculean Americans. The Theatre Capranica cannot at any rate be accused of a want of variety; you certainly get enough for your money whatever the quality may be.

The Valle Theatre is the most important of all those in Rome ; in artistic merits, that is to say, for in mere rank the opera, of course, holds the first place. The modern play, and the old comedy of Goldoni, are here excellently given, though I cannot say so much when high tragedy is attempted, or French farce ; in which latter, however, the Italians are in general successful.

The first piece I saw in this theatre was of a socialist tendency, and entitled " Maria the Slave ;" its French origin was obvious in every scene, though the author's name was not given. The plot is skilfully designed and executed with Parisian tact. Maria has been born a slave, in Martinique, and, apparently because she seems too white for her African descent, brought up by a kind mistress like the daughter of a rich family. The adopted mother dies without having taken measures for securing Maria's legal freedom, and she is, consequently, about to be sold by the next heir. She escapes to Cayenne, where she finds another motherly friend, to whom, however, she does not confide the secret of her former destiny. It is here that we are first introduced to the heroine, whom we find betrothed to the Governor, who is a fanatic for *law* and a slave to all the prejudices of the

Creole. This Governor I found exceedingly tedious ; however, Maria is in love with him, once for all, and scornfully rejects an elegant young foreigner, who tries to supplant him. The unsuccessful suitor is about to depart in a state of despair, when he discovers that Maria is not only a slave, but *his* slave. The perplexities and entanglements which arise out of this discovery may easily be imagined : Maria, in danger of being wholly discarded, as a creature beneath contempt, of losing her lover and falling into the hands of one who is eager to revenge on her his disappointed love ; the Governor, distracted by his love on the one hand, and on the other his judicial conscience, and Creole pride ; the owner of the slave, spurred on by maddening passion to a deed of shame, which he tries to think of as nothing but the exercise of his legal right, whilst honour and humanity cry out against it loudly in his secret soul.

The difficult situations which these conflicts give rise to, were, almost without exception, admirably carried out by the several actors. The principal actress, Madame Ristori, is a first-rate performer, and the part was calculated to exhibit her talent to the best advantage. Whether in scenes of pathos, of agonizing inter-

nal struggle, or of sudden violent shock, she displays a mastery of her art which is hardly to be surpassed. In the stormiest outbreak she discriminates with delicate judgment the boundary lines of the True and the Beautiful, and never once runs into the fatal exaggeration that lies so close upon their limits. In the scene, for instance, where, in presence of her rejected suitor, she gradually becomes aware that her secret is discovered, and we see her passing from the expression of indignant female pride, through the various stages of anxiety, fear, horror, till she sinks at length to the humblest entreaty. This successive expression of the most opposite emotions was given by her with an art and truth that were indescribably absorbingly beautiful.

I must add, that Madame Ristori is unassisted by any mere personal attractions. I was told, indeed, that she had been beautiful, but at the present day this is matter of tradition; she is, certainly, not well-proportioned—is thin, of awkward carriage, and has a harsh disagreeable voice. To her extraordinary talent alone she is indebted for being the idol of the Roman public. Great excitement was lately produced in the public mind by the rumour that her husband, a Roman noble of the highest rank, whom she

married many years ago, is thinking of withdrawing his wife from the stage at the close of the present winter. It is to be hoped, however, that the Marquis will listen to reason; and, perhaps, his wife may have some voice in this domestic arrangement.

The comedies of Goldoni are, even to this day, the real life of the Italian drama. On another evening which I spent at the Valle theatre, I saw one of these pieces, the name of which, unfortunately, I have forgotten; it was a delightful thing—bright and refreshing with the healthy genial humour with which it overflowed. Good nature is always an essential element of Italian wit, which never aims at wounding, far less at poisoning the wound; a merry child-like wit, of true aim and lightning speed, but without a sting; the best wit in the world, in short. Goldoni is perfectly master of this perfectly national humour. Take, for instance, that old simpleton, who can never open his mouth about any person or thing, but it overflows with pompous praises—whose benevolent officiousness is so great that he insists on finding lawyers for people who have no lawsuits—who, in excess of hospitality, presses people to dine with him, though he has nothing to give them to eat; and you will find him, all



in all, one of the most comic, as well as most original, characters that fiction has to offer.

The whole play is in the same spirit; not a painted image but a glimpse of real life; not a manufacture but a growth. Goldoni is a thoroughly national poet; and where invention fails he helps himself out with fact. There is not one of his characters which does not reflect a part of his own nature; no plot, no situation which is not a true picture of Italian reality.

Since the date when he wrote, much of the material which he worked upon has certainly suffered change in this and that particular; but the essential points remain the same, and the Italian still recognises his own portrait under various forms in all Goldoni's personages. He finds his own ways of life, his own failings, his own partialities, and the merry caricature of himself never misses its effect.

It is because the poetry of Goldoni is thus pervaded with the spirit of the nation that he was such an idol of his contemporaries, and is still, after the lapse of three generations, fresh in favour with the public. It is really not to artistic excellence that he owes his pre-eminence. He is even feeble in dramatic power here and there, but ever natural, simple, comprehensible,

and never tedious. If he makes himself merry over the faults and follies he finds around him he has always too much self-respect to insult the nation to which he belongs. To the faintest shade of national insult the masses are always peculiarly sensitive, however little the fact may be acknowledged in certain quarters; and to have a false caricature held up as their own portrait they will not endure; scarcely even that the dramatic mirror should avail itself of lustre or transparency, which is of foreign origin.

The attractions of other countries, true or imaginary, are never made standing decorations of the Italian stages, and they ought not to be in a theatre truly national.

When Goldoni lays his scene in Venice, the Lagoon is the boundary of his dramatic world. He acknowledges nothing that lies beyond, far less holds up any grand and brilliant foreign picture to throw the Venetian reality into the shade. He ridicules the Venetian pig-tail, not because it is not worn in other places, but simply because it is a pig-tail; he chastises the avarice and the purse-pride of the Venetians, but he does not insinuate that after all they are but miserable paupers in comparison with the English; and when he paints the gay and joyous life of Venice

he never adds—" But in Paris, to be sure, that's quite another sort of thing."

When I contrast with this the disgusting mimicry of the French which snuffles at us from every page of our newest German drama, my bile begins to mount, and I prudently put down my pen.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

LONDON:

Printed by SAMUEL BENTLEY and Co.

Bangor House, Shoe Lane.

**WANDERINGS**  
**THROUGH**  
**THE CITIES OF ITALY**  
**IN 1850 AND 1851.**

**BY A. L. VON ROCHAU.**

**TRANSLATED BY**  
**MRS. PERCY SINNETT.**

**IN TWO VOLUMES.**

**VOL. II.**  

---

**LONDON:**  
**RICHARD BENTLEY, NEW BURLINGTON STREET.**  
**Publisher in Ordinary to Her Majesty.**

---

**1853.**  

---

**LONDON:**  
**Printed by SAMUEL BENTLEY and Co.**  
**Bangor House, Shoe Lane.**

# CONTENTS

## OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

### CHAPTER I.

	PAGE
ROMAN CHURCHES AND PAPAL PALACES.—Different Effects of Luxury in public and in private Buildings.—New Churches.—St. Peter's.—Deceptive Effects of Size.—Monuments of the Popes.—Papal Delicacy.—The Pantheon.—Roman Baths.—Tribute to the Sovereign People.—Retribution.—The Franciscan Sermon.—The Pope's Palaces	1

### CHAPTER II.

STEINHAUSER'S STUDIO IN ROME.—Colossal Statue of Goethe.—Bettina Brentario's Design.—Monuments to great Men of Germany.—Various Groups by Steinhauser.—Monument to American Children	19
--	----

### CHAPTER III.

THE SISTINE CHAPEL.—Frescoes of Michael Angelo.—Difficulty of getting a proper View.—The Last Judgment.—Objectionable Subject	27
---	----

### CHAPTER IV.

ROMAN PICTURE-GALLERIES AND PICTURES OF NATURE.—The Gallery of the Palazzo Borghese.—Savonarola.—Laura.—Cæsar Borgia.—The Danae of Correggio.—Venus of Krnach.—The Doria Gallery.—Herodias.—Machiavelli, etc.—The Banks of the Tiber.—The Pope taking an airing	32
---	----

## CHAPTER V.

THE MODERN PASSION FOR RUINS.—View from the Capitol.	PAGE
—The Palace of the Conservatori.—Various Relics.—Brutality of Roman Conqueror.—Bas-reliefs of Scenes in Roman History.—Triumphs.—The Wolf of Rome.—Busts.—Brutus.—Alcibiades.—Sappho.—Model of the Temple of Jerusalem.—The Capitoline Chronicle.—The present Senate of Rome . . . . .	42

## CHAPTER VI.

VILLA ALBANI AND PRINCE HENRY OF PRUSSIA.—Admission Regulations.—New Ruins.—Gardens, etc.—Busts of Caracalla.—Mode of Life of Prince Henry . . . . .	53
--	----

## CHAPTER VII.

THE CHAIN OF TIME.—The historical value of ancient Ruins.—Ancient Temples and modern Churches.—Heathen Gods and Christian Saints.—Roman Catholicism coextensive with the Dominion of old Rome . . . . .	60
---	----

## CHAPTER VIII.

A ROMANTIC DRAMA IN THE MAUSOLEUM OF AUGUSTUS.—Sorrows of an idle Man on Sunday Afternoon.—An unexpected Resource.—A Drama of thrilling Interest . . . . .	68
--	----

## CHAPTER IX.

A LITTLE SCENE OF ROMAN POPULAR LIFE.—The Diligence.—The Campagna.—Tivoli.—The Anio.—A comfortable Anchorite.—The Iron Works of Tivoli.—Hadrian's Villa.—The Coffee-house.—Dramatic Talents of the Italians.—A Fête.—The Villa d'Este.—Gardens and artificial Waters . . . . .	78
--	----

# CONTENTS.

V

## CHAPTER X.

	PAGE
LOITERING IN ROME.—The Museum of the Vatican.—The Convent of St. Onofrio.—Italian Memorials to Public Men.—The Rev. Don Marcello.—His Politics and his Opinion of the Americans . . . . .	105

## CHAPTER XI.

FROM ROME TO NAPLES.—Albano.—Ariccia.—The Viaduct.—Velletri.—Draining of Pontine Marshes.—Terracina.—Neapolitan Territory.—Beggary.—Molodi Gaeta.—Capua.—Entry into Naples . . . . .	116
--	-----

## CHAPTER XII.

NAPLES, CITY AND PEOPLE.—A decidedly great City.—Aspect of the Place and its Inhabitants.—Neapolitan Character . . . . .	141
--	-----

## CHAPTER XIII.

THE BOURBON MUSEUM OF NAPLES.—Disorderly Condition.—Riches.—Paintings found at Pompeii.—Gallery of modern Pictures.—Portrait of Masaniello.—Sculptures.—Works in Bronze.—Mercury found at Herculaneum.—Venus Victrix.—Ancient Works in Glass.—Roman and Russian Heroism . . . . .	149
---	-----

## CHAPTER XIV.

POMPEII AND HERCULANEUM.—Expectations of Pompeii.—Pompeian Houses.—Frescoes.—The Villa of Diomedes . . . . .	167
--	-----

## CHAPTER XV.

CAMALDOLI.—Visit to the Convent.—The Cells of the Monks.—The Convent Garden.—The Castle of Capo di Monti.—The Theatre of San Carlo.—Italian Dialects. . . . .	177
---	-----



## CHAPTER XVI.

	PAGE
POZZUOLI, CUMÆ AND BAJA.—Lateness of Spring.—Quantity of Ruins.—Trade of Ciceronism.—Ancient Magnificence.—Piscina Mirabilis.—Imperial Luxuries.—Pliny the Younger.—Roman Fish-Ponds.—Aversion to Mulletts among the Populace of Naples . . . . .	187

## CHAPTER XVII.

SALERNO AND AMALFI.—Norman Ruins at Salerno.—Environs.—Recruits.—Mild Treatment by Officers.—Road to Amalfi.—The little Town of Majora.—Amalfi.—The Clan Meloni.—War and Peace.—Convent Hospitality.—A Miracle.—Mountain Paths.—Industrious Neapolitans.—Punta di San Lazaro.—Castle Quisisana . . . . .	202
--	-----

## CHAPTER XVIII.

THE CARTHUSIAN CONVENT AT NAPLES.—Certosa di San Martino.—Luxury of the Carthusians.—Magnificent Prospects.—Swiss Mercenaries . . . . .	229
---	-----

## CHAPTER XIX.

ON VESUVIUS.—Prospects from high Mountains.—Guides and Travellers.—Ascent of Vesuvius.—Importunate Assistants.—The Crater . . . . .	238
---	-----

## CHAPTER XX.

CASTELLAMARE, SORRENTO, AND CAPRI.—An attack of Cavalry.—Sorrento.—A Row to Capri.—Magnificent variety of Scenery.—Abrupt Return . . . . .	253
--	-----

## CHAPTER XXI.

ISCHIA.—Procida.—The Town of Ischia.—The Sentinella Grande.—The Sirocco.—A Walk round the Island.—A candid Hostess . . . . .	263
--	-----

## CHAPTER XXII.

	PAGE
FROM NAPLES TO ROME.—Paternal Precaution.—Civita Vecchia again.—Easter Solemnities at Rome.—Illumination of St. Peters.—Department of the People . . .	274

## CHAPTER XXIII.

FROM ROME TO GENOA.—Pleasures of a Sea-passage.—Leghorn.—To Sea again.—Variety of Company.—First Lessons in Geography.—Arrival at Genoa . . .	283
---	-----

## CHAPTER XXIV.

GENOA.—Courteous Treatment.—Busy and crowded Hotels.—Magnificent Architecture.—Rich Picture-galleries.—Comparative Insignificance of Churches.—Religious Habits of Genoese.—Exquisite Promenade of Aqua Sala.—Splendid Coffee-house.—University.—Lecture-rooms without Desks.—Palace Doria.—Honourable position of Sardinia.—Troops and National Guard.—Freedom of Press . . .	293
--	-----

## CHAPTER XXV.

THE ROAD TO ARQUATA.—Turin.—The Palazzo delle Scienze.—The Parliament.—Desperate Resource . . .	311
---	-----

## CHAPTER XXVI.

MOUNT CENIS.—Chambery and Aix.—Departure from Turin.—Passive Resistance.—A Coach-Race.—Mount Cenis.—Road to Chambery.—A Fête.—The Grand Jardin.—Aix.—Gambling-Houses . . .	322
--	-----



# WANDERINGS

## THROUGH

# THE CITIES OF ITALY

### IN 1850-51.

---

## CHAPTER I.

ROMAN CHURCHES AND PAPAL PALACES.—DIFFERENT EFFECTS OF LUXURY IN PUBLIC AND IN PRIVATE BUILDINGS.—NEW CHURCHES.—ST. PETER'S.—DECEPTIVE EFFECTS OF SIZE.—MONUMENTS OF THE POPES.—PAPAL DELICACY.—THE PANTHEON.—ROMAN BATHS.—TRIBUTE TO THE SOVEREIGN PEOPLE.—RETRIBUTION.—THE FRANCISCAN SERMON.—THE POPE'S PALACES.

I AM a great friend to public magnificence when it does not overstep the public means, and is not pushed beyond the bounds of that simplicity which is the first essential of beauty. The wisest Governments of all times and countries have agreed in the care and expense bestowed upon their public buildings and statues. That rule of Athenian life which placed modest dwelling-houses besides magnificent palaces and temples, should be followed out in every state conscious of the impulses, which, in the Grecian

republics developed the most glorious blossoms of human existence.

There lies a deep meaning in that rule. Moderation in the private life of the citizen is the surest safeguard of the welfare of the nation and the state, and where public proceedings are carried on with dignity and grandeur, the inspiration of public spirit will not be wanting. Public buildings are the monuments of the age, erected by itself, and a niggardly hand in their execution, speaks a petty spirit. Churches, town-halls, parliament-houses, theatres, are the palaces of the people, their wealth is shared in by the poor, and the consciousness of such a participation smooths away the bitterness of many a personal privation. Many of us know from experience the feeling of elevation with which we return to our simple home, from some display of national splendour ; we have had a share in the pomp we have witnessed. When the contrast is between individual wealth and poverty, envy, discontent, and hatred may be aroused in ill-regulated minds ; but when the poverty of the individual is placed beside the wealth of the community, such an effect is impossible, and in its stead there arises a pure enjoyment from the gratification of man's innate

love of luxury. And who shall say that this innate yearning, which is the nurse of civilization, is an improper one, or that it is unlawful to gratify it, at the expense of all and for the pleasure of each? Unlawful, certainly, and even criminal, is that luxury which consists in a lavish waste of means and powers on exclusively selfish pleasures. It is a paltry excuse for such an abuse of fortune that the squandered superfluity flows back to the working classes. The industry which panders to sybarite fastidiousness is not a healthy one, and though here and there an individual tradesman may be enriched by it, yet it inevitably tends to the impoverishment of the nation. I heard once of a shawl, which Louis XV. had destined for some lady of his court, and which, after being eighty years in the loom, was, at length, purchased by somebody for many thousand dollars. It is not often that we hear of so revolting a waste of time and labour as this; but there are too many people who think themselves entitled to lord it in a similar manner over the most admirable talents, because they are able to pay for them. If these people imagine that they deserve approbation for the aid they lend to industry, I can only regard them with the sincerest compassion. Those, on the

other hand, who have some comprehension of the existing state of things, will be easily convinced by a little reflection, that there is nothing more dangerous for the peace and safety of a community than such an "encouragement of industry."

That in Rome, the capital of a priest-governed state, the metropolis of a wide-spread faith, too high a value should be set on large handsome and richly-furnished churches, is not unnatural. But the number of Roman churches exceeds, to all appearance, the bounds not only of what is necessary, but of what can be considered desirable.

It is undeniable, however, that for some time past there has been a great falling off in the zeal which, for many centuries, bent its whole energy to overload every quarter of Rome with churches. At the present moment, as far as I have remarked, there is only one church being built, or rather rebuilt, namely, the St. Paul's which was burnt down about twenty years ago. This church was renowned for its age, its size, and the rare purity with which the Basilican style was carried out in it; it lay near a gate of the city far from any inhabited quarter, and was quite unnecessary, yet it is being rebuilt at an immense expense. In the plan for the new

building the architect has departed from the old Basilican style in many instances; instead of the former pointed roof of wood-work adorned with carving, the new church is to have a flat roof, which, from its great length and breadth, resembles nothing so much as a coffin-lid, and it is much to be doubted whether the fame of the former erection will be inherited by its successor. The new building is imposing from its vast size, and appears larger even than it is from its isolated position, but it is wanting in majesty. The same fault may be found with all the churches of Rome, with the exception, perhaps, of St. Peter's. Our eyes, accustomed to the *dithyrambic* forms of gothic architecture, may find pleasure in the softly-rounded lines of the Italian cupola style, but their effect is not overwhelming, and one of the highest enjoyments of which we are capable, is the feeling of being overwhelmed.

Contrasted with the church of St. Paul, St. Peter's appears much smaller than it really is. The exterior, observed from a short distance, makes no great impression. Both sides of the church are hidden by the neighbouring buildings, the façade is extremely tasteless, and the cupola does not make itself felt in its full worth. The ranges of pillars and arches which surround



the area before the church, are not so imposing in the reality as in the well-known representation of them. The intention of such an addition is so evident, that the spectator, at the first glance, feels insulted by them. "Now we will make a grand perspective," the architect appears to have said to himself, when the church was finished, and thereupon he placed eight giant rows of columns, supporting nothing but their own weight, and which have no object in view but the formation of a perspective. Such a trick is quite unworthy of true art, and the more unworthy, the greater the means wasted on it. Nor do these giant pillars even create a grand effect, for they have been placed so close together that the walk beneath them has a narrow dark unearthly aspect, rendered yet more melancholy by a rough pavement of the very commonest kind. The only service which these arcades of columns render, is that of hiding the miserable barracks which lie close beside them on the St. Peter's Place, and this concealment might have been effected at a cost something less than a million of dollars.

On first entering St. Peter's an optical delusion is presented to the spectator, which, unlike the above-mentioned one, creates even an exag-

gerated impression of the size of the church. On a rail before the high altar, surrounding the entrance to the vaults, burn a great number of lamps, whose weak light has the effect of being at a great distance. On coming nearer, however, the insignificant height of the balustrade and the feebleness of the light destroy the illusion and produce the opposite effect. The church of St. Peter's must be often visited and studied in its solitude, to gain a just idea of its colossal dimensions. Some fault in the plan of the building is commonly alleged as the cause of this, but I am inclined to ascribe it, on the contrary, to the effect of harmony and just proportion. It is a fact of every-day experience, that a false proportion gives the idea of great extent; for example, a great lanky boy is often imagined to be taller than a well-built full-grown man, who has really the advantage of him in height. The works of art that adorn St. Peter's are on the same huge scale as the building; and every vacant spot has been so filled with the monuments of the popes, that it would now be difficult to find room for even one more. One of the richest and handsomest is that of Clement XIII., by Canova, considered one of his choicest works. The pope is represented kneeling on

the sarcophagus, in the posture of inward prayer ; on the right hand of the pope is a female figure, representing the Church, but looking more of a virago than a saint, and disfigured by the wreath of marble spikes intended for a glory round her head. On the other side rests a figure of soft and elegant form, whose extinguished torch points her out (a rather pagan idea, as it seems to me) as the Angel of Death. At the threshold of the monument lie two of the most magnificent lions ever carved out of marble ; in comparison with them all the lions of antiquity that I have seen are but wooden toys ; indeed nothing is rarer in ancient art, than a good representation of animal life. One of these fierce guards is enjoying an enviable nap, but the other is terribly life-like and watchful.

The last of the Stuarts too have a monument in St. Peter's, wrought by the hand of Canova, which is admirable for the simplicity of both design and inscription. The last three bearers of that ill-fated name are depicted in half-length reliefs, and beside them two mourning angels, to whom the modesty of the papal police has lately supplied aprons. A like charitable gift has been bestowed on a symbolic female figure on one of the tombs, whose toilette was considered too

slight. It is also worthy of mention here, that the same pious care has supplied coats and trousers to the figures of Michael Angelo's "Last Judgment," in the Sixtine chapel, and the papal charity in this case has not only been extended to the angels and the blessed souls, but to the damned, and even to the devil himself. After such equal mercy to the just and the unjust, who shall dare complain of Romish intolerance?

The ascent of the cupola of St. Peter's is an arduous task, but one richly rewarded. On the flat roof of the church and on the outer and inner galleries of the cupola, you first become really acquainted with St. Peter's. Whilst, at the same time, you obtain a view of the labyrinthine Vatican, such as it is difficult to gain from any other point. The distant view from this point is the most magnificent that Rome and its environs can offer; so rich and wonderful, that every attempt at description would be labour in vain.

Next to St. Peter's and the Basilican St. Paul, Santa Maria Maggiore, and San Giovanni in Laterano, are the largest and handsomest churches of the metropolis of Catholicism. The most ostentatious of them is, without doubt, Santa Maria della Vittoria, built, I believe, in

commemoration of the battle of Lepanto; it is small, but so much overloaded with ornament and statues, that one loses all desire to examine them individually.

Ten or twelve of the Roman churches were originally Heathen temples or baths. The Pantheon is the grandest of these erections; full of ancient pride and dignity, though now disfigured by a variety of modern improvements. Both in Milan and Naples the most careful and persevering efforts have failed to imitate the noble Rotunda.

It is impossible, however, to obtain a good view of the exterior of the Pantheon, it is so choked up with buildings. The portico of the principal entrance is the only part fully exposed to view, and this again is the site of one of those misdeeds which have procured for the name of Bernini an unenviable celebrity, namely, the patching on of two miserable steeples, which have been not unaptly named the ass's ears of the architect. Among the lesser monuments in the Pantheon, is Thorwaldsen's statue of Cardinal Gonsalvi. It is a relief, representing the Cardinal in the act of presenting to the Pope, Pius VII., the provinces of the Papal States, united principally through his efforts. The provinces appear in the form of blooming women,

who have thrown themselves reverently at the feet of his Holiness. The object and the invention seem to me totally unworthy of Thorwaldsen; I cannot forgive him this monument to Gonsalvi.

On the ruins of the Diocletian baths, the church of Santa Maria degli Angeli has been erected by Michael Angelo, who built into his church a number of immense granite columns and a rotunda belonging to the former baths. These columns give a lively idea of the grandeur of the Imperial baths, which is yet more distinctly indicated by the wide-spread ruins still existing. Libraries, picture-galleries, and courts for gymnastic exercises, all that can enliven public life, were united in these buildings, within whose walls thousands and thousands of Roman citizens found daily occupation and amusement.

So mighty were these traditions of the Republic, that, long after every trace of public freedom had disappeared, the Emperors vied with each other in supplying the wants and even the luxuries of their people. This was no corruption of them, for that was no longer required amongst the Roman people, but only amongst the Prætorian guard; it was homage offered by the usurper to the dethroned monarch. The manifold arrangements

for public shows, circus, theatre, amphitheatre, and naumachia, were a part of this system, and conducted on a style of grandeur such as no later time has ever witnessed. As the English maintain a glittering court around the deposed Sultans of India and pay them a handsome income, so the Roman Emperors pensioned the deposed Roman people with splendid public shows.

The day came when the empire of the Cæsars was bankrupt, when the palaces fell-in that the deposed people had built, and Rome, in naked poverty, stood fronting its own misery.

That was a good time for Italy, a time of deserved and necessary chastisement; a time of blood, in truth, but also of that sweat which the Romans had not known for centuries, and without which there is no true blessing or harvest upon earth. There is no better medicine for a degenerate people than iron necessity. It was necessity that enabled a part of the Italian people to issue forth in renewed vigour and beauty from the barbarism with which the German conquest had overwhelmed them. Venice and Genoa, Milan and Florence, worked themselves up to be the pride and strength of their country. Rome, on the contrary, which imagined too soon that its world-wide rule was re-

established, went to decay a second time through pride and idleness, and became what it now is, a city of boastful poverty, living upon foreign charity. Nearly a fourth of the present population of Rome receives its bread in the shape of alms; and although the Roman games, in the old sense of the word, would scarcely be consistent with modern civilization, yet a substitute has been found for them in the magnificence of religious festivals, pompous processions, and all the splendid rites of the Roman Catholic faith.

Of the far-famed religious ceremonies of Rome, however, I can myself say nothing, having witnessed none of them. But chance, which deprived me of the splendours exhibited at St. Peter's on high festival-days, led me into the church one morning, when a Franciscan monk had ascended the pulpit. Hoping for an entertainment like the Capuchin's sermon in "The Camp of Wallenstein," I placed myself among the audience. But how was I deceived! Instead of the thunders of a spiritual tribune hurled with glowing zeal upon a sinful world, a comfortable little man, with a sweet and well-modulated voice, warbled forth a very moderate discourse about the spirit of the times. Of course he did not approve of it.



Philosophy and the newspapers were what he particularly objected to, but his complaints were free from bitterness or anger. In short, he spoke as an intelligent clergyman, gifted with very moderate powers, usually speaks to an educated audience. He had nothing of the Capuchin but the frock; a true Capuchin should have no better name for his audience, than "Children of Satan," and this monk addressed us from time to time with "O Signori." Who could get up an illusion under such circumstances?

On another occasion, I was the victim of a similar deception, in the church of St. Louis des Français, where I had strolled in accidentally, and found a number of French soldiers assembled to listen to an "instruction," which was to commence in a quarter of an hour. A sermon to the soldiers of the French Republic, delivered in a church at Rome! It might be very piquant, even instructive, and I resolved to remain. By-and-bye the number of the soldiers increased to some hundreds, but there was not a single officer among them. Presently a few priests came in, and did the honours of the church very politely, arranged some of the soldiers into a choir, disposed the chairs, and distributed little hymn-

books. A grey-bearded old fellow, who had placed himself near me, informed me in his first sentence, that he was an old soldier of the empire, and addressed a monk near us as "Monseigneur," though he had not even the portly bulk of a prelate.

After some three-quarters of an hour had passed, and I was beginning to find the time very long, the proceedings were opened with a psalm, very well sung by ten or twelve soldiers, grouped round a music desk. Thereupon followed a sermon; as dreary a discourse as ever was preached in a village-church of an afternoon; without spirit, or flavour, or power; it was tediousness itself! Of the duties of soldiers in general, in the States of the Church, and the French soldiers in particular, not a word. I had soon had enough, and too much; and several of the sons of Mars were of my opinion.

But our retreat was cut off, as the doors were locked—I must say, against all rule or reason—for, though it is written in the parable, "compel them to come in," it is not said "compel them to remain." We succeeded at last in effecting our escape. "Ah!" said one of my fellow-fugitives, when we were safe outside, "they won't catch me there again;" (*On ne m'y prendra plus*).

Extensive as are the papal palaces in Rome, they are not striking in appearance; the Vatican certainly is not, though the proudest royal residences of other countries, could hardly compete with it for size. It has reached its present condition, after the lapse of many centuries; each pope having added to it according to his taste and fancy; thus it has become a mere cluster of wings and galleries, pavilions, courts, &c., an irregular mass of stones, with no particular front; and the only way to get an idea of it is, the before-mentioned bird's-eye view from the top of St. Peter's. The only architecturally fine part of the Vatican is the chief court, built by Bramante, from which branch out the open galleries, whose fame is world-wide, under the name of Raphael's Loggie. The rest of the Vatican, as regards the architecture, is not worth walking twenty steps to see. The Lateran, at the opposite end of the town, has a more handsome appearance. Standing alone, and free from all other buildings, it forms, with the church belonging to it, a stately mass, of which you can get a good view from all sides.

Between the Vatican and the Lateran, just on the borders of inhabited and uninhabited Rome, lies the Quirinal, the least imposing of all the

Pope's palaces, but, nevertheless, his ordinary summer residence; the Vatican being the winter palace, and the Lateran remaining totally unused.

The Quirinal was employed as a barrack and hospital, in the days of the last Roman Republic, and, in consequence, it is now undergoing thorough repair, so that it does not appear under the most favourable aspect. Nevertheless, the Pope's private apartments are kept ready for his reception. We were shown his little *study*, (where there seemed to me a slight omission in the want of any place for books), with his narrow iron bedstead, and the table at which he takes the meals, which etiquette obliges him to eat alone.

In a neighbouring hall, the sentinel showed us the hole in the ceiling, where a bullet had entered in the midst of the "Judgment of Solomon." This bullet, he informed us, was aimed at the Pope, as he approached the windows, on the very day of his flight, and was fired from the foot of the steps, which lead out towards Monte Cavallo.

My companion, a staunch supporter of the existing Government, gave vent to the bitterest outpourings against the Revolutionists, but all

his efforts and questionings could not avail to draw the Pope's retainer into approving the torrent of his anger against the Republic. He preserved throughout the quiet diplomatic tone in which he had first spoken; and though he was eagerly urged to accuse the Republicans of injury and ill-usage to the palace, during their occupation of it, he remained steadfast to the truth, and answered in the negative.

In the gardens of the Quirinal there was a scent of the spring. Crocus and narcissus raised their fresh and delicate heads in the flower-borders, the turf was sprinkled with violets, the twigs of the peach-trees were just beginning to blush, and the first white blossoms had opened on the tall myrtle-trees. The silence of the deserted shrubberies was only broken by the splashing of a fountain, or the hasty flight of some bird carrying a blade of grass to his half-built nest. Statues gleamed from among the dark laurels, and here and there, through a gap in the box-hedge, you caught a magnificent glimpse of Rome. Yet I went away silent and sad.

## CHAPTER II.

STEINHAUSER'S STUDIO IN ROME.—COLOSSAL STATUE OF GOETHE.—  
BETTINA BRENTARIO'S DESIGN.—MONUMENTS TO GREAT MEN OF  
GERMANY.—VARIOUS GROUPS BY STEINHAUSER.—MONUMENT TO  
AMERICAN CHILDREN.

THE sculptor Steinhauser, of Bremen, holds the first rank among the German artists in Rome, and his studio is one of the richest to be seen there. A poetical mind, a happy power of conception and true German industry of execution, are qualities which shine out prominently from the numberless pieces on which he is at work. The most thankless subject grows productive under his hand. For example, there can hardly be anything more unpromising for artistic treatment than the whole physical development of the astronomer Olbers, and yet Steinhauser has managed to work this insignificant little mannikin, with his shapeless unmeaning face, into a statue which not only enchains the eye but sets the mind at work. The figure of the Burgomaster Smidt, whose fellow-citizens are

about to do him the somewhat equivocal honour of erecting his monument during his life-time, is also very fine. The life-worn features of the old diplomatist wear an antique dignity in the marble of Steinhauser, and the future generations of Bremen will look up with reverential awe at this representation of the former Burgo-master of their once "free town."

Steinhauser's colossal monument of Goethe, intended for Berlin, is now nearly ready, after five laborious years. It is an execution of the well-known idea of Bettina; the poet is in a sitting posture, his right hand hanging down, holds a laurel wreath, while in the left, and supported on his knee, is a lyre, whose strings are swept by the Genius of Poetry. The conception is by no means a happy one, and pleased Goethe just as little as it afterwards did the public. Bettina, however, stuck to her unsuccessful idea with feminine pertinacity, and succeeded in gaining over to it the King of Prussia, before she lost favour with his Majesty. She destined the profits of the publication of her correspondence with Goethe for the erection of this monument, and the King pledged himself to cover the deficiency. This was many years ago, however. Meanwhile Bettina's undertaking, in spite of the

great literary success of her book, seems by no means prosperous in a pecuniary point of view, in consequence of a variety of blunders, especially the publication of a bad English translation; and whether his Majesty will happen to remember his verbal promise after so long a lapse of time is somewhat doubtful.

To be a great man is an adventurous thing in Germany; Gothe is the only one who ever quite found it answer. More perilous still is the case of a great man's monument when it has no written agreement to rest upon. Shall I put the reader in mind of the deplorable results realised after years occupied in collecting funds for a monument to Luther? Or the Hermann statue, whose ruins have been eaten by rust, or stolen by sacrilegious hands, ten years ago? Or the statue of Lessing, for which penny subscriptions have been roaming about the country so long. Nevertheless, let no one dare to blame the German nation for having no public spirit, no national soul; for how should these be found where there is no political unity, no country, in fact? True it is, that we ourselves are to blame for the fact that we have no political unity such as has made other nations great and proud and free; but we have, at least, advanced so far as to con-



fess this sin of ours, and as surely as the spirit of a nation weaves its own destiny will we yet wash out our ancient guilt.

Hahnemann, more fortunate than Hermann, Lessing, or Luther, has been patronised by the town of Leipzig, a place which seems always eager to pay tribute to the memory of great men who have no other home on German ground. Thaer also has, as far as I know, as little in common with the town of Leipzig as the discoverer of Homeopathy; yet should both have a statue there. I should be the last to reproach the people of Leipzig for encroaching on foreign ground on that account. Certain it is, however, that their praiseworthy care for the recognition of German merit, might have been expended on more deserving cases; or were the names of Mendelsohn, Stein, Fichte, Hegel, or List, no greater than those of Hahnemann, or Thaer? But let us not dispute on such questions, and thereby diminish our enjoyment in finding that among the rich towns of Germany there is, really, one who seeks her own honour in honouring the memory of distinguished countrymen, even though they may not have been born within the sound of her own church-bells.

Steinhauser's statue of Hahnemann is being

executed in bronze by electrotype, and will soon be finished and sent to its place of destination. The composition is very simple : a sitting figure with an open book, resting on the knees, towards which the fine head of the old man, evidently a true portrait, is thoughtfully directed. Although on comparing the statue with the clay model, it is evident that the former has suffered much in its details by the complicated electrotype process ; yet, it will certainly be an excellent herald of the Goethe monument which, it may be hoped, will shortly follow it to Germany.

Belonging to a higher style of art, and therefore requiring a higher development of artistic genius, are some religious and mythological groups and figures, which are to be seen in Steinhäuser's studio, some finished, some awaiting the last touches. I may name, especially, a chained Psyche and a Madonna and Child, both peculiarly excellent, the one for grace and *naïveté* of composition, the other for grandeur of form and spiritual expression, which is wonderfully heightened by a masterly arrangement of the veil, just lifted by a gentle breeze. Steinhäuser seems, indeed, to have attained a skill in the treatment of drapery, unrivalled by any of his

contemporaries : the marble yields and folds under his hand like silk.

The masterpiece of the studio is a monument destined for a family vault in North America. The three children to whose memory it is dedicated are represented, half sitting, half reclining in each other's arms. The middle figure, a girl, in the first fresh bloom of early youth, encircles with the right arm her younger sister, whilst the left embraces the little brother whose head is resting on her lap. Behind the children stands the angel of Resurrection about to lay his awakening hand upon the heads of the sleepers.

I never saw a monumental group of more touching, more soothing expression than this. The thought is very simple, but how genial in its simplicity ! Monuments, whether modern, mediæval, or antique, are in general the weak side of sculpture. Whether you go to the museums for which the peaceful burying-grounds of the past have been desecrated and robbed, or search our cathedrals, where stand the pompous tombs of long lines of princes, or examine the mausoleums of kings, or the crowded burial-places of our overgrown cities, the old village churchyard, or the modern cemetery, everywhere you shall find, for one tolerably inoffensive tomb, at least a hundred at whose

hideous tastelessness your hair fairly stands on end. A monument that finely expresses a fine idea is the greatest of all rarities in the world of art. In all *Père la Chaise*, for example, you would most likely look for such a thing in vain; I, at least, after repeated visits, only found one monument,—that to Abelard and Eloise,—capable of fully satisfying even the sense of form. A simple stone, that pretends to be nothing else than the bearer of an inscription, I can put up with, humbly hoping only that the inscription might not be quite too senseless; but if the stone will insist on being a monument, let it take such a shape as not to make its character ridiculous or contemptible. In the aforesaid *Père la Chaise* you will find in swarms of stones an invention repeated which always seemed to me the very ideal of monumental absurdity. Two stones of similar shape stand close together, designating the double grave of a married pair; no harm so far; but from the upper edges of aforesaid stones proceed two long arms, which meeting half way tenderly press each other's hands in full view of a sympathetic public.

The three sleeping figures of Steinhausen's group have been intended to denote symbolically Faith, Hope, and Charity. The character of the

middle figure, embracing the younger children so lovingly and protectingly, needs no interpretation; the sister has a book on her knees as a symbol of Faith; the brother, emblematical of Hope, has a pomegranate blossom in his hand. This allegory by no means improves the group in my opinion, but it is so slightly and tastefully indicated that the warm living Nature of the whole remains unfrozen.

The "Angel of Resurrection" appears to me less successful; and I certainly could spare with great philosophy, both the angel and the heavy cross he has to carry.

## CHAPTER III.

THE SISTINE CHAPEL.—FREScoes OF MICHAEL ANGELO.—DIFFICULTY OF GETTING A PROPER VIEW.—THE LAST JUDGMENT.—OBJECTIONABLE SUBJECT.

If a painter speaks of the Sistine Chapel it is seldom without a gesture expressive of longing or admiring recollection. The majestic harmony of that name peals through the lay as through the artist world. When, therefore, in the face of all authority and despite the general voice, I make the frank confession that I have found no satisfaction of any kind in the Sistine Chapel, I am perfectly aware of the sentence such a declaration will draw down upon me. However, I have never placed the slightest value on concurrence in the general voice; my most earnest wish has ever been to form an honest opinion for myself, and while avowing it without reserve or hesitation, I freely admit in others the right I claim for myself.

The Sistine Chapel is a small inconsiderable

building to which the paintings alone have given its æsthetic importance.

The walls are covered with scriptural pictures by various artists of name of the fifteenth century. The ceiling and the wall behind the altar are painted by Michael Angelo, and it is these works which have made the Pope's private chapel, the Kaaba of artists and their followers.

My reverence for Michael Angelo, and my admiration for his genius are too lively for me to think it necessary to defend myself from the suspicion of prejudice or ingratitude. I have no doubt that the frescoes of Michael Angelo in the Sistine Chapel, the almost incredible rapidity of their execution notwithstanding, are fully worthy the greatest of Italian painters, I am only the more sorry that I was unable to enjoy them.

The frescoes of the ceiling are unenjoyable from a whole train of circumstances, any one of which would have sufficed for that result. They do not form a whole, but consist of a countless multitude of parts, every one of which is a picture in itself, and yet are so forced together that the eye has a difficulty in keeping them apart, whilst it is confused, I had almost said satiated, by the number and variety of the subjects. This ceiling is an over-laden table, where

the guest can scarcely find a corner for his plate. Every one of those pictures demands to be looked at from its peculiar point of view, which it is not always easy to find with a perpendicular glance and painfully dislocated neck. The corporeal inconvenience which the necessary position brings with it makes the contemplation a labour and injures the pleasure of art, which, more than any other pleasure in the world, requires ease for its enjoyment. Lastly, the height of the ceiling is so considerable, compared to the moderate dimensions of the figures, and the light in the chapel so feeble, that only the more striking forms in the greater part of the pictures are discernible, except by unusually sharp eyes. An artist who with the thirst and the resolution to learn enters the Sistine Chapel may overcome all these difficulties; but for one who only desires to stretch out his hand and grasp the fruit (and in matters of art I am one of that number), for such a one the outside, is the best place.

The celebrated Last Judgment, which fills the whole back-ground of the chapel, is unfortunately no fruit for me, but a field requiring the most laborious tillage. Its enormous extent causes the picture to fall into a vast number of groups, whose connexion with the common centre rather



requires to be sought out, than presents itself to the gaze at once; and I therefore consider that this picture is wanting in the indispensable unity of a perfect work of art. In addition to this, the boldness of the grouping involves a complexity, demanding a continuous effort to disintegrate; the more so, as the vast height, the fading colours, and defective light, are essential obstacles to the due comprehension of the picture. Those parts of the painting which are most prominent to the spectator, are precisely those whose subjects are least calculated to operate beneficially on the inward sense.

To the left, on the lower portion of the wall, is the Resurrection; to the right, Hell; and though it may be thoroughly ecclesiastical to represent the earth opening and the grave giving up its dead, at the sound of the last trump, for æsthetic treatment, the physically disgusting is the most unfortunate of materials. To render the torments of Hell palpable to the sense, may be quite conformable to dogma, or at least to its usual interpretation, and that many distinguished artists, besides Michael Angelo, should have made their genius serviceable to that interpretation, is a most lamentable self-forgetfulness in art, not to say self-murder. To the poet much is

Rome :  
berality  
public,

rence, I  
e most  
e most

l in the  
l." It  
ing the  
e fore-  
down  
which  
-extin-  
-like  
e look  
ns the  
g here.  
cowled

1. His  
y, would  
nd cold,  
osed eyes,  
is that of  
le that the  
be placed

## CHAPTER IV.

ROMAN PICTURE-GALLERIES AND PICTURES OF NATURE.—THE GALLERY OF THE PALAZZO BORGHESI. — SAVANAROLA. — LAURA. — CÆSAR BORGIA. — THE DANÆ OF CORREGGIO. — VENUS OF KRANACH. — THE DORIA GALLERY. — HERODIAS. — MACHIAVELLI, ETC. — THE BANKS OF THE TIBER. — THE POPE TAKING AN AIRING.

ONE of the stateliest and most magnificent of the Roman dwellings, is the palace of the Borghese family. An inner colonnaded court, inclosed on three sides by the façade and the two wings of the palace, and on the fourth by an airy arch, adorned with colossal statues through which there is a view of a small garden, where amid roses and myrtles, fountains sparkle in the sunlight from their moss and ivy-grown basins. A stately porter, staff of office in hand, and a gold-laced three-cornered hat on his head, was pacing solemnly to and fro beneath the archway. Our appearance interrupted his measured tread, he halted, saluted us courteously, and forestalled our question by pointing to the museum.

The gallery of the Palace Borghese is one of

the largest and best private collections in Rome : the arrangement is admirable, and the liberality with which it is thrown open to the public, leaves nothing to be desired.

In mentioning some pictures in preference, I do not pretend to select the best or the most celebrated, but those that interested me most either from the subject or the treatment.

This black, almost sinister-looking head in the first room is the "Portrait of Savanarola." It is in profile, which renders still more striking the Jewish nose and projecting under-jaw. The forehead is entirely covered by the cowl, drawn down over it as low as the eyebrows, beneath which the ascetic eye gleams with a strange half-extinguished fire. The whole face has a monk-like character, dominated by enthusiasm. The look of fervour and love which wins and warms the heart in Lenau's "Savanarola" is wanting here.

"Petrarca," also a profile portrait, and cowed like a monk, looks insignificant enough. His "Laura," an original portrait apparently, would never have been mine! Fair, stiff, and cold, with Chinese eyebrows over her half-closed eyes, the prevailing character of her face is that of repulsive prudery. It is very possible that the unattractiveness of the picture may be placed

more to the account of art yet in its childhood, than to the original; yet the sonnets of Petrarca themselves awaken the suspicion that the woman sung in the sweetest verses that ever flowed from poet's lips, was little better than a refined and heartless coquette, however beautiful.

The grace and gentleness of the "Maddalena Doni," forms an agreeable contrast to the prudish affectation of Donna Laura. The Maddalena is also fair, the form of the head wonderfully beautiful, though the face is somewhat too full, and the expression of yielding softness diffused over the whole, perhaps, too monotonous.

But who is that cavalier with his finely-formed white hand resting on his hip, with head thrown back and with a haughty *blasé* expression looking out of that picture? The pure oval of the face, the white transparent skin, the lofty intellectual brow, the proud aquiline nose and large black eye, make that face a model of manly beauty in spite of the reddish hair and beard. But the mouth gives the lie to all these noble traits, and through the deep eye we look into the abyss of a depraved soul. Woe to the woman whom that man approached as a lover! That is "Cæsar Borgia!"

A few words must be given to the portrait of

his sister in the gallery of Prince Doria. "Lucrezia Borgia" appears in this picture as a woman about thirty, on which side it would be hard to say. The form of the head is perfectly masculine, and the face has a singular character, something between a monk and a mandarin. She is much too fat to be beautiful, but the light of intellect is on her brow and in her eyes, and to one who understands somewhat of the physiology of society, the impression at the first glance would be, "That is a woman who has *race*!"

One of the most valued pictures in the Borghese Gallery is the "Danae" of Correggio. She is lying on a couch, and faintly resists the winged messenger of Jupiter (looking precisely like a Christian angel), who is drawing off her coverings. Over head hovers the heavenly cloud and two charming little Loves quite undisturbed at what is going forward, are playing at the side of the bed. The enchanting form of Danae loses much, in my opinion, by her ungraceful position, and the bloodless colour, intended, probably, to indicate the fright of the moment. The whole picture made little impression of any kind on me—certainly not an agreeable one.

Our own old honest Lucas Kranach has here

employed his usually virtuous pencil on a very dangerous subject; it is "Venus" with a plumed cap on her head, and robed in a spider web. The face of the Goddess of Love is somewhat pinched, but the highest grace breathes from the figure, and it is rendered doubly seductive by an air of bashful modesty. The Love by her side, however, is no god, but a lovely boy, fresh and sprightly, such a one as the wife of a patrician in some imperial city might have rocked in her cradle.

The above-mentioned gallery of the Doria palace possesses a great number of pictures, highly esteemed as works of art; but I found in it little either touching or striking. The "Herodias" of Pordenone is a remarkable figure with a beautiful head, but who seems to have no connection with the story; she carries the beautiful, spiritual head of John as she might carry a tureen of soup. The attendant behind her, although as little dramatically conceived as Herodias herself, is a much more living image, and her pale countenance, without being beautiful, attracts irresistibly.

The portrait of Machiavelli is treated with great refinement; strength and tenacity of purpose, expansive thought, unwearied spirit of in-

vestigation, are the qualities that speak in the sharply cut, but irregular features of Machiavelli. This man was a hero in the field of diplomatic conflict. In "Johanna, of Aragon," by Raphael, the queen is tastelessly tricked out, like a grocer's wife invited to a court ball.

In the last room of this extensive gallery stands a magnificent bed, said to have belonged to Olympia Pamfili, a celebrated progenitrix of the Doria family ; it is arranged precisely in the style of the modern Italian beds, a proof that in this country they knew the value of a comfortable couch centuries ago, and at a time when we had scarcely got beyond the bear-skin. The whole gallery is filled with costly old furniture and heavy silk hangings, and makes an impression of solid opulence and real splendour, to which the ill laid brick-floor alone makes an unpleasing contrast.

I had had enough of art for the day, and sought the open air. The pleasantest part of the immediate environs of Rome is that stretching beyond the Porta del Popolo, as soon as the suburb is left behind. If I mistake not this is the only suburb of Rome which looks on every side on the garden-ground and Campagna. Striking into a field-path to the left of the road, I reached the



bank of the Tiber, and pursued my solitary way as far as Ponte Molle ; the stream rushing impetuously through its deep bed, Monte Mario on the opposite side with its richly wooded sides and beautifully situated country-houses, here form a landscape in which the wild and soft are enchantingly mingled. To the right lie gardens, not enclosed with endless walls, over which there is no seeing ; but with somewhat scanty hedges that permit the eye to rove at pleasure in the distance, over villa and park, and ornamental woods, a great rarity in this country. The spring was in its full glory of fresh green, sprinkled with many gay-coloured flowers, and lighted by the blush of the first roses on the bushes that in their luxuriant growth overran the garden hedges. Looking backwards through a long richly decorated perspective, we catch a gorgeous glimpse of Rome along the Tiber, whose banks form a frame to a small but superb section of the city.

Ponte Molle, anciently Pons Milvius, and under this name known as the spot where Constantine, by the visible interposition of Heaven, gained the empire and won the victory over Maxentius, has a quite modern appearance ; the pillars of the bridge look partly ancient,

and the narrowness which it has in common with all the other bridges over the Tiber, is a proof that it has been built, or at least restored, on an ancient plan.

As I was returning on the other side of the river, on a good road, bordered with trees along Monte Mario, I heard a loud trampling of horses' feet behind me ; looking round I saw one of the Pope's *guardia nobile*, mounted on a coach-horse—horse and rider were well worthy of each other. Two hundred paces behind the *guardia nobile* came a *gendarme*, then a second, and then a carriage drawn by six or eight horses, and surrounded by a numerous escort of cavalry. In the carriage sat a man with a fat smiling face, that bore a great resemblance to a bust I had often seen.

It was the most ostentatious noisy pleasure-drive I had ever witnessed. Louis Philippe, after the sixth or eighth attempt on his life, the King of one of the most powerful and warlike nations in the world, was not surrounded by so much military pomp as this priest, who calls himself the successor of St. Peter the Apostle, who entered Rome with his staff in his hand.

What people may become in the course of a few centuries ! From an Apostle, a Pope, from a

preacher of human equality, a spiritual King, a Man of God to a Man——well a man invested with despotic power !

Several persons passed the clattering, rattling, jingling equipage, without taking the slightest notice of its contents, although, according to ancient etiquette, they ought to have thrown themselves on their knees before the “ Servant of the Servants of God.”

I involuntarily called to mind an epigram which expresses the public opinion with striking accuracy.

“ Qual differenza, c'è Chichibio mio,  
Fra l' ultimo Gregorio e il nono Pio ? ”  
Un divario grandissimo ci ho scorto,  
Ed è ?——“ Che questi è vivo e quegli è morto.”

“ What difference can there be, Chichibio mine,  
'Twixt the last Gregory and one Pio Nine ? ”  
A difference most great, it may be said,  
That is ?——“ One is alive, the other dead ! ”

In fact it would be difficult to find a single point in which the government of Pius the Ninth differs from the system of leaden oppression, corruption, and merciless priestly vengeance, which his detested predecessor pursued with rare consistency. The people-murdering policy of Gregory the Sixteenth, at last called forth the unanimous protest of the great powers ;

even Prince Metternich and the Czar Nicholas urged some amelioration, but in vain; for despotism is always weak and pusillanimous when opposed to despotism; all its valour is reserved for the battle with freedom. The policy of the present Pope, though, as like that of his predecessor's, as one egg is to another, seems no longer to find opposition on the side of the great powers, and even France is its humble instrument.

Wise people say, "It is not the fault of Pius IX. if he has forsaken the path entered on at the beginning of his reign; the Roman people have compelled him to it, by their ingratitude and their spirit of revolt." This is so far true that the temporal Papacy can only support itself by force, and a force that the successor of St. Peter must of necessity seek in foreign lands. But hence, the only legitimate deduction is that the temporal Papacy has outlived itself, and that its existence is only prolonged in defiance of historical justice, and against the nature of things.

The mere existence of the temporal Papacy is its most crying sin, out of which flow all other evils, cruelties, and absurdities, as from an inexhaustible fountain; a stream that can never be stopped, as long as the fountain exists.

## CHAPTER V.

THE MODERN PASSION FOR RUINS.—VIEW FROM THE CAPITOL.—  
THE PALACE OF THE CONSERVATORI.—VARIOUS RELICS.—BRUTALITY OF ROMAN CONQUEROR.—BAS-RELIEFS OF SCENES IN ROMAN HISTORY.—TRIUMPHS.—THE WOLF OF ROME.—BUSTS.—BRUTUS.—ALCIBIADES.—SAPPHO.—MODEL OF THE TEMPLE OF JERUSALEM.—THE CAPITOLINE CHRONICLE.—THE PRESENT SENATE OF ROME.

WHETHER we will or not, a stroll through the streets of Rome generally ends in the Forum and the Capitol.

The Forum, often as I have visited it, and in the most varying humours, the Forum, I must frankly acknowledge, has always found me cold. The whole collective ruins of Rome—the Pantheon is no ruin, and I except the Coliseum) would be no loss to me, if an earthquake were, some night, to level them with the ground. I do not ask whether our pleasure in formless stonework, whose whole value is in their age, whether the now more than flourishing worship of ruins in general can stand rational examination, or

whether it is anything more than a diseased symptom of the over-excitability and over-satiety of our age. I do not put these questions because I am not prepared to answer them with certainty. With the most decided dislike to all relics, curiosities, and rubbish of that kind, I cannot defend myself against a certain feeling of pious respect for remains of high antiquity, nor deny that, like others my contemporaries, I may have got up an enthusiasm at the sight of a "beautiful ruin." What we call beauty in a ruin, however, is in general but an effect of the site and its environs; that it is found in the architectural lines and ornaments is, at least, more rarely the case. When it does occur, as for example, in the Castle of Heidelberg, our pleasure in the contemplation justifies itself at once; it is pleasure felt at the sight of a work of art, that, even in a mutilated state, would excite admiration anywhere, although the charm is doubtless enhanced by its position in that wonderful landscape.

Whether the ruins of the Forum possess beauty in themselves, I will not dispute with the learned in such matters, for learning it certainly requires to find merits hidden from the profane eye, in these fragmentary remains of arches, vaults, and pillars. It is evident, at first sight, that the

Forum owes nothing to situation. These ruins are precisely in that place, of all others, where they should not be, namely, within the circuit of a city still making pretensions to vitality and health. The contrast between the ruins of the old, and the white-washed misery of modern Rome, excites far less interest than displeasure and offence.

The proper contrast to such wrecks would be either real splendour or unmitigated barbarism, the latter being unquestionably the more advantageous of the two. Burn down modern Rome, and seat a nomadic horde upon the ruins of the ancient city, and in a flash they would be elevated hundreds of feet; the dumb stones would find speech; the warm breath of poetry and history would kindle life in these cold damp vaults. The simple tomb of an unknown man in the solitary Campagna, speaks more eloquently to the fancy than all the ruined temples of the Forum, than all those pillars so painfully held erect by iron-bands and clamps, artificial ruins in another, but scarcely a better, sense than those with which Signor Torlonia, and other poor creatures of millionaires, disfigure their gardens. When the stag and the wild boar graze beneath the triumphal arches of the

emperors, then will they, ivy-grown and crumbling, stand more majestic, not only than they do in their present worm-eaten condition, but than they stood in the days when the victorious Emperor passed under them, for the first time, at the head of his booty-laden army.

Somewhat mortified that I could neither be excited nor elevated by the view of the Forum, I left it, and ascended the Capitol. There from the gallery of the Campanile I became reconciled, not, indeed, to the Forum, which, in that bird's-eye perspective, looked more inconsiderable than ever, but with Rome itself. Next to the Cupola of St. Peter's, the Tower of the Capitol is the most favourable point of view for the city and its environs. There are a solemnity and grandeur in the picture that compel reverence. And what wealth, what variety of objects, of which each demands, and well rewards, a long, long gaze! Rome has nothing so exquisite to offer as these grand architectural pictures, melting imperceptibly into the most marvellous of landscapes.

The way back led me past the Palace of the Conservatory, and I entered, induced thereto much more by my duty as a traveller, than by curiosity or thirst of knowledge, for I was pre-



judiced against this collection by much that I had heard and read. In fact, it is thrown completely into the shade by the other Museums of Rome, although it contains many objects of historical interest. Amongst these, I reckon a marble vessel standing in the court, among all sorts of lumber, which was long used as a public measure for fruit, before it was recognized by its simple inscription as the urn that had held the ashes of Agrippina, the wife of Germanicus, whose figure stands out in such proud splendour in the series of great Roman matrons.

A few steps further stand the statues of two barbarian Kings, Sclavonians, by their cast of face, who, with their arms hacked off, were led in triumph. They had, it is said, been conquered and subjected, but on a favourable opportunity, had taken arms again. We know well, however, that the Romans wanted no such pretext to treat their conquered enemies with revolting barbarity. Of real magnanimity, of chivalric feeling and usage, we scarcely find a trace in the political or military history of Rome. The public character of the Romans was not only brutal and cruel, but it had also a strong dash of vulgarity. How, otherwise, is it possible, that their historians and poets should

have lauded, as an act of superhuman virtue in Scipio, his restoration of his bride uninjured to the Spanish chief, when the fortune of war had thrown her into his power!

I hate the Romans yet more than I admire them!

In a second smaller court, there are several unusually large bas-reliefs, representing scenes in the life of Marcus Aurelius, let into the wall. These works cannot be esteemed important in themselves, but they give some attractive scenes from the sphere of Roman public life, and surprising architectural views of some of the state-liest parts of the Imperial city. One of the scenes is "Marcus Aurelius in a triumphal procession." The philosophical Emperor, stiffly erect, on a low, narrow, triumphal chariot, makes but an indifferent figure in point of dignity; and I have a vehement suspicion, that the said triumphs look far better in description than they did in reality. That two-wheeled car, rumbling on the axle-tree, could never have been an advantageous pedestal for the commander's glory; and it is difficult to understand why he should have descended from the proud back of his war-horse, to occupy a pitiful car, which scarcely raised him a head's length above the

baggage of his train and the spectators. In the "Triumph of Titus," represented on the arch that bears his name, he looks to as little advantage as Marcus Aurelius does in that just described. The unaccustomed position, the constrained attitude imposed by the chariot, and the too great nearness of the curious, obtrusive multitude, must have rendered the long drive a real torment, in which all dignity and effect must of necessity have been lost.

Guided by a deaf, ignorant keeper, I wandered through the various rooms, where pictures, sculptures, and curiosities, were ranged without much plan or regularity. One of the most striking objects is, the symbol of Rome, the Wolf-nurse of Romulus and Remus, found in the temple of the twin-founders of the city. The group is ascribed to the first century of the Republic; if this supposition be correct, it is the best contradiction to the usual assertion of the perfect ignorance of the elder Romans in matters of art, architecture excepted. The wolf is roughly executed, but with life and spirit; full of character and expression. The children are modern additions, the original ones being lost. The stern race of the wolf's sucklings has also been lost; and those who now call themselves

their descendants, are foundlings reared only on holy water.

It is a disputed point, whether the bust bearing the name of L. Junius Brutus is rightly so named, but how justly disputed I cannot say. The bust is worthy of a great name, and beyond all question a portrait. The large features command respect by their earnestness; the resolute expression of the mouth is fearful, the brows inexorable as fate; yet there is no exaggeration: every line is true to nature. If not the portrait of Brutus, it is the portrait of a man worthy of the name.

The Alcibiades of the Consistory has a nobler look than the same head displays in many other places. He is less fat than he is usually represented, rather thick-necked, and certainly little resembling the ideal of masculine beauty. Near the Alcibiades is a Sappho, with a broad, common face, like that of a trumpet-blowing angel, in a wood-carving, without a trace of likeness to the piquant heads bearing the same name, in the Capitoline and Florentine Museums. It is very possible that one is as little like as the other to the Lesbian poetess; it is, moreover, exceedingly probable, that the part played by Sappho in her life-time, was one to make the possession of her portrait of no great value to posterity.

Still less would I answer for the authenticity of the bust of Diogenes, to which the Socratic type has evidently served as model.

One remarkable piece in the collection is, a model of "Solomon's Temple," in marble relief, not more than a foot square in size, but of very delicate execution. My guide assured me that this model had been found in the Forum; the truth of which assertion I had no means of testing. If it be really an antique, and a faithful representation, the art of building was not in altogether so miserable a condition as we might suppose, from the description of the old Hebrews, whose minute and endless details have given to me, at least, a rather Chinese notion of the Temple, which stands out as the only building, in the midst of tents, huts, and caves. On the relief just mentioned, the Jewish Temple appears an edifice in a really grand style, with rich and tasteful accessories, and, in its forms, not differing materially from the classical model. If any one desires to earn distinction, by comparing this relief with the Old Testament description, I have no intention to forestal him.

The well-known Capitoline Chronicle (well-known, at least, by name) is preserved in the Conservatory. These *Fasti Capitolini* are lists

graven on white marble, of the Consuls, and of the most remarkable events that occurred during their consulships. The lists of names are defective; some of the tables are wholly wanting, others exist only in fragments, and those of events are extremely scanty; nevertheless, the *Fasti Capitolini* are a most important source of Roman history, the most instructive of all histories, ancient or modern. I would give all the hundreds of thousands of books which the Calif Omar did *not* burn in the Alexandrian Library for a perfect Livy; and, sooner or later, we must find a perfect Livy, if we have to disembowel Herculaneum in search of it.

The Capitoline tables have been continued in modern times up to the present day; and be it known to the world, what every Roman certainly does not know, that there are still in Rome, if not Consuls, of which I could not obtain certain information, at least Senators who consider themselves as successors of a Claudius or a Scipio, and with heroic contempt of laughter and derision inscribe their names beside the names of men who did not think themselves greatly complimented when the ambassadors of Pyrrhus compared them to kings.

The Senate of this present day is a municipal

authority, which has some resemblance to a Burgomastership if it were not simply nominated by the government without troubling the burghers for their voices; and if it were not bound hand and foot to the will of the Government in the exercise of its small functions. In order to be perfectly accurate, I must not omit to say that the Senate appears to have unrestrained authority, in one department, namely, in the maintenance of the bread-tax. The edict on this subject, which is published monthly, begins with the pompous formula—"Senatus Populusque Romanus," words which so applied must inspire not only the Senator who writes, but the Roman who reads and understands them, with a most exalted feeling of dignity.

The Senate, also, promulgates from time to time certain edicts concerning masterless dogs which, as far I am aware, have no effect whatever. The Roman Senate naturally feels itself far too dignified a body to be troubled by the disobedience of the dogs, or of the myrmidons charged with execution of their decrees, and maintains a dignified silence in face of their inefficacy, which can only be compared to the silent majesty with which their predecessors beheld the entry of the victorious Gauls into Rome.

## CHAPTER VI.

VILLA ALBANI AND PRINCE HENRY OF PRUSSIA.—ADMISSION REGULATIONS.—NEW RUINS.—GARDENS, ETC.—BUSTS OF CARACALLA.—MODE OF LIFE OF PRINCE HENRY.

A YOUNG Roman had procured me a card of admission to the Villa Albani and offered with Italian courtesy to accompany me thither. The owner of the villa too, had, out of politeness, cancelled the more or less inconvenient conditions imposed on the visitor in the printed card: among which that of coming in a carriage stood foremost. This prescription has been adopted by the possessors of several country-houses well worth seeing in the neighbourhood of Rome in order to keep off the throng of French soldiers, whose services they find convenient, but whose persons are as little acceptable to the nobles as to the people. *Timent Danaos et dona ferentes*; and fear goes hand in hand with hate, which clothes itself, as far as possible, in the garment of contempt for their rude military habits. We went, however, on foot.



Immediately before the gate some considerable houses were lying in ruins—ruins dating from the Revolution, of which you may now see many in the environs of Rome, and whose origin it is not always easy to discover. My companions would fain have had me believe that they had been the work of masons and carpenters, who in the pretended interest of the defence of Rome were, in reality, making work for themselves. But this gentleman was one of the Pope's *Guardia Nobile*, and therefore no trustworthy witness against the Revolution. If the said masons calculated on having to build the houses again they made a great mistake, for I nowhere saw any sign of intention to rebuild the fallen houses, and I doubt whether a hand will be put in motion for such a purpose, indeed Rome's future destiny seems rather to promise more ruins than the rebuilding of old ones. On entering Villa Albani, the prospect is surprising and incomparable;—villa, it is to be observed, does not mean merely the country-house but the whole rural property; the house is called the casino. The villa itself, Rome the Campagna, the nearer Sabine Hills, and the distant summits of the Apennines glittering with snow, all blend together in one enchanting picture.

The villa is in a neglected condition, but has picturesque points. The stiff yew-hedges, yellow and rotten, the moss-grown turf, the grass-covered paths are so many witnesses of the poverty or discouragement of the proprietor, and therefore against the Revolution. So at least said the noble guardsman—

“This house had been seized upon, and was only saved by an accident. And who knew what the next year might bring forth?”

The house has a beautiful exterior, but is not arranged for comfortable habitation—indeed, comfort in Italy, even for the wealthiest families, is an unknown thing: but as people are poorer here than we Germans are in household wants, they are richer in the conditions of personal independence—in the conditions but not in the result. Instead of luxurious, or at least convenient domestic arrangements, Villa Albani possesses a collection of antiquities sufficient to furnish a capital with a museum that would claim a name in the world. The house is filled with objects of art, but as it is too small to contain all its treasures, galleries and halls have been built for the purpose in the gardens. My young Roman friend obliged me unfortunately to run at full speed through the collection, and the

silent resolution of paying it another visit which I made during this sacrifice to politeness has never been fulfilled.

I cannot, however, omit to mention one object that particularly struck me, the bust of Esop—the only likeness of the fabulist that we have; a miserable form, but a head radiant with wit and thought, without the slightest trace of the malice which is so often mingled with wit of this peculiar kind. The bust of Sappho here is like the Florentine one, but more beautiful, with haughty pouting lips. A small metal Apollo is ascribed to Praxiteles. The lower part is somewhat awkward, but the upper is enchanting, though, perhaps, too soft and feminine. But as for the Antinous, in relief! out upon the miserable clownish booby!

The bust of Caracalla, never wanting in an Italian collection, is here in duplicate. Always the same head, bent awry, the same malicious squinting glance, the same expression of cruel wicked bestiality—the worst with which a human countenance was ever branded. I never see that face without a shudder. If such a monster is our fellow-creature, how can we believe in the divine origin and stamp of our nature?

And, with such a face, the Emperor Caracalla

could sit for his portrait, nay, multiply his portraits more than any of his predecessors or successors; Septimius Severus himself scarce excepted he who, to all appearance, was the most enamoured of himself of all the Cæsars. Had Caracalla been half as prudent as he was wicked, he would have made the bare attempt to portray him — high treason; or even bethought himself of rendering criminal the “remote incentive to treason,” a contrivance which, in consequence of his neglect, has been left to the ingenuity of German jurisprudence, in our own day!

On our way back, I learnt, in conversation with my companion, that Prince Henry of Prussia had lived more than twenty years in the house of his parents; and had, at last, died there.

Without attaching any value to insignificant princely existences, I made some inquiries into the relations of that individual, and my friend gave me in all innocence answers, from which many piquant conclusions might be drawn, respecting the motives that fettered Prince Henry to Italy, during the latter half of his life. But this is not the place to speak of such things, although a few traits of his eccentric life may not be unwelcome.

During the last twenty years, he had never left his chamber nor his bed. Except his valet, no one, but the grandmother and mother of the young guardsman and her children, was ever admitted to see him. When the Empress of Russia was in Rome, however, an exception was made in her favour. Notwithstanding this seclusion, however, the Prince was anything but dead to intellectual interests or indifferent to the gratifications of the senses: he read nearly the whole day and made capital dinners, which, in defiance of gout, were abundantly moistened by champagne. Having a decided mistrust of, and dislike for, doctors, His Highness prescribed for himself; sometimes very extraordinary remedies—such, for instance, as a bottle of rum. At last, when far advanced in life, he was attacked by a serious illness, and was persuaded to send for a physician. In a few minutes, Bacone, the most distinguished physician in Rome, was introduced into the sick chamber, but came back almost immediately with the words—“My presence is superfluous. Send for the priest and the ambassador. He is dead!”

In reply to my questions respecting the truth of the report that the Prince had been converted to Catholicism before his death, the young man gave a positive denial; he thought the report

might have arisen from the circumstance of the Prince having given a yearly sum for the poor of the parish, the distribution of which was entrusted to the priest.

The family with whom he lived and died receive a monthly pension of thirty scudi from the Prussian Court; had the Prince made a will the guardsman was of opinion his family would have fared better.

## CHAPTER VII.

THE CHAIN OF TIME.—THE HISTORICAL VALUE OF ANCIENT RUINS.  
—ANCIENT TEMPLES AND MODERN CHURCHES.—HEATHEN GODS  
AND CHRISTIAN SAINTS. — ROMAN CATHOLICISM COEXTENSIVE  
WITH THE DOMINION OF OLD ROME.

IF I were to say, as so many other travellers have done, that from the remains of Roman antiquity, I could form for myself a dramatic picture of the life of the ancient Romans, I feel I should be uttering "the thing which is not." To produce such an effect from these often formless fragments, people must possess a greater power of imagination (or a smaller regard for truth) than has fallen to my share. One single page of Tacitus teaches me more about Imperial Rome than all the ruins that cover the Palatine Hall and the Forum; one epistle of Horace calls up before me a more vivid image of the world-commanding city, and of what used to go on in its palaces and market-places and theatres, than all the relics that all the antiquaries of modern Rome can exhibit to me.

If, however, this kind of ocular demonstration neither adds much to the amount of my knowledge concerning Ancient Rome, nor renders that knowledge in any considerable degree more accurate, I am still indebted to it, for a clear comprehension of the relation between the Ancient and the Modern World, for which hitherto I had striven in vain.

In the minds of most people—for I believe in this case I may reason from myself to others—there lies between ancient and modern history an enormous chasm, across which the story of our race seems to be carried on tottering planks, some of which have sunk behind its last footsteps down into the bottomless abyss. What we dimly see looming through the mists of ages across that great chasm, is like a scene in another world. It requires an exertion of our logical powers to assure ourselves that it is related to what we see around us, as premisses to conclusion—as yesterday to to-day. That our civilisation has been built upon the ruins of theirs—that we are the sons of those fathers—and that we carry about with us, in our flesh and blood, an inheritance received from them—this we know with our understandings to be the fact; but Rome is more adapted than any



place in the world to change this mere knowledge into vivid consciousness, to make the succession and connection of the events of history, not merely comprehensible, but, "papable to feeling as to sight." Familiar from our youth-up with the history of Rome, we find in these ruins a something that the senses can lay hold of, to endow it with actual living reality.

What the Capitol once was as a citadel, as a sacred national relic, as a public building, I must seek for in Livy, and the most careful study of all that is left of this monument will add but little to a single line of description or narration in that great historian. But whilst I contemplate the real foundation-walls of this Capitol, the sensuous impression helps me to cross the abyss of time—the immeasurable interval between then and now shrinks together, and the present is brought into immediate connection with the past, whose memorials are before me.

Such memorials we find in Rome in crowds, of almost every period of the great history that has passed over this soil; and gradually from these fragments we build for ourselves a bridge, across which the imagination can wander at its pleasure. Beneath this bridge the dark abyss dis-

appears. Every passing generation has lent a stone to the structure, and is a silent witness of the uninterrupted continuity of time. The ancient world becomes connected with the modern by a thousand links—nay, sometimes they seem to have grown together by a thousand living fibres, so that it is impossible to point out the period of transition from one to the other. Sometimes old institutions have merely changed their names, while their original destination has remained unchanged; sometimes the reverse has happened—the name has been preserved, while the institution has entirely altered, and in some few, both the one and the other have remained unaltered through the lapse of two thousand years.

A great number of the ancient temples still serve for worship at the present day. The ancient gods have been cast out, Christian saints have taken possession of their altars, but little other change has taken place. The close blood-relationship of the Catholicism of modern Italy, with the heathenism of Old Rome, forces itself on your attention at every step. Mythological statues, under the names of saints or angels, have figured in many Italian churches since time immemorial. They are merely baptized

idols, and a speaking symbol of the metamorphosis of the old faith into the new. The theory of the dogma has, indeed, been modified under the hands of councils and fathers of the church, but the form of the worship, and with it the ideas of faith in the minds of the multitude, have remained in all essential features the same.

Paganism exhales from every pore. The images of the saints are employed with the same meaning as the old figures of the gods. Strictly speaking, they are in neither case more than a symbol, for the gods dwelt in Olympus, as the saints in Heaven.

In the feeling of the multitude, however, amongst which the priests themselves may often be reckoned, the case is very different. The heavenly nature of the Invisible Being is transferred by some mysterious process to the corporeal symbol; the painted canvas becomes a personal saint, the marble block a living god. It is certain, that there is in human nature a tendency to this coarse sensualization of the idea of the Divine. The household-saints of the Russian, who is from time to time beaten by his worshippers—the bundle of rags adored by

the Shaman—the golden calf of the Jews—the “winking Virgin,” before whom the modern Italian throws himself on his knees, all these belong to the same class; they all have their origin in the desire for a bodily deity.\* But however natural, in a certain sense, such a tendency may be, there is no doubt at all, that its habitual gratification has a most degrading effect on the character.

In the eyes of Moses and Mohammed there was no greater sin, and the latter succeeded, by the most merciless severity, in rooting it out from amongst his followers to the last fibre, so that it has never again sprung up. If the first preachers of Christianity showed themselves less determined and uncompromising, it was probably because the new doctrine arose out of the bosom of Judaism, which was supposed to have already overcome the idolatrous tendency. This confidence, however, or it may be this careless-

\* One of the most startling manifestations of this tendency may be found among the modern American fanatics, called Mormons. The notorious Joseph Smith, their leader, says, in one of his sermons—“God the Father is a man *like unto one of yourselves*.” Another declares—“he hath both body and parts—eyes, mouth, and ears, and speaks when and to whom he pleases, and is just as good at mechanical inventions as at another business.”—

TRANSLATOR.

ness, or this false calculation, has been heavily punished. Among the Israelites, the gospel found comparatively little acceptance, and instead of Jerusalem, Rome became the apostolical centre. The pure doctrine was contaminated by the spirit reigning in the Pantheon, and instead of the cosmopolitan reformed faith of Jehovah that had been destined for us, we received a Judaically coloured Paganism.

Heathen Rome has furnished, even geographically, the basis of modern Catholicism. The more completely any country has received the Romans as rulers, and been penetrated by the Roman spirit, so much deeper root has Catholicism struck in it. Such, for instance, have been Italy, Spain, and France.

England, which, after the fall of Rome, was several times inundated by Germanic conquerors, never belonged so completely to the Church of Rome. Scotland, which only partially and for a time obeyed the Roman law, almost wholly shook off Catholicism; even in Germany the limits of the military supremacy of old Rome, coincide very nearly with those of its modern ecclesiastical authority.

There may be some countries and nations that, to a certain extent, form an exception to this

rule; and I have no wish to make fact in any case bend to my theory; but I think the examples I have already adduced sufficient to support the general proposition I have laid down, and that is, perhaps, all that can be expected in historical cases.

## CHAPTER VIII.

A ROMANTIC DRAMA IN THE MAUSOLEUM OF AUGUSTUS.—SORBOWS OF AN IDLE MAN ON SUNDAY AFTERNOON.—AN UNEXPECTED RESOURCE.—A DRAMA OF THRILLING INTEREST.

FOR people who suffer from a superfluity of time, there are no more terrible hours in the week than Sunday afternoon. Age and youth do not differ so widely as do those two halves of the day which the hour of noon divides. "It is Sunday," one exclaims on awaking, and like a gleam of sunshine comes a remembrance of the happy holidays of our childhood, in which there was to be no going to school;—one can lie in bed another hour with a good conscience! But the bells are merrily calling out the gaily dressed people, the market-place is basking in unwonted stillness, and everything is so peaceful and cheerful that one goes out into the fresh sunny world enlivened and happy, and in a mood to be pleased with all things. Certainly, a normal Sunday must never be wanting in sunshine, in

the songs of birds and the scent of gay lilac or rose-bushes. The hours of the morning fly merrily on; you sit down to dinner and reward yourself for being in such a good humour, with an extra dish.

But, no sooner is the table-cloth removed, than the face of things is changed. Six or eight hours before one, and nothing, nothing in the world to do with them. Work? that is impossible—it is Sunday! Go out for a walk? One has quite enough of that—rather *slow* amusement on the days of the week. An excursion into the country? Every environ is full of noisy, drinking bowl-players.\*

After a long search, in vain, for an occupation, a reckless despair seizes on you; you rush upon your fate, and go to church to hear a sermon. *Ennui*, irritation, or at best an uncomfortable nap, are the Sunday afternoon enjoyments of people who, having no real work-day, can relish no holiday.

To this unhappy class I belonged, at least during my stay in Italy; and I was in this mood one fine Sunday afternoon, when I saw the fol-

\* It is hardly necessary to remind the reader that the author's description refers especially to a *German* Sunday; but we would recommend them to the attention of all who imagine that *ennui* is peculiarly the property of a Sunday in England.—Tr.



lowing placard on a wall—a placard surely written by my guardian angel :—" A theatrical representation by day-light, to be held this afternoon in the Mausoleum of Augustus."

There are but scanty relics of the walls of the Mausoleum left; but on the spot where stood the proud monument of the luckiest of all usurpers, there now stands a round building, a sort of modern circus, constructed in stone. At the time I speak of, a company of actors had taken up their quarters in it;—a small part of the arena was converted into a stage, and the rest formed the pit, behind which rose the rows of stone-seats in wide semicircles, each slightly raised above the one before it, as in the ancient amphitheatres.

The house was full and impatient, and very wisely, as the bill of the performance promised great things. The piece was called " Ginevra of Scotland; or, The Great Tournament," and the mere program of the first act was enough to make one tremble. The first act announced the arrival of the hero; webs of wickedness are woven around innocence. The second brought us " horrible treachery," and the rest were equally thrilling.

At last the curtain rose and disclosed a lady,

and a knight *tête-à-tête*. The lady might be the princess Ginevra, though about that I had my doubts, but the knight was certainly the horrible traitor, for nothing less than unexampled villany could make him roll his eyes so wildly, draw his cap so low over his forehead, and draw his head down so low between his shoulders to say nothing of his stern black beard, and his gloomy uncompromising mien. Words of love, of anger, and of flattery, are exchanged, but I am sure that knight does not mean honorably by the noble young lady, but intends to trap her into some devilish snare, or else why should he demand from her an oath that she will do all that he desires without question, however extraordinary or inexplicable his requests may be.

The thoughtless young lady! she positively gives the required oath without considering the terrible consequences which must inevitably ensue. This light-minded proceeding troubled me so much that it was scarcely a consolation to me to learn in the course of the conversation that it is not the Princess Ginevra who plays this dangerous game but her Highness's waiting-maid, Cunigunda.

In the next scene the whole blaze of royalty opened on our dazzled view. The King appeared

leading the Princess Ginevra, whose Scottish birth was sufficiently made manifest by a very saucy *blonde* who performed the part. King and Princess took their places on the throne, and then enter a triumphal procession of six armed knights, whose chief lays at the King's feet the trophies he has acquired in a glorious campaign against the Irish. His Majesty is enraptured—he embraces the commander, loads him with favours and honours, and the lovely Princess is so gracious that a sharp observer can see how matters stand with half an eye, especially as the terrible black-bearded knight, at sight of this condescension, draws down his cap yet lower than before, and rolls his eyes still more tremendously.

No sooner has the King left the stage than we receive full confirmation of our suspicions in a love-scene between the Princess Ginevra and the Knight Gaetano—for as the piece was performed before an Italian audience, of course the bravest of the brave, the hero who wins honour and victory for the King of Scotland, was an Italian.

After the royal fair has withdrawn, Gaetano indulges for a considerable time in a confidential soliloquy, overflowing with love and happiness. But the Black-beard approaches—an explanation follows. Both lay claim to the hand and heart

of the Princess. The noble Italian wants to decide the matter at once by the sword, but the cowardly and treacherous Scot declares that Ginevra's own decision can alone be accepted, and Gaetano is naturally quite satisfied, for he thinks himself certain of her exclusive affections.

"Poor fool!" exclaims the Scot compassionately; "as a proof that I am the favoured one, you shall this night see me ascend to the Princess's window."

That Gaetano does not sink into the earth at this announcement is probably only the fault of the stage-machinery. Happily for the sensitive spectator the curtain falls over the heart-rending sight of his despair.

But a stronger trial awaits our nerves. At the beginning of the second act night has come on, and Gaetano wrapped in a dark cloak takes his post before the palace to be convinced of his unhappiness with his own eyes. Agitating soliloquy—after which the hero withdraws into a corner to make his observations, and his place is immediately filled by his rival. After giving vent to his scorn and hatred by a fierce eloquence of monologue and appropriate gestures, he approaches the palace, claps his hands thrice, and on the balcony above appears (with her crown

upon her head)—the Princess? Ah! no, away with every vile suspicion of her angelic purity! It is the waiting-maid who has been prevailed on to play the part of Ginevra, and to confirm her falsehood has laid a sacrilegious hand on the symbol of royalty, wherewith to adorn her guilty head. The false Princess casts down a silken ladder, and the black knight disappears behind the curtains of the royal apartment.

Gaetano's state of mind at this sight may be readily conceived; but he, nevertheless, takes a great deal of trouble to explain it to the audience with words and gestures. But vain is the attempted consolation of his brother, who has been a witness of the whole scene, and who arrives just in time to prevent Gaetano from plunging his heroic sword into his own breast. But there is still a last refuge for despair; he tears himself from his brother's arms, and springs into the water, and the act closes on his brother's solemn oath, that the false Princess shall answer with her life for Gaetano's.

The third act introduces us to the deepest wilderness of romance. A dense forest, with no other trace of human existence than a hermitage, built in the Corinthian style.

Enter a knight on foot, followed by his squire,

whom by the comfortable living which his appearance and his round fat voice bespeak, one might take for a near relation of Falstaff, if it were not, that by his valiant speeches to his squire, we learn that he is a knight-errant, seeking in the wilds of the forest for giants and dragons.

The hermit comes out of his Corinthian establishment, and recognises in the stranger, Rinaldo, a brave lance, who, in former times, when he himself wore helmet instead of cowl, was his companion in arms, in the campaign of Charlemagne, against King Agramont, of Africa. Compliments are exchanged, and the strangers are invited to tea in the Corinthian retreat, but suddenly a cry for help rings from the thicket. Knight and squire, burning for conflict, rush out at the slips; a terrible clatter of swords ensues; and a snow-white young lady, with dishevelled hair, comes flying in, and throws herself for protection into the arms of the hermit, and soon we breathe again; for the fat knight and his faithful squire return from the hot fight unhurt. The lady Ginevra's attendant has escaped from the hands of murderers, who wished, in her person, to remove a dangerous witness from the world.

We now learn the full extent of the terrible

circumstances which have meantime taken place at court. Gaetano's brother having accused Ginevra, as he had vowed to do, she has been condemned, according to the laws of Scotland, which, not even her royal father can alter—to expiate her fault on the scaffold—if, before sunset, she can find no champion to defend her against her accuser. Of course, the fat knight immediately resolves to offer himself, and he follows the hermit into the hut, to strengthen his valiant resolution, by a dram. While they are within, enjoying the kitchen and cellar of the excellent anchorite, another knight, in black armour, and with closed visor, makes his appearance, and a sort of suspicion comes across our minds, that he is an old acquaintance. In fact, who should it be but Gaetano, who, we find, brought to reason by the shock of his cold bath, has wisely changed his resolution, and scrambled on to dry land again. “Che mi sono pentito de morire,” as he *naïvely* observes to his faithful follower, whom, by very good luck, he meets in the forest; and who seeks to console him by philosophical reflections on the inconstancy of the fair—reflections which are received with noisy applause by the bearded portion of the audience.

The follower farther informs him of Ginevra's present danger; the old love awakes with redoubled ardour; and Gaetano goes his way in haste, resolved to save the Princess of his heart.

I followed his example, and went my way, considering that a continuance of such strong dramatic emotions might be too much for me, and feeling quite satisfied, that with two such brave defenders, innocence at last would surely triumph.



## CHAPTER IX.

A LITTLE SCENE OF ROMAN POPULAR LIFE.—THE DILIGENCE.—THE CAMPAGNA.—TIVOLI.—THE ANIO.—A COMFORTABLE ANCHORITE.—THE IRON WORKS OF TIVOLI.—HADRIAN'S VILLA.—THE COFFEE-HOUSE.—DRAMATIC TALENTS OF THE ITALIANS—A FETE.—THE VILLA D'ESTE.—GARDENS AND ARTIFICIAL WATERS.

I HAD been told that the diligence left for Tivoli at two o'clock, and in order to be very punctual, I was at the place at half-past two, but I was still much too early. Neither horse nor carriage, neither coachman nor passenger, was to be seen. I asked after the office, and was directed to the stable, and in the stable, they told me "the office was gone out." "The travellers' waiting-room then?" I was shown a bench under the archway. Three or four drivers and porters, who were sitting on it, drew closer to each other, to make room, and I seated myself to wait in patience.

The space under the arch-way was the scene of a characteristic piece of Roman popular life.

There was a little shed in which the money-taker of the theatre Capranica was selling tickets, but the trade was not very lively, as it was very fine weather, and the American tumblers were having a performance in the open air. Opposite me, seated on the ruins of an old straw-chair, was an old woman, with a very comfortably stout person and immense spectacles on her nose, sewing with an infinite tranquillity of mind. Meditatively she drew the thread out of her bosom, slowly threaded her needle, slowly made a knot, and, with due deliberation, made a stitch; and while she was drawing in her thread, much in the same manner as a fisherman hauls in his nets, her spectacled eyes found time to take a short excursion over the surrounding objects before being lowered to take another stitch. It need scarcely be said that she found plenty of time for observations, questions, and answers, and as little need I add that her tongue was much more nimble than her needle.

After carrying on this twofold occupation for upwards of a quarter of an hour, about a hand's length of the seam was happily accomplished, the thread was returned to its original retreat, the needle stuck in the stuff, the scissors laid aside, and an earthenware chafing-dish brought out from

under her chair, with a little pot on it, which was simmering gently. In the little pot there were artichokes, which the old lady eat with evident satisfaction, with an accompaniment of bread that she pulled out of her pocket. She had no implements but her fingers, yet she managed matters with tolerable neatness, and was just as slow over her dinner as over her work. A pretty child, who was playing under the care of its nurse, and eyeing the old lady's repast with evident interest, came at her beckoning, and was fed with a grandmotherly tenderness, though without the venerable needlewoman stopping for a moment the regular supplies which she carried to her own mouth.

In the mean time my neighbours on the bench had collected a number of companions round them, and were carrying on jokes and pranks among themselves, which now and then aroused the angry interference of the old woman. One of them, a one-eyed fellow, seemed generally to have the advantage over his opponent. "Hol-loa! Sir!" called out the latter to a stranger who was passing just as he had received a smart rebuff; "my friend Joseph has got something to say to you." The stranger stopped—Joseph involuntarily took a step towards him, and, it

appeared, they were both one-eyed. This was a most successful joke; the stranger joined heartily in the general merriment, and then, without any further communication, went on his way, laughing loudly. The Italians always take practical jokes in good part, which is more than every one can say of himself.

At last the *diligence* came out, a sort of improved *fiacre*, to which a prudent man would not have trusted himself without ensuring his life and limbs. I got in, together with another traveller, who was taking leave of a fair "cousin," who had come to see him off, in a more affectionate manner than may have been altogether agreeable to the cousin's husband, who was standing by.

As we jolted over the wretched pavement, I congratulated myself inwardly on there being, at least, room on the seats, though they were as hard as stones.—Sad error! In the next street, the vehicle stopped to admit two more passengers, and lo and behold! there was the indefatigable cousin come again to take a second farewell, while her husband stood by, with something as much like a smile as was possible under the circumstances. I rather think he and I were the only individuals to whom the time seemed long,

whilst we were kept waiting by the new passengers. When they were ready we had to drive about another mile to fetch the fifth and sixth passengers; but we saw no more of the affectionate cousin. I rather think her husband must have locked her up.

The Campagna begins immediately outside the San Lorenzo gate; but it seemed to me far more interesting two months before in its varied winter clothing, than now at the end of April, when it presented to the eye a tedious monotonous green.

Among the travellers was a landlord of the neighbourhood, and to him I addressed the often-asked and never satisfactorily answered question of, why the Campagna is not cultivated? "The wages of labourers are too high—native labourers are as good as not to be had," he said, "and strange day-labourers, when they are induced to come, ask from 25 to 30 \* *Bajiochi* per diem, although their maintenance confessedly costs only about four."

Would not the natives of Parma and Lucca, who, as *navvies*, are contented with such small wages in France and Germany, be equally useful in the neighbourhood of Rome? in many parts of which the ground is only awaiting the

\* Thirteen pence half-penny to nineteen pence.

plough to yield the most ample harvests. And if the cultivation of the Campagna by day-labourers would not answer, why not farm it out? Why not sell it in portions to peasant proprietors, out of the over-populous districts of Romagna and Lombardy?

To all these and similar suggestions, the people of Rome have nothing better to answer than that, the employment of the Campagna for cattle-pastures, brings more than its cultivation as arable land would. This is, evidently, either a falsehood or a mere evasion of the difficulty, and the problem appears to me as involved as ever, why the means are not found, or not applied, so as to turn to its true use the extremely fruitful soil which lies outside the gates of Rome.

At a short distance from the walls the road crosses the Anio, which has still the character of a mountain-stream, though not far from its junction with the Tiber, and its deep banks are adorned with a picturesque growth of trees. A little further on we forded another brook, from which arose strong fumes of sulphur, which impregnated the air for a considerable distance around, but this powerful medicinal spring has not been used for many years. Beyond this brook the Campagna is overgrown with bushes,

among which are some which belong rather to the ornamental shrubbery than the wilderness. Who knows whether these blooming and richly perfumed copses are not the last remnants of some ancient Roman parks, which certainly existed at the foot of these mountains? At present there is, with the exception of the road itself, no mark of human occupation from Rome to Tivoli; for the two or three miserable public-houses which the traveller passes, can scarcely be reckoned as signs of cultivation.

Scarcely a mile distant from Tivoli, which lies upon the mountain-side, the road turns aside into an olive-wood of very old trees, and ascends towards the town with a wide sweep. The mile is prolonged into four of a continual ascent, for the town lies at a very considerable elevation.

On the promenade which joins the gate, gaily dressed crowds of young ladies were enjoying the sunny evening, in company with spiritual fathers, by no means old. As we entered, one of them was taking leave of a party, and—could I believe my eyes?—his delicate white hand was passed round among the ladies *to kiss!* I was obliged to turn away my eyes, that I might not lose my temper at the sight!

To reach the inn, named the Sibyl, you must

work your way through the whole length of the poverty-stricken, crooked, angular little town, and when you reach it, you find it worthy of the place. A crooked house, a break-neck staircase, furniture which screams whenever you touch it—in short, a hotel in the true Italian style. With the exception of one other, which is inferior, though its outward appearance promises more, the Sibyl is the only inn of Tivoli, and is placed in a tolerable position, with fine views from some of its windows.

All its rooms afford the means of artistic study, their walls being illustrated with the contributions of many a travelling artist, in charcoal, chalk, and pencil. Many of these sketches show an experienced hand, but the wit they have aimed at, has very often deserted them at the critical point.

Tivoli now owes its reputation for scenic beauty principally to the falls of the Anio. It may have been otherwise formerly, when the mountains were covered with foliage, and a hundred handsome country-seats were scattered over the wood-crowned heights, surrounded by their parks and gardens, in the days when Horace sang of the beauties of his native Tiber. Nevertheless, these heights, partly bare, partly



covered with the remnants of the ancient olive woods, present a series of very grand and attractive scenes, as here the Anio rages through a deep ravine which it has worn for itself, there dashes over a steep declivity in a roaring sheet of foam, scenes which are perhaps unequalled in their kind, at least I can compare them to nothing I have ever seen.

The principal stream of the Anio formerly shot down a very steep ravine, which divides Tivoli from the mountain behind it, but as its course in this bed was found to be dangerous for the neighbouring quarter of the town (in one spring it undermined twenty houses, and precipitated them into the gulf), a canal was tun-nelled out some years ago through the solid rock, which conducts it to the extremity of the town, where it again plunges into the ravine. The canal is hewn in the shape of a double Gothic arch, four hundred paces long through the mountain, and it is impossible for the imprisoned stream to leave it, until it reaches the twofold mouth, where it dashes into the deep abyss, thundering hoarsely, and flinging high into the air diamond showers of spray, which sparkle, with all the colours of the rainbow, in the rays of the sunlight.

The two tunnels are divided by a thin natural wall, on each side of which a slender path has been cut out in the rock; but in spite of the iron railings I would not recommend this promenade to any one liable to giddiness, for the noise and arrow-like rapidity with which the stream shoots down, on whose brink you stand, is enough to turn many a head. In the tunnel itself there is, of course, no very new or beautiful view of the waterfall; and whoever is not satisfied with the view of it which may be enjoyed in and near the Sybil, has no resource left but to seek a path down the almost inaccessible precipices which hang over the ravine, and gain the point where you have the cascade right in front.

Many smaller branches of the Anio traverse the town of Tivoli, both through the streets and below them, and fling themselves over the edge of the mountain platform on which it is built, in a whole crowd of little waterfalls, known as the Cascatelle. The best view of them is to be obtained from the road, which follows the right bank of the Anio, high above the principal stream, into which they spring from a height of many hundred feet. Some of these smaller branches dash gloriously out of the windows of

an old Roman building, which is now used as an iron factory, and where the waters of the Anio are made to turn the machinery.

A Swiss, who held some post in this factory, and whom I often met in my walks to see the Cascatelle, drew my attention to a house standing beside a neighbouring church.

"There lives a countryman of yours in that house," he said; "a hermit, a fellow who is worth knowing."

I did not wait to be advised twice, and we went together to seek out the anchorite who lives in a house amply spacious for a large family.

"The worthy man does not mortify his flesh too severely," said the Swiss, "and I warrant you'll find a good bottle of wine in his cellar."

The anchorite was in bed, and a sort of lay-brother, who lives with and serves him, told us he had a slight fever and head-ache. My Swiss friend was of opinion that the hermit had been too jolly over night. However that might be the pious man made his appearance a few minutes after, and a dirty fellow he was, with the most unmistakeably common-place face. He had come from Silesia, and established himself as a journeyman shoemaker at Rome, but he soon renounced his awl as well as Satan, and all his

works, and came as a hermit to Tivoli, where his occupation is the care of a wonder-working picture of the Virgin, and his income is derived from privileged mendicancy.

My visit to the ex-shoemaker proved very unprofitable—the heaviest, stupidest work. My Swiss companion made an allusion to the cellar, but the hermit assured him it was empty.

“He had in a great cask only four weeks ago,” whispered the Swiss to me, and then continued aloud to the holy man—

“Tell me why you keep your comrade here in his workman’s jacket? Why don’t you put him into a frock and cowl like your own?”

“Thomas is too often intoxicated,” said the hermit demurely, shaking his head and making a long face, “he would disgrace this dress.”

I had had enough and was anxious to be gone, but was not suffered to depart without seeing the Virgin’s picture, which was kept in the church close to the hermitage. It was a wretched little figure of gilt wood, said to have been found on the spot by a pair of oxen. Heaven, it would seem, sometimes chooses its instruments oddly.

On the following Sunday the annual “coronation” of the image was to take place; printed invitations to assist at the festival were issued

to all the inhabitants of Rome, and a number of volunteers, both rich and poor, had been selected months ago from among the inhabitants of Tivoli to assist at the solemnities. The hermit pressed me strongly to wait till Sunday, and see the ceremony, but I inwardly rejoiced that it was then only Thursday, so that I should have plenty of time to see the town and return to Rome on Saturday.

The church beside the hermitage bears the name of *Di Quintilio* after Quintilius Varus, who had, or is said to have had, a villa in the neighbourhood.

They point out as a last trace of it in a portion of a strong wall which stands in the olive-garden close by, more under than above the ground. How correct this may be I know not, but I was glad to find that the Roman traditions had preserved the name which we have only learned out of the foreign histories of our victories, and which many of us have pretty well forgotten again.

I returned with my Swiss acquaintance to visit the iron-factory, perched high on the opposite shore of the Anio. There seems no reason to dispute the title of the Villa of Mæcenas, which has been bestowed on the building. It is large and well preserved, erected in brick, but strong

as solid stone. All the architectural decorations have long since disappeared even to the colonnade of the court-yard; the interior has, of course, been much altered to suit its modern utilitarian purpose, but the principal features of the original plan are still to be traced, and probably throughout all Italy, no private dwelling-house of ancient Rome, has remained less disfigured or changed.

In the vast under-ground vaults are the furnaces and forges; the stream of water which turns the wheels, and works the machinery, is introduced through the second floor, and, as already mentioned, dashes from the windows down into the depths of the valley. The state rooms of the former aristocratic proprietor are changed into workshops of the more delicate kinds of handwork, and are filled with a ceaseless grinding, whirring, and clanging, and hundred-voiced uproar. This iron-foundry, which, with the exception of the Prince Torlonia's tobacco manufactory, is the greatest factory in the States of the Church—counts one hundred and twenty work-people. It is scarcely necessary to say, that it was first established by foreigners, who, however, did not find the business answer, and it is now the property of a company of

“

Roman capitalists, in whose hands it seems to prosper; a fact, at which one must wonder, when one learns that the rough iron comes from England; that the coals have to be fetched from Velletria, a good day's journey, on the backs of horses and mules; and that skilful and trustworthy workmen are scraped together with infinite trouble, and very highly paid. The place affords nothing beyond the water-power, which is strong enough for a dozen such factories, but which, by gross mismanagement, is not always sufficient for this single one. Under such conditions, then, how is success possible? The problem is easily solved. The wise and paternal papal Government came to the assistance of the poor Roman capitalists, and laid a tax of two bajiochi—about three-halfpence—on every pound of foreign-manufactured iron. Could there be a more glaring example of ignorant, unreasonable taxation? In a land, containing neither metal nor fuel, to create, by protection, a forced success for a company of blundering speculators in the working of iron! It is truly taking from the poor to give to the rich. As far as Tivoli is concerned, it has no demand for this branch of industry, supported at the cost of the Pope's subjects; on the contrary, it would be of im-

»

mensely greater profit to the town, if a small part of the sum expended on the iron-foundry, were devoted to the improvement of the means of intercourse with other places, for the ordinary harvest, from the pockets of travellers, is very scanty indeed. There come daily to the Sibylla fifteen or twenty hackney carriages from Rome, full of strangers, who return to Rome the same day, without having really seen the place at all, and without any saving to themselves; for the hire of the coach is equal to the cost of a two or three days' stay in Tivoli. How many more lose altogether the sight of this beautiful place, because they shun the journey in the miserable stage-coach; while, on the other hand, they are deterred by the exorbitant demands of the fiacre-drivers. By the help of good inns and diligences, Tivoli might become for Rome that place of amusement and relaxation needed by all great towns. Now, it is the goal of an expensive journey, which is made once in a life-time.

Early on the morning of the 1st of May, I set out to visit 'the far-famed Villa Hadrian. The sky was blue and clear; the air, for an Italian May-day, very fresh: church-bells rang out from the distance, and the songs of nightingales trilled forth from the hedges on either side the



road, about four miles in length, which led up to the enclosure, surrounding the immense grounds of the ancient imperial residence.

In spite of the fuss made by the Guide-books about the Villa Hadrian, I had but moderate expectations with regard to its attractions; yet they were, nevertheless, far too elevated for the reality. What in Heaven's name is the use of firing our imaginations with pompous descriptions of what *was*, when the business of life is to learn what *is*?

The jugglery with which it is now the fashion to mingle the past and present, to confound the picture of former days with the reality of modern times is one of the most unbearable offences of those literary hawkers who never think they are making an impression unless they are crying at the top of their voices. Their false representations may read well, and may even awaken in many a reader a lively curiosity and desire of travel, but to the actual traveller they are a perpetual bar to enjoyment, and an inexhaustible source of disappointment.

The entire space formerly occupied by the imperial pleasure-grounds is now covered with a neglected olive-plantation; there is not a trace of garden or park left, and of the many build-

ings which Hadrian scattered over them, there remains but bits of walls and shapeless heaps of stones. The ruins are numerous and extensive, many of them colossal, but neither characteristic nor picturesque. Whatever there may have been among them of value has been long ago carried off; thanks to time and museum collecting tourists, the bare walls alone remain, and their interest is not much enhanced, in my eyes at least, by the high-sounding names bestowed upon them. Not a few of these names bear a sad testimony against their imperial architect's taste. There is an academy of Plato, a Prytaneum, a Lyceum of Aristotle, without mentioning a Temple in Elysium, a Tartarus, and other inventions of an anticipated "*pig-tail*" period. The only reason for visiting all these things, as far as I can find out, is the distinction of being able to say you have seen them, and that privilege I would gladly make over to any one who would return to me the hours I lost in the precincts of the Villa Hadrian.

There are in the neighbourhood of Tivoli, some other relics of antiquity better worth inspecting and remembering. For example, the Temples of Vesta and the Sibyl, which stand near the inn named after the latter, and the

Temple della Tosse, a round building, whose slightly arched roof is covered with a thick growth of the softest vegetation.

In the evening, feeling very cold in my own apartment, I took refuge in the coffee-room, and though I did not find the warmth I sought, I got instead of it, an amusing entertainment. Four or five men wrapped in their cloaks, were seated round, at first silent and motionless, but by and by they entered into conversation with the host and with each other, and in the end, a dried-up grey-headed old fellow declaimed a love-scene for the amusement of the company, and did it so capitally that I am sure the critical manager of a metropolitan theatre would have been satisfied. Satisfied! what do I say? he would have offered the old gentleman an immediate engagement, and the prospect of an alms-house to end his days in. The natural endowments and the whole life of the Italians are thoroughly dramatic, and, therefore, their country affords inexhaustible dramatic talent. And thus Italy, independently of its galleries and museums, its exquisite sky and blooming earth, would still be a school of art and culture scarcely to be replaced. Yet Italian life is completely wanting in the lyric and sentimental elements of poetry; it is com-

pletely unpoetical in the more limited sense of the word as included in those elements. The state, society, domestic life, the mind and spirit of the people are all the barest prose. The nature and the history of Italy are poetic, but the present external and mental condition of the people is the very realization of all that is contrary to poetry of mind.

And as a consequence, there are in Italy no popular songs, or music (the guitar and mandoline are pure fable), and except in the churches and theatres, not a note of melody is to be heard; there is no dancing, no public festival (except the ecclesiastical), no flowers, no gardens, no pleasure in a country life; for the *villeggiature* of the Italians have no other object than to afford a refuge from the heat and bad air of the summer in the towns. They do not even understand the poetical enjoyment of drinking; it is not that they repudiate wine, but they will stay over it, in the gloomy coffee-room of a tavern for hours together, while in Germany the most miserable beer is, if possible, carried out into the open air to be drunk under the green trees.

On Saturday morning I was aroused by a thundering salute of artillery. A hundred shots

followed close after each other, peal upon peal sounding as if close beneath my windows. I sprang up in alarm, filled with the idea that Tivoli had revolted in despair, and was fighting a desperate barricade fight against the whole force of the Papal army. Happily, however, it was not an *émeute* this time; Tivoli was only trying its ordnance preparatory to the coronation of the Silesian shoemaker's wonder-working Virgin. The fire was very constant, but not very dangerous. An iron pipe, six or eight inches long, loaded to the mouth, and stuck upright in the ground to fire off, constitutes the entire battery—the general regulations against all offensive weapons not having extended to this piece of artillery.

Throughout the States of the Church, as well as in Naples, rows of these harmless pipes may be seen on the festival days, planted on all public places, and when discharged in a running fire from time to time, supply as much noise as is considered necessary for an Italian *fête*—and perhaps a little more.

My farewell visit in Tivoli was paid to the Villa d'Este. With some trouble and a great deal of inquiring in the most out-of-the-way

corner of the town, I found out an old-fashioned gate, which was the entrance to the villa.

As I let fall the heavy iron-knocker on the gate, the sound re-echoed through the wide empty space within; the heavy portal swung slowly open, as if of its own accord, groaning on its hinges, and I passed through an ante-chamber into a great empty court, from which the last trace of the human feet which once trod it, seem to have vanished years ago. In the midst stood a fountain-basin, like the grave-stone of the bright spring which once sparkled there, but which had been dried up time out of mind.

I crossed the court and entered one of the many open doorways which surrounded it. Within were wide empty chambers, with nothing but faded frescoes and disfigured joists and entablatures, once gilt, left of all their former gay decorations. The windows were broken away from the empty frames, and my footsteps sounded back from the bare broken pavement, and echoed through whole suites of rooms no longer divided from one another by doors. I felt almost like a ghost, and was very glad when, at last, I caught sight of something in human shape—the lady of the castle. This fair castellan

led me to an upper balcony, inlaid with the richest mosaic, and offering a lovely prospect over the plain and the surrounding mountains. Immediately beneath the balcony lay the garden of the villa, into which I descended, after feasting my eyes sufficiently on the lovely view before me.

The Villa D'Este was built about three-hundred years ago by a cardinal of that name; and, setting aside the injuries of time, it seems to have preserved its original character unaltered to the present day. It is this which gives to its garden not only a great charm, but even an historical signification.

It is very rarely that it can be said of pleasure-grounds with truth, or even with probability, that they have preserved the same features unaltered for three-hundred years; for my own part, I know of none that have, except this Villa d'Este, and those of the Generalifa in Granada.

The gardens are laid out here in three or four terraces, lying one above another, and is, on the whole, a complete and original example of the style which we are accustomed to call the French, and of which Louis XIV.'s gardener, Lenotre, was always considered the master. There is now no doubt that this style is of Italian origin,

and adopted by the French in the sixteenth or seventeenth century, together with many other arts and customs. It was not even altered or improved upon in France, as may be seen by comparing the gardens of Versailles and Fontainebleau with those of the Quirinal, the Vatican, and this Villa d'Este. With larger means, they were executed on a larger scale, and some of the most tasteless features clipped a little, but only to shoot up with redoubled vigour, beneath the fostering care of our petty German courts.

In the gardens of the Villa d'Este, a complete solemnity is united with the most perfect tastelessness of the epoch when pig-tails reigned paramount. Straight hedges of box and yew, all kinds of artificial water-works, stiff beds of flowers, grottoes of shells, mythological statues of inconceivable hideousness, arches leading to nowhere, broken columns wreathed with garlands, a stone-ship with an obelisk for mast, stuck in the mud of a wretched pond, foolish little temples and chapels—in short, everything most opposed to nature and good taste, is to be seen here heaped in the most incomparable and varied profusion.

But their evident age, and the rapid progress of decay, produce a peculiar effect in reconciling



us to all this unnatural and corrupt art. The dismantled deformities of stone and stucco, the hedges that have long outgrown the shears, all the ancient allegorical trickery, have now a sort of mournful interest, and call up many a sentimental image. This marshy pool, in the middle of a moss-grown plot of turf, and overhung with untrained luxuriant rose-bushes, makes a poetical impression, which is rather increased than injured, by the ducks plashing in the sad waters. A path, overgrown with thick weeds, leads into a dense grove of laurels, alive with nightingales. There, on the lowest terrace, at the foot of the broad flight of steps, stand eight or ten cypresses of immense size, and almost primeval age, each one of which is a subject for the landscape-painter. One of them was struck by lightning some time since, and stands a scorched and shattered ruin.

The present possessor of the Villa d'Este—the Duke of Modena—has very recently ordered a thorough repair of his long neglected property; but these repairs have been commenced by the restoration of the artificial waters! The dolphins once more spout water from their gaping jaws, the Tritons blow it from their shells, and the Duke of Modena is satisfied.

So much the better. In the meantime, perhaps his Serene Highness's sudden taste for reform will relapse into its accustomed tranquillity; and if the rest of the Villa and its gardens are left in their present condition, we can put up with the artificial waters. The Villa d'Este cannot but lose by every alteration and restoration. As it is, it offers all that the poet, the artist, and the virtuoso can expect, and the Duke of Modena himself (with due respect be it said), with his partiality for Tritons and Dolphins, is in great danger of utterly spoiling this portion of his inheritance.

Among the emblems most frequently employed in these water-works, is the lily. I don't know whether it is intended to restore *them* or not, but most likely before the century is at an end, these heraldic blossoms will be completely faded.

I write this, I must confess, with some misgivings, for prophecies are awkward things to meddle with, unless, indeed, one understands the prophetic art, as well as the "Lunario di Fuligno," the most popular almanac in Italy, which foretels political events, as well as the state of the weather, and with the most infallible certainty. For example, its columns proclaim for last *January*, "Jealousy between two Courts," (it is

evidently Vienna and Berlin that are alluded to).

*February*: "Some movements of the army take place;" and it is quite true, for in February (as in every month) the troops were paraded and exercised. *July*: "Several, who fill high places, will find themselves dismissed;" and so it fell out that Messrs. von Auerswald and Bonin *did* fall from their high estate. I cannot feel quite as confident of the truth of my prophecy; but I am consoled by the tranquillising conviction, that even should it not be fulfilled by the year 1900, I shall not suffer much from the reproaches my failure may draw upon me.

## CHAPTER X.

LOITERING IN ROME.—THE MUSEUM OF THE VATICAN.—THE CONVENT OF ST. ONOFRIO.—ITALIAN MEMORIALS TO PUBLIC MEN.—THE REV. DON MARCELLO.—HIS POLITICS AND HIS OPINION OF THE AMERICANS.

I WENT to pay a parting visit to the Vatican. The court of Bramante looked as beautiful as it did the first time I saw it. In the "Sala Regia," I felt my old gall rising at the sight of the Emperor Frederic's prostration at the feet of Pope Alexander; but scorn over-mastered wrath at the picture of the "Massacre of St. Bartholomew," which the Papacy reckons among its triumphs. The Sistine Chapel I passed by as usual; and in the Loggie I made, as I had often done before, a vain attempt to admire the ceiling without a painful dislocation of the neck-muscles.

As I was about to enter the Museum, a corpulent Swiss, who filled up the whole doorway, opposed the attempt.

“Closed,” said he.—“And the Picture Gallery?” “Closed also!”—“And why?” “The Duke of Modena has sent to say he is coming.”

And so his small highness of Modena, so occupied the immeasurable space of the Vatican, that no room was left for us poor ordinary mortals! This was the third or fourth time that, after I had made a pilgrimage to the Vatican, I found myself turned back at the door of the Museum.

The whole arrangement and management of this Museum is the most illiberal that can be imagined of any so-called “public collection.” It is said that the public have *free* admittance twice a week; but the doorkeepers conduct themselves as if it were a pure act of civility on their part to open the cases, though it is a service which they are paid to perform. On the remaining days the Museum is open to strangers, it is true, but chiefly, as would appear, for the benefit of the papal servants, who expect a double fee on these days, and, if possible, force one of their body as a cicerone on the visitor into the bargain. As for benches or chairs for rest, or the more convenient contemplation of the finer works, no such things are to be met with in the Vatican. In other Museums a list

of the objects contained in every hall or section is either hung up or left open for inspection somewhere, but they are guilty of no such thoughtlessness in the Vatican, for it would, evidently, injure the sale of the catalogues; neither is any information vouchsafed respecting the origin or place of discovery of any work of art; but, to make amends, on a great number the "gift of such and such a Pope" is cut into the marble in letters an inch long, a piece of ostentation whose coarseness must disgust every uncorrupted taste.

On leaving the Museum, the open door of the Sistine Chapel induced me again to enter. It was full of strangers, who, with few exceptions, had their attention fixed on the carpets and hangings left in the Chapel since the Easter festival, all stuffs of the most gaudy staring colours.

The paintings on the walls and ceilings made no stronger impression on me than before; it was bright noon, and I saw little more than the general outline and a confused mass of colour. A painter who was copying the "Last Judgment," had called in the aid of a telescope, but it must have been a good one if it helped him even to a half-and-half comprehension of the picture. To have another look in passing St. Peter's was

irresistible, and at the door whom should I encounter but his aforesaid Highness of Modena, attended by a *Monsignore* and a swarm of priests, adjutants, chamberlains, and policemen. I fully expected that during the visit of this Potentate, the church would be barred to the commonalty, but I had the unhopèd-for good fortune to be allowed entrance, the sublime presence notwithstanding. It was uncommonly civil on the part of his Holiness.

As I had not yet seen the Convent of St. Onofrio, so remarkable in many respects, I directed my steps to the neighbouring Trastevere. An isolated road leads up to the Janiculus, on the declivity of which, on the side towards the city and still within the walls of Rome, the convent is situated. A small lawn before the gate, shaded by noble old trees, affords the first satisfactory prospect over the city. In the garden, which is laid out on the mountain-side, the view widens, but it is not sufficiently elevated to permit such a separation of the various component parts of the Roman panorama as is necessary to a clear comprehension of it. However, if the individual parts and architectural groups are less strongly defined, we have, on the other hand, an imposing whole in the masses, whose foreground

received at this time additional beauty of decoration in the roses, orange-trees, and young vines. In full view of this grand and beautiful scenery rose four or five ranges of grass-grown brick-benches, erected by St. Philip Neri for the behoof of an auditory in the open air; but it may be a question how much the disciples of the holy man, could keep their attention fixed to his pious exhortations, with such objects before their eyes.

The finest point of view in the wilderness of a garden, is beneath the tree called Tasso's Oak, at the foot of which was the poet's favourite seat. There is still remaining a fragment of the huge trunk, split by the lightning some years ago; but from this stump a mass of young branches have sprung forth, whose rich abundance testify to the vigour of the sap. In this form, the tree is most picturesquely beautiful; more so, perhaps, than it was before the injury; and, with a little care and cherishing, many a generation of political pilgrims might yet rejoice in its shade. But who thinks here of care, or even of safe-keeping? In a few years it will be completely flayed and scalped by the knives of certain insular barbarians, and others yet more fierce and dangerous from the New World. Yet, strange



to say, the spoilers, who, in this absurd manner, carry away in shapeless fragments for their lumber-rooms, the most touching memorials of the past, really, and in all seriousness, call themselves cultivated people!

In that chamber of the convent, inhabited by Tasso, as half-prisoner and acknowledged madman, there are still remaining some tokens of his abode. The most attractive is a mask taken after death, in whose features there is a touching expression of suffering, but which scarcely looks the age, somewhat above fifty, which Tasso had attained.

Walled into the side of the insignificant old church there is a small simple slab bearing Tasso's name. That is the only fitting monument to the poet, in the scene of his sacrifice by priestly baseness to princely vengeance. That a society of admirers of Tasso have it now in contemplation to erect a more or less splendid monument in the church of San Onofrio, shows more good will than genuine poetic feeling. The gloomy tragedy of Tasso's destiny finds in that old, simple stone, an expression, which can only be weakened by any modern addition, even if it were in better taste than is promised by the design of the monument.

If, however, the memory of Tasso is to be honoured by a public memorial, it would be better placed in any part of Rome, or any other Italian city, than in the church of San Onofrio. What unlucky mania is it, that induces the Italians always thus to bury their monuments to distinguished men in the darkness of their churches?

In all other countries men have outgrown this middle-age propensity, and the corpse-like style it forced upon art. In Italy, with the exception of some statues of princes, I am at a loss to name three memorials, which present to all people in the broad light of the sun, an image of intellectual greatness or patriotic service. As to Rome, in particular, she possesses not a single out-door monument of the Christian ages, unless we can call such the statues of the Apostles, and some stone-pillar Saints.

It is true that for fifteen hundred years there have been scarcely any Romans to whom posterity owes a monument, and the best of these few are inscribed in the "Index Expurgatorius."

It is very possible also, that the spiritual authorities, from principle, may tolerate no lay monument, and least of all, in honour of any laymen. But the same fact is repeated in the

more than profane Naples, in splendid and art-loving Florence, in Genoa and Venice—republics till yesterday.

And yet local patriotism is the most vehement of all public feelings of the Italians; nowhere in the world do we find so lively a city-pride as in Italy, so grateful a remembrance of every name and every deed which have brought honour or renown to the little native place; even were such achievements wrought in the remotest times. Columbus and Galileo, Dante and Ariosto, Dandolo and Doria, Cola Rienzi and Masaniello—statesmen, poets, men of science, men of action—of all these we ask in vain for any monument erected by the admiration, the gratitude, or the vanity of their fellow-citizens. At best, the inquirer is directed to some church on whose walls, amongst nameless bishops and cathedral dignitaries, some common-place or tasteless gravestone forms the only memorial to the greatest individuality of centuries. Is that accident and unmeaning custom, or is it a token of the spirit of the age?

On my way home I met an acquaintance who proposed to me to go with him to visit a friend, a priest, in whom I should meet with a very distinguished man, Don Marcello, whom we

found in a little, cold, bare, uncomfortable official dwelling. He was a young man of vivacious temperament, but evidently without weight of character or intellect. Like all priests with whom I have come in contact, he was very eager for information about Germany, which in Central Italy is as scanty, rare, and untrustworthy, as if Germany were some unknown quarter of the world. And very naturally. Foreign newspapers are no longer read here, and the Italian journalists understand Germany too imperfectly to give their readers any clear or just idea of our sayings and doings.

Don Marcello, however, knew of a close alliance between Prussia, Austria, and Russia, a formal league against revolution, which seemed to give him the greatest satisfaction. The report of the day, of a threatening demand made by Austria to Piedmont, with reference to the freedom of the press and the tribune, gave Don Marcello an opportunity of taking a most decided part with Austria against Sardinia, to which country he, without hesitation or shame, wished a third and last defeat. The Italian priesthood, and the Roman in particular, is most generally and decidedly anti-national, ready at any moment to sacrifice their native land, in order

to preserve their own position, and this treasonable self-seeking it is, that sooner or later will bring down on them fearful retribution.

The restoration of the Pope through the co-operation of all the Catholic powers, whose historical jealousies were for once forgotten, was, for Don Marcello, the surest pledge for the temporal future of the church; but that even Protestant States should have given their moral aid to further this great end, he could only look on as a direct miracle. I thought I could have found another solution, which rested on the short-sightedness and weakness of man, rather than on the immediate interposition of God, but I was silent, not wishing to alarm Don Marcello, whose effusions of heart delighted me exceedingly.

The worthy ecclesiastic was not, after all, thoroughly satisfied with his own reasoning, and with the prospect of peace for the world, and he kept harping upon the theme of Germany, as the real key to the European "situation."

"The Governments of Austria, Prussia, and Bavaria were to be trusted, but how was it with the people? Had they, before all things, preserved sound monarchical principles through all the disorders of the last few years?"

I could not refrain from giving him the result of my observations and experiences on these points pretty freely, which it may be readily imagined were not very agreeable to Don Marcello. Monarchy was, he thought, a logical deduction from the necessity of authority to human nature. "But America?" I objected.

"Ah, America," replied Don Marcello; "the Americans have stumbled on a Republic they do not know how; they are a *simple, sleepy* people, enervated by good-living and climate, and so it happens that the heads of the State are permitted to do as they please; the Republican name subsists because Republican passions are wanting."

Our conversation had now reached a point when any opposition on my part was of course out of the question; and fortunately a servant of Don Marcello, who at a sign from his master had prepared chocolate in the bedroom, made his appearance at this moment. The chocolate was excellent, and so were the cakes, and I left Don Marcello well pleased with his hospitality and highly edified by his conversation.

## CHAPTER XI.

FROM ROME TO NAPLES.—ALBANO.—ARICCIA.—THE VIADUCT.—  
VELLETRI.—DRAINING OF PONTINE MARSHES.—TERRACINA.—  
NEAPOLITAN TERRITORY.—BEGGARY.—MOLO DI GAETA.—CAPUA.  
—ENTRY INTO NAPLES.

“ROME is dead! Vive Naples!” Such was the cry of all ranks in the army of foreign pilgrims the day following the close of the Roman Carnival. Many had already entered their travelling carriages as the last taper was extinguished in the Corso; on Ash-Wednesday, whole caravans were passing through the street leading to the gate of San Giovanni, and before the week was at an end, Rome seemed half depopulated, so I thought it high time to depart in my turn, although the March weather was anything but inviting for travellers.

The journey from Rome to Naples must, by general agreement, be made with a vetturino; and for this a party of five or six persons must be got together, and as these are not always to be

met with, such as we might wish, it follows that we must put up with such as we can get.

If I could have chosen my travelling companions, they would not have strikingly resembled those that fell to my share. A German American, too ill-tempered to be an agreeable associate; two American naval officers—one without a word to say, the other a demi-savage; the fifth man a smooth, polished but comically-ignorant Italian; and with this select company I had to pass four days within the narrow space of a travelling carriage. “Well, as Fate will have it!” thought I, and resigned myself accordingly. But Fate seemed propitiated by my submission, for after a week of storm and rain, the weather cleared up the day before that fixed for our departure. Two divine spring-days were spent in getting our passports in order, and making other preparations for the journey, when, lo! on the longed-for morning down came the rain again in torrents!

In the grey of the morning, we drove out into the grey wide world. The conversation, at first tolerably animated, soon languished, and sad and sulky we drove through the desolate Campagna towards the rain-mantled Alban hills. Right and left of the road, still called the Appian, are



scattered, at various distances, the melancholy ruins of considerable buildings, whose original form and purpose can now only be guessed at, though many of them have been baptized at random with historical names. The only remains that can be identified with certainty, are those of the vast aqueducts, of which long lines of arches are still erect, broken by wide breaches where the last stone of the foundation has vanished beneath the turf. A few miserable public-houses are scattered at wide intervals along the road; but of a village, or of cultivated ground, there is not a trace.

After a drive of some hours we, at last, left the dreary Campagna behind us, and the road began to ascend the mountains, half way up which is situated the town of Albano, whence they derive their name, and which, on its side probably derived that appellation (with permission of archæologists) from Alba, the neighbouring Alba Longa. The rain had ceased as we drove into the town, and permitted the Albanians to hold the usual Sunday after church popular assembly. The market-place and principal street swarmed with people young and old.

In Germany, now-a-days, such an assemblage would have awakened fears of an approaching

revolution, and required at any rate the presence of a strong body of *gensdarmes*; here, however, the object seemed to be simply to indulge in yawning, which is not, I believe, forbidden in the States of the Church, nor considered dangerous by the police.

The women, as the more pious sex, were still collected in the church, so that we enjoyed the wished-for opportunity of testing the united effect of the far-famed beauty of the women of Albano, and their vaunted picturesque costume. The principal point of this dress is the white cloth folded square upon the head ; in the other parts of the toilette they had adopted the general fashion yet more than the Roman women, who, at least, on solemn occasions, still appear in the red jacket bordered with gold, worn by their great grand-mothers, and which is so well suited to their full forms and expressive faces.

As to the beauty of the Albano women we were compelled to admit, after a conscientious review, that there was not one who could turn the head of any of our party. A few pretty faces, amongst a much greater number by no means pretty, were all we found in the church. Two or three at the utmost might have been named beautiful, at least as having once been so ; for

they might have been, perhaps, the grandmothers of ten years old grand-children.

Whilst the Vetturino was feeding his horses, we visited the environs of the town, as far as wind and weather permitted. At about a mile from it we reached the edge of a deep crater, whose lower part, filled with water, bears the name of the Lake of Albano. On the opposite bank the site of Alba Longa is pointed out, and the spot where Hannibal's camp was pitched, when he threatened Rome. There is nothing improbable in either fact, nor would it detract much from the charm of the place, in my eyes, if both were proved to be false.

A beautiful path by the narrow wall of the crater, leads to the Papal pleasure-palace of Castle Gandolfo. Below it, on the right, lies the calm dark lake; to the left, the prospect extends over the Campagna, and Rome itself as far as the sea, and above its head rises a verdant leafy vaulted roof borne on slender living columns. The castle itself looks like a gloomy barrack, and the hamlet belonging to it is poverty-stricken and dirty, so that I should call the road leading from Castle Gandolfo, the greatest beauty it had to offer, if we had not afterwards discovered one yet more charming. On the outer

declivity of the mountain that forms the shore of the lake, a second road leads back to Albano, the prospect from which is certainly not extensive, but possesses, in the magnificent old trees that border it, a beauty that well replaces all other. These trees are evergreen oaks, larger than the largest elms of the Vienna Prater, real monster-trees of their species. Some of them are bent aside by their own weight, and have been propped by massive stone pillars; almost every one is a landscape of itself. I lingered so long in this enchanting avenue, that I had no time to visit the poetically situated grave of Pompey, which loss did not however hinder me from re-entering the carriage well satisfied with my excursion.

Some thousand paces from Albano, close to the high road, stands a singular monument called by the people the Grave of the Horatii, whilst the learned will have it to be a monument erected by King Porsenna to his son Aruns, who was killed in the battle fought for the restoration of the Tarquini. The strongest ground for the belief of the savans, is the difficulty of proving the contrary. It is very possible that the young Republic, not only tolerated, but were well contented with a memorial erected, so to speak, by

legitimacy to its own defeat; but we have lately seen in Italy, an example of an opposite conduct. A picture representing the death of General Manara, who fell in the siege of Rome by the French—was refused admittance to a public exhibition on account of its subject; although the authorities knew the painter to be a man of undoubtedly *right* way of thinking who had been guided by pure artistical feeling in his choice of a subject.

Not far from the tomb of the Horatii we left the carriage, and took our way on foot to Ariccia, which has certainly enriched its name by a letter since the time when Horace left it on love-adventures, but has fallen grievously in wealth and population. The site of the town—on a precipitous hill, with the Roman plain, the city and the sea before it, behind a stately forest, to the right fertile fields, and flanked on the left by the romantic wilderness of Prince Chigi's celebrated park—is still in the highest degree attractive. To shorten and facilitate the entrance to the town, a work was undertaken about fifteen years ago, perhaps unique in its way in the Papal states, and which would do honour to a more efficient Government. The deep ravine which intersects the ground before the hill of

Ariccia, and through which the road used painfully to wind, has been bridged over. We passed the viaduct—now nearly completed, since the works were never interrupted even during the Revolution—in company with a troop of talkative French soldiers. Two rows of arches, one of considerable elevation, support the bridge, which is of extraordinary length and great elegance, and yet making, withal, an impression of durability and strength.

In Germany smaller states have accomplished greater works of a similar kind, but in Italy, and especially in the Papal dominions, such undertakings are so rare, that, apart from all comparison, we cannot fail to be struck by them.

By forest-roads and avenues we reached Genzano, beautifully situated on elevated ground, and environed by smiling valleys, lovely lakes, and sylvan freshness; on all sides the traces of a greater past, and allurements to the enjoyment of the present; but to enjoy the present one must not be either an Italian or a German!

We reached Velletri, where we were to pass the night, three hours before sunset, and one and all asked in astonishment, for what earthly purpose we had been required to leave Rome before sunrise, or why, at least, we had not been

allowed to pass an hour or two more at Albano, or Ariccia. To this "why," no one had an answer to give, and, least of all, the Vetturino. At Velletri these spare hours became a real burden; the town is tolerably large, but poor and dirty, with no object to employ the eye in its steep and narrow streets, nor in its environs, to reward the trouble of a walk. The solitary point of interest Velletri affords, is a fragment of an old wall, standing high on the brink of a deep valley, closed in on the other side by bare desolate mountains. Thither I betook myself to stroll till sunset, but it was a dismal resource; and, as a last refuge, I betook myself to bed.

When the waiter came to call me the next morning, my first question was about the weather. It does not rain *yet*, was all the consolation I received. Five minutes longer, and his words were no longer true; and what we had lost in the night with respect to water, was faithfully paid in the day, and with interest. We saw no more of sunrise this day, than of sunset the day before.

At Cisterna, a few miles from Velletri, the Pontine Marshes begin, through which the road runs in a direct line for many miles, nearly as

far as Terracina. Torre de' tre Porti is the only place we stopped at, or even saw along the whole way, and that consists merely of a post-station and a church. The road is good, bordered with fine old trees, and runs for nearly the whole length parallel to the canal which carries the swamp-water to the sea.

Except in this canal, but little of this water was to be seen, although the weather was rainy. Copse, meadow, and pasture, with here and there a richly covered piece of arable land intersected with ditches, occupy the whole territory of the Pontine Marshes, as far as the eye can reach from the road. To the left the view is bounded by the bare Sabine Hills, to the right by a woody wilderness, which extends in considerable breadth to the sea-shore, a marshy primeval-looking thicket, and one of the richest hunting districts in Italy.

Some miles before Terracina the mountain-line to the left changes its direction, and obliges the road to turn likewise, after which it again runs straight as an arrow towards the town. The whole of the space between this part of the road and the foot of the mountain has been reclaimed from the marsh, and changed into arable



land of exuberant fertility; on the sea-side the land is overgrown with trees and under-wood, which encroach as far as the road.

The malaria which renders the Pontine Marshes uninhabitable, extends its influence to the very gates of Terracina. The town itself is indebted for its less unhealthy condition to the circumstance of the mountains approaching the sea so closely as only to leave room for a few lines of houses. The further drainage of the marshes seems scarcely to be thought of, and it is said that since the discontinuance of the works, begun some years ago for this object, that the evil has greatly increased. In Tuscany the marsh-land, it is well-known, extends as far as Leghorn, where the draining of the Maremma has been carried on with great industry up to the present day, but the success has been so insignificant, that we should be inclined to despair of the feasibility of the undertaking, if it were not a firmly established historical fact, that the greater part of this swamp was once a blooming thickly inhabited country. Moreover, if the Hollanders have succeeded in metamorphosing their swamps into a garden, what might not be done under the immeasurably superior climate of Italy, if only the right hand were laid to the work.

But the right people have probably yet to be born!

Terracina is situated on the declivity of the mountain, crowned by an extensive ruin of a castle, which has been labelled, at random, with the name of the Gothic King Theodoric. Before the mountain, a perpendicular fragment of rock keeps guard, which rises tower-like from the pavement of the town, and whose base, when the sea runs high, is washed by the waves. The little gardens surrounding the detached houses, scattered up and down the mountain-side, thickly planted with orange and citron trees, laden with fruit; the peach and almond-trees, with their rich abundant blossoms; and here and there a stately, solitary palm, like a gazelle, amid a flock of goats, lend an idyllic grace to the wildly romantic landscape. The dark-green foliage of the evergreen trees affords a picturesque relief to the tender verdure of the poplars and willows, and the strangely distorted stems of the naked fig-trees, stand out in singular relief amid the shrubs and trees, on whose slender twigs the blossoms have forestalled the leaves: in a word, the spring-verdure of Terracina was enchantingly beautiful, in spite of the lowering skies.

The Albergo Reale of Terracina, notwithstand-

ing its boastful name, is really a very handsome establishment; spacious, with large, well-arranged rooms, and a full view of the sea and harbour. The harbour itself, small and bad, is yet large enough and good enough for the wants of the place, if we are to judge by the couple of fishing boats drawn up on the shore, which formed the whole war and commercial navy of Terracina.

In a walk through the town, I was shown an old church, of most singular form, and was told of a buffalo-race, which takes place yearly, in an extraordinary steep street, which must be comical enough, considering the clumsiness of the animals.

On the following morning I awoke to the unhopèd-for delight of sunshine and azure skies, in spite of the croaking of two wild-looking fellows, calling themselves seamen, who prophesied "more rain," with the greatest confidence. But apparently, the stock of water was exhausted above, for scarcely a drop of rain fell for four weeks after.

To-day we entered our carriage in better heart than the preceding, when it had served us as a regular ark. Four miles beyond Terracina, you leave the papal territory by a gate, which opens the passage through a kind of Chinese

wall, that separates the territory of Rome from that of Naples, and serves, if not to the prevention of mutual hostilities, at least to embarrass smuggling. At a second gate, the police and Custom-house awaited us. The passport duties for the foreigners were fulfilled, when we had spelled out our name and country; but the Italian had, in addition to his passport, an especial politico-moral certificate to produce, with which he had provided himself in Rome, by direction of the Neapolitan ambassador. In Terracina, he, a faithful subject of his holiness the Pope, had been honoured by the distinction of having to pay a considerable passport-fee, whilst we, the foreigners, escaped scot-free. In short, in private, as in public affairs, it was, strange to say, a good fortune to be a German, greater at least than that of being an Italian.

After the police came the Customs, where we had to make a declaration as to whether we had contraband articles in our possession or not, after which we were forwarded to the chief Custom-house, but not without the attendance of the officer who had taken down the declaration in writing, and a carabinier, who had *assisted* at the ceremony. The latter took his place by the driver after politely apologizing for turning his

back to us, and under his escort we reached the Custom-house at Fondi, where the distribution of some hard cash spared us the formality of further examination.

Followed by a chorus of begging children we drove through the dirty streets of Fondi to the gate, where another horse was attached to the carriage, as the road quitting the fertile plain now turned towards the hills whose highest point we reached within two hours. The lower declivities are formed into terraces and planted with olive-trees, while the summits retain their melancholy bareness, although it would be very possible to reclothe them with wood, if any one in Italy had either money or inclination to grapple with an undertaking for the benefit of posterity.

To my no small surprise I found here in the middle of March the olive-harvest in progress, which does not take place in Upper Italy, and Southern France, till October and November. The olives, which are here left on the stem through the winter, are riper, more pulpy, juicier and far better flavoured than those gathered elsewhere in autumn. They require, I am convinced, nothing but proper treatment to drive the Provence oil out of the European market, which the

latter now almost exclusively possesses. But how can we expect the Italians to make good oil when with their magnificent grapes they can produce scarcely a tolerable wine.

As I was walking in advance of the slowly ascending carriage, I was addressed by a young man, who had apparently lost his sight from a cataract.

"How long have you been blind?" I asked.

"Fourteen years," was the answer; "I lost my sight at twelve years old."

"But your malady is no doubt remediable. Have you not applied to a surgeon?"

"Oh, yes! but surgeons want money, and I have none."

"But there must be public institutions to which you could apply?"

"Certainly, certainly, there is an hospital for the blind at Naples, but," added he, with a laugh that cut me to the heart, although it was by no means a bitter one, "to get into the Blind Hospital even, one must have money, and I, as you see, am a beggar."

Thus a man in the bloom of youth was condemned to blindness for want of a few miserable pieces of gold, with which, in all probability, he

could have purchased his eyesight again. Such a fact seemed to me more horrible than death by starvation! When I mentioned this *rencontre* to a man in Naples, who was not only in possession of all his senses, but also of the means of affording them full gratification, he replied, that very likely the man would not allow the operation to be performed, lest he should lose thereby his easy livelihood as a beggar, as if in Italy any one needed a *pretext* for begging! But if the conjecture were really well founded, the matter would have appeared to me in a yet more fearful light. In what terms could be designated the mental condition of a country where a man would sell his eyesight for a beggar's dole? A man who should part with such a sense for a million, would be held lower than the beasts. And can such a baseness be found among the well-brought up, police-schooled, orthodox believing Neapolitans!

Passing the picturesque rock-hung nest of Itri, the road led over mountain and valley to Molo di Gaeta, against which town I felt strongly prejudiced, as we rattled over the steep street of the narrow gloomy suburb. But, lo! in the midst of a line of miserable houses, a grated door opened, the carriage turned in, and leaving

rough pavement behind, it rolled over a well kept gravel-road, between the flower-beds and trimly clipt trees of a French garden, towards a country-house of imposing appearance. Never in real life, nor on the stage, had I seen a more sudden and surprising change of decoration!

Astonishment ascended to rapture on obtaining a full view of our position. From the boundary of the beautiful garden which received us so hospitably, a series of terraces descended to the sea-shore, all covered with trees, some in their full glory of blossom, others of their golden fruit. Old ruins, half-flooded by the sea, looked forth from this ocean of bloom like a poetical memory of the past. The vast sweep of the Bay of Gaeta lay before us, closed in on the right by the town, which gives it its name, and stretching in a long white line under a semi-cupola-formed mountain, ending in a promontory of buildings and fortifications. To the left, the reach of the bay was terminated by the tower-like Cape Miseno, near which Vesuvius stretches forth his double horn. Before the mouth of the bay, at a considerable distance, lie Ischia and some other islands, Ponza, Ventotione, &c., names which should sound like a crushing thunderbolt in the ears of certain people in Naples, if by chance



they have as much conscience left as Franz Moor. On those islands, buried in the deep rock, lie hidden hundreds of those men who had the assurance to take the Neapolitan promises of a Constitution in 1848 seriously, and actually to demand their fulfilment! This land of Naples is a corner of Paradise, but it is colonized by the Devil.

The house and garden in which we were lodged were the property of a Neapolitan Count or Prince, whom the exigencies of the times had compelled to let his Villa of Caposele, to a hotel-keeper—to the great advantage of travellers. Our age, whose most strenuous efforts are directed to render the beautiful, and all things tending to enjoyment especially, a common good, has found a thousand means tending to this end, and one need not be a Communist, but only in some small degree *man*, to rejoice at the effort and its result. Socialistic absurdities are but the smoke from the fire upon the altar; the brighter the flame rises, the thinner becomes the smoke; and the more quickly do its traces vanish in the air.

The rich voluptuous foreground, bathed in the resplendent colours of a Neapolitan spring, rendered the prospect before the Villa Caposele, a picture of incomparable beauty. Even in Naples

itself, I saw nothing that left a similar impression behind it; the sight of Sorrento alone was able to weaken it. Cicero, the venerable old gentleman, understood life's noblest and most refined pleasures, as few of his contemporaries, and yet fewer of his successors have done. Cicero did homage to the beauty of this site, by erecting here a country-house, of which the remains are pointed out among the ruins on the sea-shore. Indeed, wherever in Italy was to be found a spot more especially favoured by Nature, there Cicero was sure to have a summer residence. The new Government must have made a handsome booty when it placed the name of this man on the proscription-list, who, with all his little weaknesses and his literary culture, had a genuine Roman patrician soul; but his great Parliamentary name might, perhaps, have been found out of harmony with the new system of "tranquillity and order" which had, at last, got the upper hand of the five hundred years' "anarchy" of Rome.

Gaeta has an imposing appearance from the sea. Molo di Gaeta may be reached in half an hour by water; but its entrance to foreigners is so embarrassed by formalities (the authorities are probably afraid of the fortress being taken by surprise by Mazzinists in the disguise of

Englishmen) that people whose time is limited, will do well to renounce the sight. We contented ourselves with a stroll through the dirty streets of Molo di Gaeta, in which nothing struck me so much as the number of fair blue-eyed persons. On our return we were met by a police-officer, who probably expected to find us an easy prey, with the proposal to get our passports *visés*, which must, he said, be done at the gate before we could leave the town. Uncertain whether or no this representation were true we declined his offer.

“ Well,” said he, saucily, “ as you do not choose to give me your passports, we will make you wait two hours at the gate.”

“ We shall see that,” was the answer.

Shortly after we drove to the gate. The same man appeared at the carriage-door, and asked for the passports in the most courteous tone possible.

“ It is now one o'clock,” said I, showing my watch. “ I am curious to see whether you will keep your word.”

With some civil expressions that meant nothing he vanished into the guard-room, and in a few minutes the business was at an end. With the most obliging air in the world he handed us the

papers, commending himself to the *buona grazia* of our Excellencies.

“ But the two hours we were to wait?” said I, again showing the watch.

“ A well-turned jest,” was the reply, and at a second reminder of *buona grazia*, I was foolish enough to put my hand in my pocket, and our Excellencies drove off amid a shower of police blessings.

The day was declining when we entered Santa Agata, a solitary road-side inn, resembling in style and arrangement a Spanish *venta*, save that the latter are still less civilized and more Oriental looking. The *venta*, moreover, generally stands in a rocky desert, from which, as far as the eye can reach, not a dwelling, much less a church tower, is to be seen. Santa Agata, on the contrary, is surrounded by well-cultivated fields and vineyards, and has in its neighbourhood the prettily situated town of Sessa. The walls and towers of fortification betray signs of Norman dominion in their gothic form and ornaments. Perhaps it was owing to the influence of their Norman blood, which renders the inhabitants of Sessa a quiet, industrious race, that we walked a considerable time among them without seeing a trace of the beggars who are

a real scourge to travellers in other parts of Italy.

As the distance from Santa Agata to Naples is not more than twenty or five-and-twenty miles, we were able to make ourselves comfortable; have our sleep out, breakfast leisurely, and enjoy the beauty of the morning without tormenting ourselves about the time of departure. Crossing a hill of moderate elevation, we soon reached the level ground which extends beyond Capua as far as Naples. As in Lombardy and Upper Romagna, the land here yields two and three harvests, one after another, of which the last is reaped twice or thrice yearly. Corn, wine, and the foliage of the mulberry or the fuel of the elm are produced at one time on the same field, without injury to the vine from the tree or to the corn from the vine; and as soon as the produce of the harvest is reaped, Indian corn and fodder take its place. The peasant who told the Duke of Wurtemberg, who was admiring the flourishing condition of his fields, "The ground cannot be killed, your Highness," would perhaps have been of a different opinion if Wurtemberg had fallen into the hands of the King of Naples. But even the King of Naples cannot "kill" the Campagna.

Capua is now a small and rather poor town, whose luxury would hardly tempt a Swiss corporal, much less a Hannibal. In the Guide-book, a statue of Frederic II. was mentioned as one of the remarkable objects to be seen; and I hastened to seek the memorial of a man, who in the whole series of German Emperors has always been to me the most attractive. He was not great, not German, did not perform many great deeds, and yet his personality commands respect, sympathy, admiration, and even love, as by magnetic attraction. I found the statue—it *was without a head!* However, I quickly consoled myself. What could I expect from a stone-image of the thirteenth century? A false representation of a man I wished to know, or at best a confirmation of my former uncertainty. So much I could obtain from the headless Torso; and, therefore, I had no ground for dissatisfaction.

Although there is a railroad from Capua to Naples, we preferred completing our journey in our carriage, to spare ourselves the trouble of unpacking. Three hours on an excellent road brought us to the gate of the capital, where, in good Roman fashion, we bought ourselves free from search after such taxable commodities as meat and wine, which, I suppose, travellers have

never been much in the habit of packing up in trunks since there have been travellers in Italy. It was a holiday in Naples. In every street was a throng of men and equipages, hissing of frying-pans, bawling dealers in refreshments, a thousand-voiced, and most deafening noise. Slowly and with difficulty our vetturino worked his way to the gate of Santa Lucia, where we hoped to find a lodging. Every house to which we had been recommended was full, and so were the hotels where we applied. The rest of the day, therefore, was spent in seeking quarters, and when at last we succeeded in finding a modest asylum, the hour was too late, our weariness too excessive, and our spirits too much exhausted to take any share in the festivities of the day.

## CHAPTER XII.

NAPLES, CITY AND PEOPLE.—A DECIDEDLY GREAT CITY.—ASPECT OF THE PLACE AND ITS INHABITANTS.—NEAPOLITAN CHARACTER.

FROM whatever side we contemplate Naples, it gives the impression of a great city in the fullest sense of the word. Nothing is less imposing than the front Naples presents to the Capuan road, yet from that very road we see at once that one of the capitals of the world is before us; such a throng and tumult as its broad pavement presents can only belong to a city which for wealth and population takes a place proper to few cities on the earth. We have scarcely entered the gates even of the remotest suburb, when the tokens of great city-life are multiplied around us, tokens which can neither be mistaken nor described, but which, subtle as they are, are unmistakable to a practised eye.

To one who traverses Toledo Street, the Castle Square, and the Chiaja, especially if he have lately seen and remembers Rome, that "metro-



polis of the world," as the Romans fondly call it, will appear a mere village left behind in the march of civilization. Rome is a reverend matron to whom we pay court out of gratitude or old custom; Naples, the youthful voluptuous beauty, false but fair, with rose-tinted cheek, despite the lurking poison in her veins.

From the sea, or any point of its own shore, Naples looks much larger than it is. From Pausicippo to Torre del Greco, an extent of at least sixteen miles, on the edge of the gulf, a chain of villages great and small lie so close together, and so near to Naples, that scarcely an interval is left to determine where one begins or the other ends; so that the whole enormous semicircle from the foot of the Camalduli mountain to that of Vesuvius forms to the eye but one vast splendid city. In the plain between the two mountains, close on the sea, lies the city itself, whilst, on Camalduli, suburbs, country-houses, villas, and castles ascend to a considerable height.

The core of the city, old Naples, is narrow and gloomy, but intersected with straight streets, rich in stately edifices, and even the poorest and remotest parts are without a trace of that decay and desolation which characterise four-sixths at least of Rome. Every corner of the city is full

of life; everywhere the movement and tumult of social existence; rest, quiet, solitude, have no abiding-place within the walls of Naples. In the newer portions of the town there are some streets and squares, which unite elegance and taste with rare architectural beauty; but the feature that distinguishes Naples above all cities in the world is its Riviera di Chiaja, an endless range of palaces facing the sea, from which it is separated only by the splendid garden of the Villa Reale, a public promenade, whose beauty would excite admiration even if it were not the only one Naples possesses. If we figure to ourselves the Rue Rivoli of Paris doubled—the barrack-like uniformity of its buildings, replaced by others of manifold taste and beauty—the Seine widened to a sea, and on its opposite side a magnificently decorated rocky mountain, we shall have some idea of what the Chiaja is. An endless stream of carriages and horses dash and rattle over the well-laid smooth slabs of lava, which pave the whole breadth of the Chiaja, as of all the streets of Naples; a *jeunesse dorée*, more numerous and gaudy than in any other place, parade here late and early their idleness and their delicate faces; from the neighbouring heights, the thousand dyes of the spring salute the glittering city, and the heavens

smile on the world and its inhabitants, with their look of divine contentment.

But man can return that greeting and that smile only with the glance of sadness, and the heart closes convulsively to the friendly advances of Nature. I speak not of the giddy multitude, nor of the slaves of custom and self-seekers—I speak not of diplomatists, Swiss officers, and speculators—I speak of those who know not how to separate their own personality and its enjoyment from the fate of their fellows; of people who have not yet learned to profit by other's woe; of men, who do not dishonour the name. He who feels as a man, must turn a sorrowful eye on all this scenery, and breathe with a heavy heart the balsamic air of a Neapolitan spring. An earthly paradise, but what a wretched people—wretched through their miserable government, yet more so through their own degeneracy!

Degeneracy, however, is scarcely the right word to use, for ever since history has known the Neapolitans they have been nearly the same; bad soldiers, bad citizens, bad workmen, and although endowed with many amiable qualities, and a subtle intellect, untrustworthy, and of more than doubtful morality. Whether it be the blood

that flows in their veins, or the sun that shines over their heads, or a fatal destiny, the Neapolitans have been from all time a pitiful and little esteemed people, to-day the prey of the first foreign conqueror, to-morrow the slave of a native "despot, only for short intervals independent of foreign dominion, never in the enjoyment of civil freedom, yet always tormented by an impotent longing for national existence and a secure social condition. What European people has not at one time or other ruled in Naples? At this present time the Swiss are masters there, for three or four Swiss regiments maintain absolutism against millions of Neapolitans; and but for their protection the whole system might on any day be shattered like glass.

The Neapolitans have at times fought extremely well, nevertheless they are certainly not a valiant people, and this faint-heartedness is, to all appearance, the immediate cause of their unhappiness. In vain do they appeal in answer to this accusation to their wild revolt against the Spaniards; even the Hindu, the softest, peace-fullest of human-creatures, can be goaded by despair to resistance that looks like heroism, but the Hindu is not brave, and from all time his country and his freedom have been the prey of

the first robber that has stretched out his hand to seize on them. A celebrated Neapolitan, himself one of the bravest soldiers of modern time, and a patriot such as I could wish many of my own country to be, General Pepe, employs in all his writings the most touching eloquence to clear his countrymen from the scandalous imputation of cowardice which all Europe has fixed upon them; but new facts are constantly tending to refresh and confirm the judgment which Pepe calls an incomprehensible prejudice. I repeat that at present a few thousand Swiss are found sufficient to prop the throne of the King hated with a deadly hate by the great majority of the Neapolitan people.

The population of the capital is not in general of fine growth; manly beauty is not common among them, and female beauty very uncommon. The men of the higher class are generally the best looking, and as I have before remarked there are individuals to be met with of much refinement of appearance; whilst the women, even of the highest rank, are very sparingly gifted with external charms.

The inhabitants of the provinces are far superior to the city population in stature and beauty, and afford subjects for the Neapolitan regiments of guards, who, for height, breadth of

shoulder, and general good looks, would have satisfied Frederic William I. of Prussia. By the side of these giants, the dwarf, ill-shapen Swiss (the King of Naples must take just what he can get of the latter) make a very shabby figure on the parade. But before a harricade, perhaps, the sentence might be reversed.

The Neapolitan troops are clothed after the French pattern, well exercised and not badly armed, only, that as nothing is invented in Naples, where people live upon imitation in most things, they are, on all these points, twenty years behind other countries. They still adhere to the old French uniform, the tail jackets and tall chakos, and the only percussion guns in use in the army are those made prize of in Sicily, where, on the breaking out of the revolution, the people furnished themselves with English weapons. The cavalry is admirably mounted, and makes a showy appearance, notwithstanding indifferent horsemanship; the artillery seems to be in excellent condition, and the four or five castles which "protect" the city, are said to be impregnable. The fleet is small, but twice as important, nevertheless, as the united navies of Austria and Prussia, or indeed of all Germany. And yet, though the Swiss regiments, the core

of the Neapolitan army have been doubled and tripled, Naples is, even in a military point of view, a contemptible state. It is in no condition to maintain any kind of war. Have we not seen of late years how even the raw levies which the Roman republic opposed to her, beat her ignominiously out of the field. What Naples is likely to do against France and Austria we know by experience. And this experience will, in reference to the former power, in all probability, be shortly renewed. It is impossible but that France, sooner or later, will come into collision with the Italian powers, which will end almost as soon as begun, with the overthrow of the latter. I say not one word too much when I assert that the ten thousand French now in Rome have the "To be, or not to be" of the King of Naples as completely in their hands as that of the Pope. The Romans and Neapolitans have, it is true, not much to gain by a change of government through the instrumentality of the French, but then, on the other hand, they have nothing whatever to lose.

## CHAPTER XIII.

THE BOURBON MUSEUM OF NAPLES. — DISORDERLY CONDITION. —  
RICHES. — PAINTINGS FOUND AT POMPEII. — GALLERY OF MODERN  
PICTURES. — PORTRAIT OF MASANIELLO. — SCULPTURES. — WORKS IN  
BRONZE. — MERCURY FOUND AT HERCULANEUM. — VENUS VICTRIX.  
— ANCIENT WORKS IN GLASS. — ROMAN AND RUSSIAN HEROISM.

THE extensive collection known under the name of the Bourbon Museum, is contained in a large handsome building far removed from the centre of the city; but the name of Bourbon Museum is far less familiar to the Neapolitans than that of *Palazzo degli Studj*, which remains to it from its former destination as belonging to the University.

The arrangements of this Museum are susceptible of considerable improvement, and a reliable guide, in some shape, through its innumerable halls and passages is more especially required. In some sections, every object has two, three, and sometimes more numbers, that have been affixed at different times, the latest being often



the most illegible of all, perhaps merely written in pencil on the pedestal. Any regular succession of numbers is quite out of the question. An entire revolution seems in contemplation about once a month; but in the meantime the catalogues are one and all obsolete, and the attempt to make use of the best amongst them, without taking into account the French in which they are written, and which is enough to make one's hair stand on end, is a head-splitting operation, utterly void of meaning as they are in many parts. That tables of the contents of individual halls should be found elsewhere, is of course as much out of the question at Naples as at Rome. The keepers would thereby lose an opportunity of making a merit of furnishing a visitor with any information.

The first two sections of this Museum, right and left of the entrance hall, contain pictures and mosaics from the buried cities. Everything of any value of this kind found in Pompeii is, with few exceptions, brought to Naples, and thus at least preserved from further injury by wind and weather, frost and heat. The influence of the air, however, is not to be avoided, and in another hundred years little will be recognisable of the slowly fading colours of which

the indestructibility has been so loudly trumpeted by learned mountebanks. How much that at the moment of disinterment shone in all the freshest brilliancy of tint, is already scarcely discernible!

The Pompeii picture-gallery has, however, even in its present condition, an interest quite independent of old curiosity-shop lore, which parades itself with so much absurd self-importance. I do not mean to say I am entirely of the keeper's opinion, who in answer to some commendatory remark of mine, replied with the look and tone of fanaticism:—"One cannot say here this or that is beautiful: *all* are masterpieces from first to last." The man spoke after his kind, as keeper; and, I doubt not, would have sworn, with perfect good faith, that every handywork of a Pompeian dauber was worthy of Zeuxis or Apelles.

It must, however, be admitted that the Pompeian gallery becomes more attractive the more it loses the charm of novelty by repeated visits. And who will take upon him to say, then, that he might not share the enthusiasm of the keeper, if he, like that worthy, lived upon the admiration excited in strangers by the treasures of art committed to his charge?

If we are to seek a standard by which to estimate the capabilities of these old painters we ought not to forget that the pictures were taken from private houses in an inconsiderable provincial city. Master-pieces in bronze or marble, a wealthy Pompeian might procure from Rome or Athens; but good frescoes, which must have been produced on the spot, were naturally much easier to be had. If, therefore, many of these pictures possess undeniable merit, we may safely attribute a high condition of art, and a great diffusion of artistical feeling to Pompeii and its inhabitants.

In these pictures the thought greatly outweighs the technical detail. The execution is much inferior to the invention and composition; whether it was that the old artists disdained to bestow time and trouble on accessories, or that the plaster on which they worked only permitted slight treatment. When closely examined, the pictures seemed the product rather of the decorative painter's, or tapestry manufacturer's media than of the technicality of modern fresco-painting. That so rude a method of treatment is no detriment to the pictures when viewed from a proper distance is not to be reckoned an especial merit in these old artists, but as a repe-

tition of an effect repeatedly mentioned, and most strikingly apparent in many Mosaic pictures, which viewed from church cupolas and other elevated points, satisfy the severest sense of beauty, whilst closely examined, they look like clumsy street plaster.

The subjects of the Pompeian pictures are generally mythological and easy of comprehension. The larger compositions are almost exclusively taken from the history of the gods and heroes, and represent, with few exceptions, well known parts of it. There is no want either of *tableaux de genre*, animals and still life, nor even of kitchen pieces, in right Dutch style; which circumstance, by-the-by, contributed not a little to lower my exaggerated estimate of the truth and purity of antique taste in art. Fish and birds are favourite objects, and sometimes rendered with incomparable accuracy. And here and there animals are grouped in the spirit of the fables. For example, there is a parrot harnessed to a car driven by a locust; and one little picture, conceived in true Anacreontic spirit, represents a market-woman offering little Cupids for sale. She has taken a little god out of a hen-coop, and holds him up by his wings for the inspection of two young girls. Master Cupid is

sprawling with legs and arms, evidently desirous of being bought; the girls seem distrustful of the bargain, but will, no doubt, end by taking the pretty little winged creature home with them.

The most attractive, and unquestionably the best picture, is a drawing in red, on white marble, representing a group of mythological women playing at dice. The grace of attitude, beauty of form, and elegance of costume—in a word, the whole effect of these noble and beautiful figures is wonderful. A more eloquent realization of the idea of classicality in its application to formative art, would be sought for in vain in Rome or Florence. And notwithstanding the antique calm of the faces, they are full of expression and individuality. The figure distinguished by the name of Phœbe, in particular, bears the stamp of a volcanic nature, lightening marvellously from the eyes of fire. Two similar drawings on marble, forming, no doubt, a series with the dice-players, are so faded, that it can only be said that they appear to have been worthy companions. The same cannot be said of a fourth picture of the same kind, in high preservation. The subject is Theseus freeing Hippodamia from the Centaur. In oppo-

sition to the majority of Pompeian pictures, this one has some especial merits of execution, but as a composition it is worthless, stiff, cold, without life or truth.

If I leap at once over a few flights of stairs, and fifteen hundred or two thousand years, from the Pompeian to the modern Picture Gallery in the Bourbon Museum, it is because the latter is scarcely worth even the leap. The smoky, and mostly frameless pictures, which are stuck up to the very ceiling of several large halls, are great—in numbers; and, no doubt, there may be some pieces of merit among the mass of this broker's ware, but it is so difficult to find one's way through such a coloured medley, that I contented myself with a passing look at this gallery. One picture alone arrested my attention, and induced me to return to it more than once, the portrait marked with the name of Masaniello. All my endeavours to discover the leader of a great revolution in this picture were in vain—not a trace of the insurgent, much less the chief of a vigorous popular insurrection in the face of this Masaniello. A slender feeble body, a blunt profile, high cheek-bones, in singular opposition to the sharp-pointed chin, an unhealthy complexion, small lively eyes, with a sly, and in the

milder sense of the term, even rogue-like expression—add to these natural attractions a cap, with a cock's feather stuck over one ear, a tin-mug in one hand, and a short clay-pipe in the other, and you have the supposed portrait of Masaniello in the Bourbon Museum—I say supposed, because the longer and the oftener I looked at this portrait, the more impossible it became for me to believe in its authenticity.

God only knows to what peaceable Dutch tulip-gardener the Neapolitan revolutionary hero has, perforce, lent his name; on the other hand, the picture of the Restoration, which so quickly followed the insurrection, is of unquestionable accuracy. The Spaniards are advancing in close rank, and with matches burning, into the market-place; the Neapolitans are on their knees in supplication, and a row of fresh bleeding heads signify the price at which forgiveness—that is, a return to the old yoke—is to be purchased. It is a true—a speaking picture; I should say, an instructive one, if, in these times, such instruction were needed.

The gallery of marbles is, beyond doubt, the richest in the world, after that of the Vatican. Not only Lower Italy, Magno-Græcia has yielded up its buried treasures to the Bourbon Museum,

but Rome has had to give up several valuable works of ancient sculpture, as the private property of the King of Naples. To these belong the two most magnificent pieces in the Museum — the “Farnese Hercules” and the “Farnese Bull,” of world-wide renown, and which were found in the Baths of Caracalla. The reception these treasures have met with, in Naples, is not very honourable; they have been thrust into a kind of lumber-room, where everything is wanting to show them to advantage, and most of all, space.

This want is particularly felt with respect to the “Bull” group. Placed on a gigantic pedestal, it so fills up the space allotted, that there is scarce room left for the spectator. On three sides, at least, the walls are so close upon the animal, that it is impossible to obtain an advantageous view. In the front, there is rather more open space, provided that it be not as it was during the whole time of my stay in Naples, disfigured by the cartoons of the pupils of the Painting Academy, for which it seems there was no other place to be found. Even from this side, the height of the pedestal permits only a half view, and consequently only a half impression. Full justice to this group would require it to be



so placed that it might be seen as well, or better, from above than from below. That the spectator should be limited to a mole-perspective shows such a thorough want of art-understanding as really to amount to the sublime of absurdity.

From remotest time there seems to have existed in the world a silent, but universal, conspiracy, whose object was to deprive the spectator of all real enjoyment of sculpture. The Romans, who crowded the tower-like pillars of their Emperors, with *bas-reliefs*, unviewable by human eye since they left the workshop of the artist; the architects of the Middle Ages, who loaded ornaments on towers and roofs for the pleasure of crows and owls; the sculptors who lavished art and industry in the night of churches, or buried them in mausoleums, are all either accomplices or the first sacrifices of that conspiracy. For to no work of art is bright light and unimpeded approach more essential than to those of the sculptor or bronze-caster; and it is precisely with these, of all others, that such conditions are most seldom to be met with together. Monuments in the open air are generally too far off, and in churches and museums, as a rule, light is wanting.

This complaint does not, however, apply to

the collection of bronze statues in the Bourbon Museum, which is by far the largest of the kind that we possess, and yet it contains scarcely a hundred numbers, amongst which many are of no value. How rich the ancients were in such works, we may estimate from the account of Cassiodorus, according to whom the Romans, on the conquest of Volsinii, found two thousand bronze statues in that insignificant town—insignificant, at least, in comparison with the vast Italian cities of a rich and more magnificent age. Too little is remaining of the works of the Etruscans in this branch of art, to give us a very high idea of the skill of that enigmatical people, who wrought in metal long before there was any industry of the kind in Rome worthy the name.

The Roman bronzes in this Museum are chiefly statues of the Emperors, and portrait busts, which bespeak their origin by the nature and truth of expression, which the Roman artists knew how to bestow upon their likenesses. The finest pieces in the gallery are evidently by Greek artists, from their grace of composition, harmony of form, and poetry of conception—qualities never at the command of the sober, practical Romans.

The pearl of the collection is a Mercury, found in Herculaneum. The god-messenger, invested with all the graces of early youth, sits bending forward, and leaning on his hand, upon a rock. He is wearied with his rapid flight; the dews stand on his clear beautiful brow; his breath is short and audible; he thinks not of Jupiter's commission; he is fully absorbed by the need of repose. It is very possible that Greek art boasted more perfect creations than this Mercury, but the modern world has few that can be compared with it. Several other of the best bronzes in this collection were disinterred from the lava of Herculaneum; a proof that the glowing torrent that overwhelmed that city, did not, with a depth of sixty or seventy feet, reach the degree of heat of a casting furnace.

The Venus Victrix, happily so named, stands pre-eminent in beauty among the admirable productions of the Greek chisel. This goddess of love does not seduce, she subdues; she is the embodiment of the majesty of beauty. Whoever placed that unlucky little Love at her side, did not understand that this Venus would never have wasted the might of her gesture and her glance on so insignificant a little creature, not if he had all the treasures of Olympus in his quiver.

Venus Victrix demands an equal companion. Mars should lay his invincible weapons at her feet; the father of the gods should bend his ambrosial curls before her. Away with that half-grown boy, who has the audacity to look into the eyes of the goddess-woman!

In one of the halls named after the colossal statue of Flora, is the celebrated mosaic of the Alexander battle, which formed the floor of one of the larger houses in Pompeii. Unfortunately the work is much mutilated, but what remains is enough to justify the warmest admiration. In Rome, there are more comprehensive mosaic pictures, but none which in composition or execution can be compared with this in the remotest degree. All is life and action; nothing stiff, nothing conventional, no laborious struggle of art with an ungrateful material. Under the hand of the artist, the coloured stones have all the ductility of liquid colour, and the drawing could not be freer if made with charcoal on a white wall. With all the wealth of grouping, in the wildest tumult of the fight, there is a clearness, a singleness of purpose, which many a battle-painter of reputation might envy the worker in mosaic. It is true, the antique artist has contented himself with giving one episode

of a battle ; it did not occur to him to bring an army of thirty thousand Macedonians, and another of some hundred Persians into one picture. Such conjuring tricks are only practised by modern workmen. In the fore-ground, an enormous conglomeration of horses' heads, plumed hats, up-raised arms and up-wielded weapons ; in the back, a crowd of red, white and blue lines all beclouded with smoke in approved quantities, and you have the battle of Jena, of Leipzig, or wherever you like best.

I leave the inscriptions, the Oscan and Etruscan antiquities, the gems and cameos of the Bourbon Museum, to those who understand them. I cannot, however, pass over in silence, the collection of utensils found in the buried cities. As nothing but minerals could withstand the hot rain of ashes and lava, we find in the Neapolitan collection, only vessels and instruments of glass, clay and metal ; but these in such quantity and variety, that we can form a much more lively idea of the domestic life of the ancients within the Bourbon Museum than in Pompeii itself. It must be in the highest degree interesting to go leisurely through this collection under the guidance of a real connoisseur—an entertain-

ment and instruction which I was far from enjoying in anything like the degree I could have wished. The various objects are, for the most part, inclosed within glass-presses; a very moderately informed keeper points out the use of this and that, but the gratification of that kind of curiosity which will see and examine for itself, the only curiosity that can instruct, is out of the question.

The ancient glass work is less than moderately good. The forms of the vessels are common, the material impure; one would imagine them first attempts in the art. But in addition to these faulty productions, the Museum possesses a few specimens such as, perhaps, neither Bohemia nor Venice could offer at the present day; one for example, a plate (unfortunately broken) into which gold and coloured stones seem wrought, in some inexplicable manner so as to form one mass; a magnificent piece of workmanship, which would infallibly have won one of the first prizes in the London Crystal Palace. Is it Phœnician work, or did it come from India or China, who can say? This much is unquestionable, however, it was not made in the same furnaces that furnished the great mass of

cloudy ill-looking bottles and other vessels before-mentioned.

If excellence is the exception with the glass-work, it is the rule with the metal. The steel-yard on which, probably, meat and bread were weighed, is a work of art; the lamp—a little monument—the milk-can—might be the subject of an Homeric description.

The weapons, as may be easily understood, have been treated with especial care; the helmets in particular put to shame the rarest work of the Middle Ages, although made for common soldiers only. Such at least must be the fact with respect to the helmet on the head of the sentinel found at the gate of Pompeii, who died on his post amid the fiery rain. This helmet is so richly wrought, and so heavy, that it could scarcely be believed it had ever been worn, if the skull of the warrior were not yet sticking in it—and a very hard skull it must have been.

In the "Memoirs of an Old Lanzknecht," I read some years ago, a little poem in honour of the hero-death of a Russian soldier who lost his life in the burning of the Winter Palace in St. Petersburg, because he would not leave his post

•

till regularly released. The act of the Russian inspired me with a feeling very different from admiration; the poem offended me, and when I now recall to mind the verses and their effect on my mind, I find that feeling unchanged. The Roman soldier, on the contrary, who died the martyr-death at the post entrusted to his care, seems to me really to merit renown, to be really great. Is it prejudice which causes this difference of impression from similar acts? Is my feeling inconsistent? I answer distinctly, *No*.

It is an old saying, that when the same thing is done by two persons, it is not the same. So certainly as the Roman was made of different stuff from the Russian; so certainly was the feeling of honour in the one a totally different feeling from the blind obedience of the other, and must be estimated by a different standard. The veteran who bore the title of Roman citizen, who had enthroned emperors, and overthrown them, whose back no enemy had seen in twenty campaigns, remained firm at his post in soldierly pride and real contempt of death. But the Russian serf, thrust into the uniform of the Czar by force and drilled into a machine, whence should he be kindled with the spark of living fire that



quicken into heroism in the valiant breast! The word of command is the only law he knows; a law, opposed to which he knows neither love nor hate, nor family, nor fatherland, and scarcely a God. The soldier in the Winter Palace died the martyr's death, in all probability, simply out of fear of the stick.

## CHAPTER XIV.

POMPEII AND HERCULANEUM.—EXPECTATIONS OF POMPEII.—POMPEIAN HOUSES.—FRESCOES.—THE VILLA OF DIOMEDES.

NIL ADMIRARI,—that is less a rule of life than a maxim of experience, which sooner or later every one of us has to learn to his cost. For my own part I have happily not yet entirely lost the faculty of admiring, but I find no very frequent opportunity for its exercise, when I meditate on the amount of wisdom which rules the affairs of this mundane sphere, and of that portion of it which forms our dear fatherland of Germany in particular. The more fervently did I hope, therefore, that that piece of the old world which had arisen from the ashes of Vesuvius, after eighteen hundred years' interment, would again awaken in me the agreeable feeling always resulting from lively admiration. I awaited the time that was to take me to Pompeii with real emotion; and was the more excited by the prospect of viewing the resuscitated town itself

from the difficulty I had always laboured under, in trying to realize it from the descriptions of others.

Two days after my arrival in Naples, at an early hour in the morning, I was at the terminus of the Pompeii railroad. The station is very paltry in appearance; the waiting-rooms, gloomy cellar-like places, void of all convenience, much less elegance; the second-class carriages, confined, shabby and dirty. The railroad runs almost the whole way close to the sea, but the prospect is frequently hemmed in on both sides by walls and lava-rocks through which the road has been hewn. Passing Portici, Torre del Greco and Annunziata, the Pompeii station is reached within an hour. The buildings stand solitary in the open field, with no other neighbour than a little inn invitingly placed at the foot of a high dam.

This dam has been formed, by degrees, by the rubbish thrown up in the course of the excavations; and behind it lies the mystery we were about to explore. I would not swear that my heart did not beat a little quicker as I followed the guide over the wall. The impression that awaited me was neither grand nor beautiful, but unusual, strange and new.

Whoever expects to find in Pompeii the material out of which the town and domestic life of the ancients shall be moulded to a living organized whole must bring with him a very strong and creative fancy, if he will not be deceived in his expectations. To me, at least, the Museum of Naples, with its collection of household utensils, from Pompeii, speaks far more eloquently than the mere walls of the houses which retain their original place. Let those, whose province it is, deduce, if they can, all manner of instruction from these formless ruins; to others, who look on them with the unprejudiced eye of curiosity, they are simply naked fire-marked walls, which no one would have gone a thousand paces to see, if they had not been burnt nearly two thousand years ago.

Nevertheless, it is but right that this latter circumstance should lend to objects, otherwise insignificant, a value not perhaps to be justified, but which cannot be denied. That an idle boy in the time of Pliny should, as in our own day, scrawl and daub figures of soldiers on a wall, is in fact of no great importance, and one, moreover, which we should find no great difficulty in believing, even without proof; yet I felt a strange interest in viewing such productions of juvenile

art on the white plaster of a pillar in Pompeii. That there were people of bad taste among the ancients, as among ourselves, although in smaller numbers, it is to be hoped will be admitted by every one—Phidias, Praxiteles, and Zeuxis, notwithstanding; yet it brings with it a singular consolation to find tangible evidence to the fact in Pompeii—for example, that the ridiculous fountains in the shape of grottoes are no invention of the pig-tail period, which is still too near for us to feel quite guiltless of all share in its atrocities. A rich burgher of Pompeii has decorated his fountain with a garland of miserable little statuettes of human figures, quadrupeds, and birds, which make such a pitiful figure squatting about the ground, that even a stock-broker-baron would not tolerate them in his garden: and a modern naturally feels his self-love soothed by the sight! It is certain that one may obtain, in Pompeii, a number and variety of impressions that would be sought in vain elsewhere.

The houses of Pompeii, with scarcely any exception, consist of a ground-floor only, with a narrow frontage, the deficient breadth being compensated by a depth very unusual in modern houses. Entrance, saloon, court, or garden, eat-

ing-room, &c., forming a suite from the front to the back, instead of side by side, or one over the other as with us.

The streets are narrow, but not more so than those of the majority of southern cities, and rather roughly paved with huge flints; the *trottoirs* are raised and paved with a carefully made cement of river-pebbles; but it gives no very favourable idea of the cleanliness of the town to find an elevation of stones, by way of bridge, to pass across from one *trottoir* to the other in various places. Both private houses and public edifices are, almost without exception, built of brick, generally faced with stone or smooth marble slabs, on the side next the street; of these, however, there are now but few remains. The pillars, likewise, are frequently of brick, with a coating of cement, the lower part brown, the upper white. This detestable reddish brown, which, however, may have looked differently when it was fresh, is frequently seen on the sides of the rooms, usually covering the whole of the lower part.

The love of paint went so far in Pompeii, that even the beautiful stone-capitals of the pillars have not escaped a white coating.

Of the fresco-paintings found in almost every

house, the larger and better portion has been transported to Naples, and the few yet remaining are so rapidly going to decay under the influence of damp and cold, that no reasonable objection could be made if the whole were carried to the Bourbon Museum, as the only means of preserving them. The mosaic floors, which are exposed to the same injuries, have been likewise removed, or, where this has not been done, an endeavour has been made to protect them, by covering them with small stones during the severest season of the year. There is always some worthy individual to be found ready to remove a portion of this temporary covering, but it is really not worth the trouble.

The two theatres have been so far uncovered, and are in such good preservation, that we may make ourselves perfectly acquainted with the arrangements of ancient play-houses in all essential particulars. The most striking peculiarity is the extreme narrowness of the stage; in one theatre, two persons could hardly have passed each other without touching. On the other hand, the great stage of ancient citizen life, the Forum of Pompeii, whose form and proportions are distinctly defined by the remains of marble

colonnades, may be called grand in its dimensions.

I left Pompeii by the way it should be entered to make the most favourable impression ; by the so-called Street of Tombs, which leads through a kind of suburb on a considerable ascent to the north gate of the city. Two lines of large, but most tasteless monuments, ranged high above the deep hollow of the road, have given it this name. Between the tombs, undisturbed by such neighbourhood, private houses, shops, toll and guard-houses, have been thrust. It was before one of these, that the beforementioned soldier was found, who, in the name of military honour, died a fiery death.

Turning aside from the Street of Tombs, we find the so-called Villa of Diomedes, by far the largest house yet found in Pompeii. In addition to its height and extent, it is three stories high, and it is remarkable from its subterranean vaulted passage running round all four sides of the inner garden. No second cellar of this kind has been found in Pompeii, so that it is difficult to conjecture how the inhabitants protected their household stores from the heat. In the cellar of Diomedes's villa, a number of bodies were found



of persons who had sought shelter here and found an unenviable death in the torrent of mud that preceded the rain of ashes; among them were a mother and three or four children whose *silhouettes* are still to be traced on the wall against which they were pressed. But what in Heaven's name induced them to betake themselves on such an occasion to a hole without means of egress! However, the poor people would probably have been dead at any rate by this time; therefore, it is needless to inveigh against their want of foresight.

The larger part of Pompeii lies still buried under vineyards and olive-gardens; many a precious discovery may be yet in store for the future. In any other country, people would even rest till this fruitful soil had yielded up all its treasures and mysteries. In Naples, the business seems carried on without the slightest real impulse, and only for the look of the thing. The excavations are discontinued for years together, till some "illustrious individual" rejoices Pompeii with his presence, when, in honour of his guest and in his presence, a new one is begun, and what is found, is politely presented, and carried away with him. In a word, the Neapolitan Government appears to consider Pompeii, not as

a mine of wealth, for the student of antiquity, but as a means for the interchange of courtesies between the King of Naples and his crowned "brothers."

On my return, I left the train at Portici, for Resina, in order to see all that is to be seen at Herculaneum. The two little towns of Portici and Resina are so connected by broad well-kept roads, that it is not easy to say where one begins and the other ends. Resina, it is well known, has been built on the lava that overflowed Herculaneum, and covers it with a rocky crust; but of excavating there is no more question here than at Pompeii.

To make Herculaneum accessible, the miners' labours are required; an expensive and difficult undertaking—and, moreover, one of doubtful success. As fate would have it, however, what little has been done in this way, has met with a rich reward, in the shape of bronzes, which were found imbedded in, and under the lava. The MSS. in the Bourbon Museum we obtained from Herculaneum, and, from a single library, which seems, unfortunately, to have been limited to works on the philosophy of the schools.

At this present time, the only building visible at Herculaneum is the theatre; all the others are

again hidden by rubbish. You descend into the theatre by torchlight, by means of a shaft, hewn sixty or seventy feet deep through the lava. The whole interior space of the theatre is filled with lava, with which the freestone is fused into one mass. Some of the passages and steps, and a portion of the stage, have been cut out—a gigantic labour—the work of a long series of years. For a series of like duration, the works have been given up altogether, and there is no probability that they will be resumed. It is scarcely necessary to say, that no connected image of the whole vast building is to be hoped for from this narrow subterranean access; indeed, it requires a very close examination to distinguish the material of the edifice from the lava that fills it.

I was satisfied, nevertheless, with what I had seen, but yet more satisfied to ascend the shaft, and rejoice again in the radiant light of day, and the glory of early spring.

## CHAPTER XV.

CAMALDOLI.—VISIT TO THE CONVENT.—THE CELLS OF THE MONKS  
—THE CONVENT GARDEN.—THE CASTLE OF CAPO DI MONTI.—  
THE THEATRE OF SAN CARLO.—ITALIAN DIALECTS.

At the upper end of Toledo-street I hired a shaggy little donkey, in order to ride to Camaldoli, whose convent, on account of its situation, deserves to be reckoned among the wonders of creation. I might have ridden nearly an hour; still, in the city, which rises on this side to a much greater height than one is aware of, when I passed through an insignificant-looking gate into the open country. The road lay through a deep ravine, evidently the work of a mountain-torrent; on either side stretched a forest of young chestnut-trees—a chestnut forest, without a green bud, eight days after the twenty-first of March, when the celebrated chestnut tree, in the garden of the Tuileries, regularly displays its first leaves.

A half-ruined gate marks the entrance on the

territory of Camaldoli, where I rode a considerable distance through wood, vineyard, and garden, before I came in sight of the Convent. On ringing the bell, a peasant-clad porter appeared, to whom I made known my desire; and he summoned a monk, who undertook to be my guide.

As usual, the Church was first visited, where, as in duty bound, I admired its small collection of valuables, which procured me the inestimable advantage of hearing the good father expatiate on every trifle with a zeal and lengthiness that threatened to drive me to despair.

From the Church we went to the dwellings of the monks; each had his own house and his own garden—of course, on a miniature scale—and all after the same pattern. Small as it is, each house has its “apartement” complete—that is, eating, sitting, and sleeping rooms, and chapel, with a shed for wood, and a cistern. The floors of the rooms are paved, and though most simple in their fittings, are yet provided with fire-places, which, in this country, are generally considered articles of luxury; but which, the very elevated site of the Convent, renders here one of necessity.

The bed consists of a straw-mattress with a woollen covering. “We lie down to our sleep in our clothes,” observed the monk, by way of

elucidation. So even with the wealthy Camaldolese, uncleanness, that chief element of monachism, passes for a merit! Some dozens of dusty books, which, to all appearance, were in small danger of being worn out by reading, formed the whole library of the good father: all were books of devotion. How, in Heaven's name, do these men, in the solitude of four white walls, succeed in killing time, instead of being killed by him? It gave me a shudder of abhorrence and disgust at the mere thought of such an existence, and at the horrible crippling of the human faculties which it presupposes, without which an early suicide must inevitably put an end to it. Nothing but a frenzy, superinduced by fanaticism, or, apathy bordering on idiotcy, can render such a life endurable; and it is not to be doubted that monachism is largely indebted to these two conservative principles. The stupid indifference in which the poor creatures in Camaldoli vegetate is by no sign more clearly indicated than by the wretched condition of the little gardens round their houses. Here, at least, was some field left free for creative activity, and this field lies untilled! Not a trace of the loving care which, in other places, even the poor day-labourer, exhausted by the heavy toil of the day,

bestows on a few pots of flowers at his garret-window, or on the little bed before his cot. The rule of the Camaldoli Convent decrees a garden to every house, and that the rule may be complied with, a few plants, without order or selection, are put into the ground assigned. If these plants become quite choked by weeds, or die from total want of care, a little clearance is made with an unwilling hand, or two or three new bushes put in, and the garden work is done for the year.

The great garden of the convent, which might very naturally be supposed a perfect paradise, is in the same scandalous condition of neglect and disorder. The site of the garden is enchanting, and in one view from it you have the gulfs of Naples, Baïæ and Gaeta, with the islands of Capri, Ischia, Procida, Nicola, and Ponza; and, on the land side, numerous lakes of volcanic formation set in a frame of richest beauty. Naples itself is only partially visible, lying as it does too close to the foot of the mountain steep. On the opposite side the prospect opens upon Capua and Caserta, and on all the lovely-laughing land between Capua, the snow-covered Apennines, and range of hills on whose highest summit Camaldoli lies, as far as Naples, the foot of Vesuvius and the sea.

Camaldoli, in the hands of men, instead of monks, would be unspeakably beautiful—it is unspeakably beautiful even now.

Less grand, but to my taste yet more alluring, is the view from the Castle of Capo di Monte near the city. The castle is small but pretty, the garden better kept than any I had seen in Italy, which is not saying much, however; and the adjoining park is of great extent and rich in magnificent trees.

My companion, a German, with American tastes and prejudices, thought that Capo di Monte was as if made for a boarding-house, and had evidently missed its vocation. His mouth watered at the thought of what a business might be made by a man who should purchase Capo di Monte under certain conditions, and then throw open its doors for the reception of John Bull and Brother Jonathan. The theory of this speculation seems to me very sound, and I hold it by no means improbable that sooner or later it will find practical illustration.

My German American friend, in whom the rage of speculation was now fully awake, induced me afterwards to accompany him to the royal palace in the city, which he desired to view with a like eye to the possible future. The palace which



stands close to Castello Nuovo has been lately itself made into a kind of fortification by loop-holes and other defensive arrangements, and, in case of the worst, has means of egress by sea. We were shown in the palace a locked-up throne-room, and a range of state-rooms, under the carpets of which the tiles of the floor here and there peeped forth; a few pictures of more or less merit, and a few busts from Pompeii, in unusually good preservation. Our guide was uncommonly zealous in directing our attention to the apartments inhabited by the Czar and his family during their stay in Naples. Here the Emperor was lodged, there the Empress slept, in that room the Grand Duchess Olga made her toilette, &c. This malachite vase was a present from the Emperor, that clock was made in Moscow; that mosaic is the work of a Russian artist, and so forth. It was easy to see that the Muscovites stand high in the good graces of the inhabitants of this palace, the effect, perhaps, of gratitude for benefits yet to come.

The best thing about the castle is the terrace, which runs along the whole length on the sea-side, and is filled with vines, rose-bushes, and orange-trees. The ball-room, which the person who had it in his especial charge vaunted most

eloquently, we had the self-denial not to see; and a number of similar rarities found us alike insensible, in spite of the lavish eulogiums of their keepers; for the Italian obsequiousness is as conspicuous in the King's palace, as on the steam-boat quays, or in the court-yard of a post-house.

As we left the castle, my German American could not make up his mind as to what Yankee object it was best adapted, but one thing he asserted positively, that the building could not be worse applied than it was at present.

In the evening, I went with an Italian to the theatre of San Carlo. Again the "Foscari," which pursues the traveller from one end of Italy to the other. The renowned prima donna was ill, and her place was taken by another, who did her best with a good, but feeble voice. The tenor has better musical endowments than I have met with in any other singer in Italy, and would make a good figure on the stage were he not, unfortunately, somewhat deformed; but the ladies of the chorus exhibited a set of the ugliest faces to be met with in town or country. The costumes were rich, the decorations moderately good, and the same might be said of the whole performance.

There was no ballet that evening, the house, in consequence, empty and desolate, and of those present many seemed as heartily weary of the eternal "Foscari" as I was. Even my music-loving Italian friend was thoroughly sick of it; but he had paid for his place, and would, at least, hold out to the end, tired or not. On a subsequent occasion, he was obliged to sacrifice part of his dearly-purchased evening's amusement. We had gone together to the Theatre Carlino, which had been recommended to us under the name of a "People's Theatre." The cellar-like entrance, the smallness of the house, and the modesty of the arrangements, fully justified the name; the price of admission, however, was by no means so modest, and the audience belonged, almost without exception, to the upper classes. I had expected something quite different. But the greatest deception was yet to be revealed. The piece was in the Neapolitan dialect; and that was the only touch of the "People" in the whole affair. This dialect was not only unintelligible to me, but to my Italian companion also. He was even worse off, in that respect, than I was, for I made out a few words, and translated them to him; and thereupon, with the most vehement expressions of vexation, he purposed going home

immediately. "What a language, good God!—what a language!" cried he, over and over again. It never seemed to strike him that the dialect of his native place, the Romagna, was yet more barbarous than the Neapolitan.

The Italian dialects are not only more unlike each other, but, I believe, more numerous than the German; while, at the same time, the knowledge and use of the written language is less diffused than with us. But, it must be admitted, that the written language is by no means so uniform nor so pure with us as with the Italians; and very naturally. In Italy, the pure Italian—the language of literature—stands quite apart from the wholly different dialects; in Germany, the dialects, and written language, approach much too closely to maintain a rigid distinction, and consequently, in daily life, they are constantly mingling.

When we call the Italian written language the Tuscan, it is with about the same justice as when we localize High German in Saxony. Even Dante, who, with all his wrath against his native city, was undeniably a good Florentine, inveighs in his Treatise on the "Vulgare Eloquenza" against this designation. "The Tuscans," he says, "are fools to fancy that their tongue is the

Italian language. And this folly clings not only to the multitude, but to many renowned men. The Italian is a language existing in every city, but native to none; which belongs to all, and yet to none; the speech by which all dialects must be weighed and valued."

This description may not exhaust the subject, but it is enough, at any rate, to give a true representation of the nature of the Italian written language and of its relation to the various dialects of the people, a representation which might be made of the German without injury to its accuracy. With us, as with the Italians, the national speech is like a pecuniary value represented by no current coin, which exists only in idea, but which dominates the whole system of reckoning.

## CHAPTER XVI.

POZZUOLI, CUMÆ AND BAJA. — LATENESS OF SPRING. — QUANTITY OF RUINS. — TRADE OF CICERONISM. — ANCIENT MAGNIFICENCE. — PISCINA MIRABILIS. — IMPERIAL LUXURIES. — PLINY THE YOUNGER. — ROMAN FISH-PONDS. — AVERSION TO MULLET'S AMONG THE POPULACE OF NAPLES.

It was a lovely morning, when at an early hour I entered a carriage with some of my countrymen, and drove, with a merry accompaniment of little bells, through the grotto of Pousilippo, and along the sea-shore to Pozzuoli. It was the 23rd of March; the winter here, as elsewhere, had been uncommonly mild; we had had a succession of warm days, and yet there was not a trace of spring verdure to be seen on the trees. The almond-trees were in blossom, but the elms, the mulberry-trees, and even the poplars were bare; yet to judge from the dust of the roads, we might have thought ourselves in the middle of summer; it was over the shoes in many places, and the horses often wrapped us in a grey cloud

in which we could hardly draw breath. Since that day I have seen the landscape extending from the right side of the Gulf at the further end of the Grotto, as far as the promontory of Misenum, three or four times, and, to speak the truth, found no extraordinary satisfaction in it. The mountains, covered with loose stony fragments and bare of turf, are not sufficiently furnished with shrub-like growth and the wild fig to prevent the effect of nakedness and sterility. When the vines, that clothe part of the declivity, are in full leaf, this impression is no doubt greatly softened; but in no season can this landscape possess real beauty or grandeur. Besides, who would make an excursion into the country from Naples in July, August, and September? To enjoy Naples, one should be settled there for a year, in order to profit by the opportunity, day and hour, as each presented itself for this or that object; opportunities which rarely occur, and as speedily vanish. But, on the other hand, Naples is not worth stopping in for a year.

The proverb which says, "See Naples, and then die," sounds very grand, but the exaggeration would, in my opinion, be much greater, if it were understood to imply the desirability of

remaining there. In fact, how a foreigner, apart from an artistical, or any other determinate object, should take any pleasure in staying more than a few weeks in Naples, is what I find it difficult to understand. In the shade of the orange-woods of Sorrento, I can understand a man dreaming away months, like one summer evening; but Naples, with its eternal Villa Reale, and its immediate neighbourhood, only enjoyable in perspective—Naples satiates, like sweet-cake.

The whole country, from Pozzuoli to Cape Miseno, the tongue of land that divides the Gulf of Naples from that of Gaeta, is a world of ruins; ruins above and ruins below the earth in yet greater numbers, which become visible when the land is quarried for materials to make roads, or for any other purpose. Countless as these ruins are, however, they afford very little really worth seeing.

They have interest, as remains of antiquity—interest, as effects of the almost incredible revolutions that have taken place on the earth, by which the greater part of these ruins have been thrown into their present position. The architect may find them useful in studying the technicalities of the architects of ancient times; but,



of beauty, of sublimity, of picturesque effect: there is, honestly speaking, no question.

There is, for example, the so-called Temple of Venus Genetrix, at Baja, one of the ruins which has been lauded with the greatest pomp of phrase. Looked at without coloured spectacles, it is a bare piece of masonry, on which no one would cast a second glance, if it had not a classical name; though, by-the-by, that name has been merely picked out of the mythological bead-roll, and bestowed at random.

Our archæologists are, in face of such monuments, pretty much in the condition of Horace's carpenter, who knew not whether the block of wood under his hand should be a bench or a god. The thing is called a bath, or a temple, just as it happens; and the temple is dedicated to the god of heaven or hell, as the taste of the antiquarian priest may happen to prefer Jupiter or Pluto.

As to the cicerone, he knows exactly to whom this seat belonged, where that door led to, to what use that chamber was put, and all about everything. That is his business as cicerone, for which he is paid by innocent citizens who travel for their own and their daughters' instruction; and dried-up German jurists, who have derived their classical learning from the

Pandects, which they desire to refresh by extra-judicial eye-witness.

But how is it possible that conscientious and really educated people should adopt all this balderdash, and not only write, but print, that the present "Lago di Fasaro is the Acheron of the ancients;" that little plain, the Elysian Fields, &c.; and these absurdities are to be found, not only in Guide-books in every language, but in ponderous scientific works. What idea of the nature of the myth have these men acquired by their parchment-learning? Just as truly may it be written some two thousand years hence, that the heaven of the Christians was situated between the vaults and roof of their churches. No doubt the classical lower world had a local habitation in thought; but the assumption that locality was to be found in the midst of the inhabited world, shows an amount of absurdity even beyond the measure usually conceded to the learned pedant as his indisputable right.

It is possible that a poet in his description of the infernal regions, may have had the image of this volcanic ground before his eyes; it is very possible that a later age may have parodied these descriptions and designations in some sense similar to that in which the names of Paradise

and Heaven are applied to wine-shops and beer-houses; but whoever deems it possible that the ancients went fishing in their Styx, bathed in their Acheron, or sowed oats and barley in their Elysian Fields, betrays plainly enough that his vocation is rather to feed on the said barley and oats, than to venture on the domain of poesy.

The volcanic nature of the country is evident from the figure of the lakes and their banks, which are unmistakably craters; by the form of the mountains, of which some centuries ago, one arose in a single night from the earth, and by continual volcanic appearances, particularly in the Solfatara, whose crater, though fallen in, is not so far destroyed as to offer security against any renewal of its desolating activity. Earthquakes and volcanic action have caused scarcely less mischief on this side of the Gulf of Naples than on the other, There, Stabia, Taglana, Pompeii, and Herculaneum; here Puteoli, Cuma, Baja, Buccoli, have partially or wholly vanished from the face of the earth, and, as it appears, without the possibility of determining the precise period of this revolution.

The whole shore of the Bay of Naples from Cape Miseno to Cape Campanella was, in former times, occupied by an almost unbroken series of

towns, and all these towns, with the exception of central Naples, have been, as before said, wholly or partially destroyed. Of the great city of Cuma, and the magnificent Baja, but few traces remain above ground, whilst it is only necessary to put a spade into the ground, to strike against masonry, which has already yielded many interesting specimens. The greater part of Puteoli is buried in mud, which has filled the great amphitheatre from top to bottom. Temples, country-houses, baths, buildings of all kinds, which filled up the narrow interval between town and town have left traces on every side, above or below the ground. In a word, the whole promontory between the Gulfs of Gaeta and Naples, yet more than the coast from Naples to Pompeii, is one enormous cemetery of ancient civilization.\*

\* Mr. Rochau's opinion has since been remarkably confirmed by a discovery of a very surprising kind. In the province of the kingdom of Naples, called Puglia, near Canosa, a subterranean necropolis—or city of the dead—has lately been found, in a high state of preservation, though certainly of not more recent date than twelve hundred years ago. It is entered by elegant gates, decorated by Ionic columns; the walls of the chambers are covered with linen, embroidered in gold; garlands of flowers hang in festoons from the ceilings, and articles of furniture, statues, vases, &c., of the richest workmanship, are distributed about them. In one, the figure—it is presumed of the mistress of the family—is lying on a gilt-bronze bed, ornamented with figures exquisitely

Of all the ancient splendour of Baja, of the giant erections of the Roman *millionaire*, which threatened, as the poet says, to drive back the sea, nothing remains but shapeless ruins. The vine and lemon-tree grow as God pleases, that is to say, almost without human care, on the spots where frenzied voluptuousness held those shameless orgies of an age corrupt to the very marrow of its bones. Two or three miserable cottages are all which at this present day we can call Baja.

Baccoli, the place where Tiberius ended his life of sin and infamy, and where some years later Nero murdered his mother, Baccoli still exists under the name of Bauli, a little village, whose population must be the most miserable under the sun, if their poverty is only half as great as their propensity to begging. Begging here is a real persecution, which seems to propose as its object not to leave the stranger one moment to rest, or gaze, or speak, till he has ransomed himself from their impudent and irritating importunity. Scarcely have you rid yourself of one swarm, than a second seems to

carved in ivory. The figures of young girls—probably her daughters—lie in an adjoining chamber, their heads crowned with wreaths of gold and jewels. There are also tables covered with all the articles necessary for a superb repast, and flowers, fruit, &c., beautifully moulded, and the discoveries are still in progress.—The.

rise out of the earth, and when you shake off the second, the first presents itself a second time with unabated audacity.

In the neighbourhood of Bauli are to be seen the most remarkable ruins of the whole district, the *Piscina mirabilis*, probably a reservoir for the use of the fleet stationed at Cape Misenum, to supply the deficiency of brooks and springs. This cistern on a grand scale, is spanned with lofty arches, supported by slender columns, and makes so important an appearance that I must confess it is not wholly undeserving the name of an architectural wonder. Not far from the *Piscina* are the *cento camerelle*, narrow cells hewn in the rock, communicating with one another by narrow openings in the form of pointed arches, and so low that they can be passed only in a stooping posture. Not a breath of air, not a ray of sunlight falls in the black depths of these stone-dens. Are they burial-places? Yes, burial-places for living men, whom some hangman in purple had caused to be constructed for the enemies of majesty, including those he suspected or disliked. What a truly imperial enjoyment with the golden cup in his hand, his brow crowned with roses, to be able to say:—"Here, a hundred feet below, past help and despairing, lie

those who dare to cherish a thought of republicanism!" Such reflections are ambrosial draughts to these earthly deities; and the Roman Cæsars are not the only lords of this land who have revelled in them.

Cape Misenum is a steep flattened mountain, of which the further shore, after sinking for a space almost to the level of the sea, again rises abruptly. This low land divides the sea from a salt lake, *Lago Morto*, probably a haven for Roman ships of war; at present it is connected with the sea only by a narrow channel. From this harbour, the elder Pliny, who it is well known was then in command of the fleet lying there, made that excursion to Vesuvius, in which he found a death honourable to him as an inquirer into Nature.

The prudent young gentleman, his nephew, was wiser in his generation. When summoned by his uncle to accompany him, he answered,— "*He would rather pursue his studies,*" and suiting the action to the word, the youth of eighteen, to whom is presented the opportunity of enjoying one of the grandest spectacles ever offered to human eye, sits himself down to make extracts from Livy! All honour to Livy, but he who prefers Livy to Vesuvius in his glory,

must have been the most pitiful of blockheads. If nothing else beyond this one trait were known of the younger Pliny, it would be enough for me to despise him! But I have before me a testimony under his own hand, of the meanness which he betrays in a number of his letters: yet more, I have his panegyric of Trajan, a masterpiece of flunkyism, if ever sycophant fabricated one. And yet this Pliny is one of the pampered favourites of our school-monarchs, and his disgusting fawning, which, to a sound taste, must make even a man like Trajan, with all his merit, distasteful. This bespattering with flattery is lauded to the pupils with uplifted hands, as one of the finest productions of Latin literature. The author spent eleven years upon it, and his phrases are turned after the most approved models. Character, sentiment, subject — who asks about such trifles? *Classical diction*, that is his excellence, and he who asks for more, he will never feel the divine spirit of philology descend on him.

We rested ourselves after the heat and labours of the day under the roof of a man who unites the more profitable calling of a smuggler to that of an innkeeper, on the desolate coast of Baja. Our table was laid in a singular kind of dining-



room. A broad bedstead heaped tower-high with bedding, and covered with a white fringed cloth, was the most stately piece of furniture in the room; beside which the rickety table and the infirm old chairs, made rather a deplorable figure. Windows there had been once, but time had reduced them to a few splinters of glass. On the lofty white-washed walls which exhibited every possible variety of shade between blackish grey and clay yellow, hung some pictures printed on blotting-paper, the style of which betrayed an antediluvian condition of art. The person of the jolly hostess displayed even a richer variety of tint than the walls; she, however, though not equipped in the newest style of fashion, was no specimen from the primeval world, or the deluge must have left some signs of her having once been washed.

With all this the table-coverings were clean, there were abundance of heavy silver appurtenances, and the dishes were worthy of them. The chief dish was a mullet, which I had longed for as eagerly as if I had been a diplomatist. In fact, the mullet is among fish what the grape is among fruit, and I can well understand the estimation in which it was held by the Roman epicure; and what are our modern gastronomes

compared with them? It is true that their practice of feeding this fish with human flesh is hardly agreeable to modern prejudice, but we are told by very high authority, we must measure other times and other peoples by their own standards, and therefore followers of the so-called historical school, should logically find little to object to in the Roman method of fish-feeding.

In the first place, they were only slaves who were made use of for that purpose. Secondly, the weak and infirm were probably selected. Thirdly, a property was utilized by this practice, which would have been wasted if the slaves had died a natural death, when all that the masters could do with them would be to send their skins to the tanners. The argument might be prolonged considerably, but I leave further detail to abler and more learned pens than mine.

When I returned to Naples, I inquired in vain at the best restaurants for the *mullet*; the name was not to be found in any bill of fare. I fancied that this fish might be too expensive for ordinary taverns; and my surprise was, therefore, doubly great when they gave me to understand at the Caffè di Europa, where I pressed the question, that the mullet was a dish for peasants and sailors, but not admissible on any Neapolitan

table *comme il faut*. This solution seemed extraordinary, but I found it quite accurate. Even the lazzaroni of Naples hold in contempt the fish which the most refined gourmands of ancient Rome luxuriated in as the costliest of delicacies. Has any change taken place in men's palates since that time? To judge by my own experience, and that of many of my countrymen, certainly not.

“That is not the question,” I was told at last; “but the mullet is not choice in its food; living or dead nothing comes amiss to it, and hence the disgust of the Neapolitans.”

But this explanation was by no means satisfactory to me. The omnivorousness of the mullet is by no means confined to that species. It possesses it in common with its cousin the eel, with the pike, the salmon, the trout, the mackerel, the lobster, and a multitude of the inhabitants of both salt and fresh water, which are nowhere and by no person rejected as unworthy the honours of the table. May not this detestation of the mullet by the Neapolitans be an effect of the now-forgotten memories of those times and manners just spoken of? Is it so very improbable a conjecture, that there may have existed in the multitude some remnant of sound moral

feeling, even in the time when the rich and great had sunk into the lowest abyss of corruption, and that they felt abhorrence of these hideous cruelties, especially as the "common people" were precisely the sufferers? Is it improbable that the horror of this slaughter, reacted against the creature for whose delectation men were slaughtered? Accepting this view of the subject, the disgust surviving to our times may be readily explained by the marvellously tenacious character of mute tradition; and the magnanimity of the Neapolitans cannot be sufficiently admired in their revenging themselves on the mullet who ate their fathers, by refusing to eat the mullet himself.

## CHAPTER XVII.

SALERNO AND AMALFI.—NORMAN RUINS AT SALERNO.—ENVIRONS.  
—RECRUITS.—MILD TREATMENT BY OFFICERS.—ROAD TO AMALFI.  
—THE LITTLE TOWN OF MAJORA.—AMALFI.—THE CLAN MELONI.  
—WAR AND PEACE.—CONVENT HOSPITALITY.—A MIRACLE.—  
MOUNTAIN PATHS.—INDUSTRIOUS NEAPOLITANS.—PUNTA DI SAN  
LAZARO.—CASTLE QUEISANA.

THE railroad brought us from Naples to Pompeii, and from Pompeii to Nocera, its terminus. Our project of going from the latter place to Amalfi was frustrated by the extortionate demand of the livery-stable-keeper, for the hire of his horses to take us over the mountains; but a swarm of noisy vetturini offered us their vehicles for a mere nothing, and we, thereupon, resolved to go to Salerno.

Nocera, in the time of Frederic II., the fortress of the Saracen partizans of the Emperor, and hence called to this day *dei Pagani*, is an inconsiderable town, with a charming site, at the entrance of a rich valley, scattered over with pretty houses, and closed in by mountains, clad

in the brightest verdure. Notwithstanding the heat, the pick-axe was here wielded by vigorous hands—the spade was in work—men were weeding and sowing, and the condition of the fields bore testimony, by the care and diligence of the husbandman, against our current prejudice that the Neapolitans are one and all worthless idlers. What curious inventions—what laborious arrangements for the preservation of the little moisture yielded by the nightly dews and the rare showers! Even the breeding of birds is attended with a cost of labour unheard-of in other places; there are scattered about the landscape a multitude of high stone-towers, similar to our watch-towers, but of smaller diameter, which serve no other purpose than to protect the pigeons against weasels and martins.

It is very possible that the object might be attained by easier means; but that such edifices should be raised which are a real ornament to the country, is certainly no sign of negligence or laziness.

Within an hour's drive through clean and pretty hamlets, you reach an elevated point of the coast, from which a profile view of Salerno is obtained. A steep road leads down to the town, whose stately quay, and lofty, and occa-

sionally grand edifices, make a very advantageous impression.

Although still a considerable city, Salerno has few remains of its Middle Age splendour. The political importance which it formerly possessed, as the capital of the Norman Kings, has vanished, leaving no wreck behind. Its scientific reputation, which it owed to the Arabian teachers — of its world-renowned medical school, has met a similar fate. There is many a little Salerno in our days, whose pride, perhaps, dreams not that the question of the whereabouts of the palace of their little Robert Guiscard — of the locality of their lecture-rooms — may be asked, and asked in vain, and that before many centuries have elapsed. "The world is round, and must turn on its axis," as the showman says.

The only monument of the olden time, to be found in Salerno, is its cathedral—a vast heavy building, to which the inevitable white-wash inflicted on it by the taste of the day is about as suitable as a gauze-mantle would be to a knight in full armour.

A considerable number of antique fragments, pillars, friezes, and sculptures, chiefly from the neighbouring Pæstum, are built into the church. Even the tombs of the ancients have been plun-

dered, for the use and profit of the new worship, and the ashes of the heathen have given place to the bones of priests and monks, in the mythologically-adorned marble sarcophagi. Drunken Mænads lead their wild dance round the bones of saints, fauns and satyrs keep watch over the bodies of pious bishops and abbots dead in the odour of sanctity. So be it; there is no harm done if it causes as little scandal to others as to me.

On one of the tombs in the cathedral, a great name is inscribed—the name of Gregory VII., who died a fugitive, under the protection of a Norman adventurer, after he had seen Germany, in the person of its emperor, at his feet. The anger and shame with which I, as a boy, read, for the first time, the lamentable history of Canossa, give even now the same pain to head and heart; for not even the shame of 1850 and 1851 has rendered me insensible to the ignominy of the eleventh century.

The streets of Salerno were alive with festive preparations, for the following day was Palm Sunday; the palms being represented by the dried leaves of the dwarf-palm, twisted into all kinds of pretty figures, which, after being duly blessed in the church, are laid up in the domestic



sanctuary till the following year. Rome, under whose skies the giant African grasses do not flourish, is supplied with palms by ship-loads, for these occasions, by a more happily situated place, the name of which has escaped me; this pious merchandise, I was told, has been thus transported for centuries, and no instance has occurred of one of these vessels being wrecked, which is a manifest miracle, as every one must admit.

We ascended by steep, but clean and well-conditioned streets, the mountain, at whose narrow base Salerno lies nestled. The mountain is very elevated, but however high you ascend, there is still in view the town on the steep shore, the sea, the distant coast of Calabria, the same prospect, in short, as may be enjoyed, with infinitely less trouble, from the quay of Salerno. On my return, I met a troop of grey-beards, in the uniform of *gensdarmes*, going through their exercise like young recruits. Were they really recruits, their forty or fifty years notwithstanding, or had it only occurred to the authorities, to accustom the *gensdarmes* to military discipline? In either case, this spectacle seemed to me a new proof that in Naples, as elsewhere, they acknowledge the police as the pillars of the state. As there are states which live and flourish,

so to speak, without a police, so there are others which subsist only by the police, and through the police. How then can the states in the latter predicament, afford to vex these indispensable props, far less do without them!

It was amazing to see the extreme courtesy with which these *gensdarmes* were treated by the officers and subalterns. Some of these elderly recruits seemed awkward enough; yet, strange to say, neither the captain nor the corporals appeared to think that rudeness and violence were the fittest means to quicken their understandings, or lend suppleness to their limbs, and accuracy to their manœuvres. Instead of the gentle stimulants of "*Donnerwetter*" and "*Himmel sacrament*," the officers contented themselves with pointing out their faults to the recruits in the mildest manner, and repeating the manœuvre again and again, without an impatient gesture, a scornful tone, or an insolent expression. It is true the object appeared to be better and more quickly accomplished by these methods, than by cursing and swearing, as our German officers do; but still the neglect of these verbal exercises must entail a great deficiency in the military discipline of the people, more especially as the subjects under treatment were policemen, to

whom a brutal demeanour and rude words are more necessary, every one knows, than arms; as the latter may not be wanted more than once a year, whereas the former are in use every hour.

We left Salerno on Palm Sunday morning, and rode through the streets gay with holiday-makers, mounted on donkeys, amid the joyous clang of bells, under the bluest of skies. Our day's destination was Amalfi, which is not yet united to Salerno by a road passable for carriages, although they have been working these twelve or fifteen years at converting the bridle-path into a regular road; a great and expensive undertaking, which, I should say, did honour to the Government, if that Government were not the Neapolitan.

The road winds along the coast at a short distance from Salerno, following all its curvatures, now rising high over the cliffs, now sinking to the level of the sea. Where the road ascends, that is by far the greater part of the way, the prospect is most varied and enchanting, over ravines and creeks, villas and orchards, harbours and mills hoary with age, where the waters sparkle and gurgle like a song of the past.

In one part, our path was interrupted by the

construction of the new road, and we were obliged to climb as well as we could over the pathless steep to reach the other side of the gap. It was half an hour's hard work climbing and perspiring over the rolling stones on the almost perpendicular side of the mountain, reaching the summit through a thicket of myrtles and rosemary, and then again descending with still greater difficulty.

At last we felt ourselves on safer ground, and saw to our very agreeable surprise a completed piece of the new road before us, upon which our donkeys, after they had sniffed it a little, carried us at a gentle trot to a large thriving-looking village. Old and young, in holiday attire, were assembled for the Sunday promenade on the public walk by the sea-shore. Troops of merry children greeted our appearance with acclamation, and the aristocracy of the place, consisting of a government-officer and his family, doing homage to the spirit of the age by mingling with the multitude, received the tribute of our salutations very graciously.

At a short distance from this village, which bears the name of Menora, we came to Majora, whose site is peculiar. Majora lies in a narrow and deep ravine, at the mouth of which the

road passes over a bridge to the sea. From this bridge you look down upon the roofs of Majora, whose houses lie so close and confusedly together, that when viewed from above it looks like a large knot. On either side of the ravine the mountain-wall rises precipitously in front; it is, as I have just said, closed in by the bridge, and at the other end where the houses cease, it contracts to a cleft in the rock.

Majora is built in a funnel which it entirely fills, and which opens below to the sea. Through the cleft in the contrary direction is another valley, but it looks only like the entrance to a mountain-wilderness without any outlet on the other side. On the edge of this natural gateway two or three isolated houses are perceived, one of which is called the birth-place of Masaniello; probably with about as much correctness as the dwelling of the revolutionary hero is pointed out in the old market-place of Naples in five or six different places.

The little town of Majora has a very prosperous appearance, although its inhabitants seem to want space to move in and air to breathe.

From Majora to Amalfi is but a step. We alighted at the best, that is the only, inn, called

the "Capuchin," an exceedingly shabby resting-place with entertainment to match. To make amends for the bad fare we were presented with the "Strangers' Book," wherein the praises of the "Capuchin" were celebrated in various languages. Here and there, however, a page had been cut out, or carefully blotted, which had probably exhibited testimonials from travellers no better pleased than we were, and this censorship had been exercised alike on French, English, and German entries, a proof of the excellent organization of the preventive system to protect the traveller from disagreeable impressions.

Whilst we were trying in vain to give our scanty meal a relish with the eulogies bestowed by others on the kitchen of the "Capuchin," our *valet de place*, whom we had brought with us from Naples, came in and announced in great consternation that the worshipful Society of Guides of Amalfi would not allow him to be our cicerone. They had even threatened him with a sound cudgelling and a touch of the knife. "But," he added, "*he* was not afraid; indeed he came in on purpose to say he was not afraid."

As we on our side were not much afraid either, we praised his stoutheartedness, and said that

we should expect him in half an hour to attend us in an excursion to the environs.

In the meantime, as I was going out to purchase cigars, I found a crowd of people at the door of the inn, in a high state of excitement. It was the Clan Meloni, which, from father to son, had from time immemorial enjoyed the monopoly of showing the lions of Amalfi. On my appearance, one of the injured individuals stepped forward, and addressed me.

The *valet de place* had asserted that he had been threatened (he must have been listening at the door while Francesco was giving vent to his woes); that was a shameful calumny. To prove to me what a rogue that Francesco was, he, the speaker, could tell me that he, the said Francesco, had pocketed eight *carlini* out of the price paid by us for the donkeys.

"How do you know that?" I inquired of the chief of the Meloni.

"The driver himself told me so; there he is; he will tell you so, if you ask him."

"Is that so?" I inquired of the donkey-proprietor, who was listening to the colloquy. "Did Francesco make you give him two *carlini* for every ass we hired?"

"God forbid!" said the donkey-driver.

"But you told this man so not five minutes ago."

"Not that I remember."

"What!" shrieked Meloni, with a flaming visage. "You did not tell me that Francesco made you give him part of the money!"

"Not that I remember."

Meloni flung his cap on the ground, his eyes flashed fire, his breath seemed failing him, he stretched out his hand, I was really in fear of some catastrophe; but there ensued nothing worse than a fearful oath in confirmation of the truth of what he had asserted; and the whole tribe of Meloni, with the wildest outcries and furious gestures, assisting as compurgators.

I had no fancy for playing the part of investigator any longer, and went my way. When I came back I found my travelling companions among the group I had left at the door, and their demeanour had in the meantime undergone a singular change. The excitement had vanished, and left not a trace behind; of anger there was not the least appearance; Francesco, the donkey-driver, and the Meloni, were talking together the best friends in the world! There was no witchcraft in the business, however. My companions had bethought themselves of taking one



of the Meloni as additional guide, and therewith suddenly ensued peace, concord, and friendship.

Similar scenes are of daily occurrence among this people, and they throw, in my opinion, a melancholy light upon the character and moral condition of the Neapolitan people. The petty rogueries which it seems they really cannot forbear, I would not say too much about; but that accomplices on the very smallest provocation are ready to betray and sell each other, that the rascals cannot even keep faith among themselves, and that then in another moment they are ready to make peace with the traitor, those are traits which make me despair of the future of this people!

What a difference between the Italian and the Spaniard, between the Neapolitan and the Andalusian, who among all the races of the two peninsulas, are the nearest akin! Resembling each other in their enjoyment of life, cheerful humour, lively intelligence, natural refinement and dread of danger, they are yet most unlike! The Andalusian has a feeling of personal dignity, and a national pride that seems wholly wanting to the Neapolitan. The Andalusian loves money as the Neapolitan, but he shows no filthy greed, and can renounce it with a good grace; he sells

his service as dearly as possible, but cheating and begging are foreign to his nature. Least of all would it occur to the Spaniard to take part with a foreigner against his own countryman; or to injure his comrade's trade by underbidding him, which is an every-day occurrence in Italy. The obtrusiveness, the Jew-like haggling and chaffering, the scandalous over-charges, and all the little torments of rapacity which dog the heels of the traveller in Italy, are never met with in Spain. The Spaniard never presses his service, scarcely offers it, and likes to be asked twice before he agrees to give it; he places a high value on his work, and when his demand is once made, be assured he will make no abatement. These traits of character may, it is true, be inconvenient to strangers, and it is certain that the experienced traveller is at less expense on the whole by Italian extortion than by Spanish trustworthiness; nevertheless intercourse with the Spaniard is far more agreeable than with the Italian, and if you must pay the former more you do not get ill-blood into the bargain.

The main fact is, that the Spaniards are respected by others, because they respect themselves; and that, by their vigorous individuality and manly demeanour in difficult times of his-

torical misfortune, they have preserved a nationality that some others beside the Italians might envy.

Inland from Amalfi, some paths, like steep staircases, lead to the summit of the rocky mountains. The most convenient follows the course of a little brook which has worn its way through the enormous mountain-mass; a narrow valley, widening a little in the immediate neighbourhood of the sea, where Amalfi has contrived to nestle itself. The steep ravine which the brook has dug through the mountain above the town is in some places so narrow, that the mills built obliquely over the water, fill up the space completely between the rocky walls. This brook being the only water-power in the neighbourhood, it is compelled to perform an incredible amount of work. I did not count the mill-wheels it sets in motion, but I am certain that in the busiest manufacturing district of Germany, it would not be easy to find such a mass of machinery in so small a space, and every spot of productive ground between the coast and the mountain is turned to use most sedulously.

The path winding up the ravine by the brook-side, is rich in picturesque views over a wild romantic country.

Returning to Amalfi, and following the coast, we reached a grotto, elevated some hundred feet above the sea, and justly celebrated for the beauty of the view. Taking up a position at the back of the grotto, the entrance forms the frame of a highly characteristic landscape, of which the main features, are Amalfi, hemmed in between the mountain and the sea-shore, the sharply defined outline of the singularly-formed rocky summit that rears itself above the town, and the coast as far as Pæstum, whose temple is plainly discernible by good eyes.

As we were leaving the grotto, the door of a neighbouring convent opened, and a Capuchin, holding in his hand a pewter plate, on which a bottle and glasses were jingling, advanced slowly towards us, without looking up. Entering the grotto he greeted us with solemn politeness, and offered a draught of the wine of St. Francis for our refreshment. The Saint's wine was exceedingly sour, and that might, perhaps, be the cause of our entertainer's obstinate refusal to pledge his guests; however, the day was hot, and what politeness might not have moved us to, thirst did. When the bottle was emptied, the monk invited us to visit the convent, which we were quite willing to do.

There was nothing worth seeing in the building but a cloister, in very ancient gothic style. The garden, laid out on terraces, was, like all other convent-gardens which I had seen in Italy, exceedingly ill kept; but the prospect beyond was enchanting.

"From that height," said the monk, pointing to a rocky wall which reared itself at least a thousand feet, above the garden; "from that height, about thirty years ago, a man who is still alive, fell among our turnips."

"It is not possible!"

"I was not then myself in the convent," replied the monk, "but I was told it by some of our brethren who had witnessed the occurrence."

"And I," cried the representative of the House of Meloni, whom we had brought with us, "I can confirm the story as an eye-witness; I have known the man from childhood; his name is Ricci, he was a great *devoté* of St. Antony, whose medallion he wore on his bare breast, and as he felt himself falling (it was on St. Antony's Day) he had just consciousness enough to call out, 'Help, Holy St. Antony! And when he was picked up senseless in the garden, his clothes were so torn from his body that the medallion

was plainly to be seen on his breast; but a few days after he was as sound as a roach, and, as was before said, he is alive still."

Of course we were all convinced, except Francesco. The derisive manner in which he expressed his doubts made Meloni perfectly wild. Again his cap was dashed to the ground, and he swore by all the saints and all the devils, that his story was true, he spoke as an eye-witness.

Francesco, however, who doubtless thought to raise himself in our eyes by playing the part of unbeliever, was not to be shaken in his scepticism, and he compelled the foaming Meloni, by a train of cold-blooded and repeated questions, to the confession that he had not seen the votary of St. Antony at the moment of his miraculous preservation, but some days after.

"Then you cannot expect me to believe on your word, what after all you did not see," was Francesco's conclusion.

Meloni was in a towering passion, but he had no more to say. The monk who had listened to the dispute in silence, at last thought himself bound to settle the business by appealing to the authority of the robe he wore in confirmation of the veracity of those who had seen the occurrence. Francesco's opposition was silenced, whe-

ther out of respect or civility I cannot say; Meloni, on the other hand, took me aside, and poured forth another volley of oaths to the truth of his story. I did my best to tranquillize him by the assurance that even in my country a fall without injury from a great height was not an impossibility, far less in a land where signs and wonders are of every-day occurrence. By this admission I evidently got credit with Meloni as a man of penetration; and as we were about to take leave of the monk, he gave me a discreet intimation that the Franciscans gave alms,—and also took them.

The poor little town that now bears the name of Amalfi has not a trace of its former splendour. The powerful maritime city, the conquering Republic of Amalfi, is said to have been built high up upon the mountains, where those who are not afraid of a two hours' climb, may yet see some remains of it. How the people of Amalfi contrived to shelter their fleet on this smooth coast is a riddle to me. Of dams or harbour constructions not a fragment is to be seen far or near. The fleet of Amalfi at this present time consists of a few fishing-boats; the haven is the sand of the shore, whence they are dragged when wanted. The renown and greatness of modern Amalfi are

founded on its unsurpassable excellence in the preparation of macaroni, an art to which we paid due and grateful homage, when by its help we made amends in the evening for our abstinence at noon.

The next morning, a barber, after veiling me in a cloud of Asiatic perfume, whipped off a beard of many days' growth, with the dexterity of a Figaro; after which, I gave a look at an old cathedral, which was not worth looking at, but was enriched, like the cathedral of Salerno, with the spoils of Pæstum; then took a luncheon, not without a comfortable feeling of complacency in having deserved it by previous exertion, and afterwards rode through the gates in company with our asses.

I say in company, because the difficulties of the streets made it no easy matter to sit the animals. Outside the town, after passing the Franciscan Convent we had visited yesterday, and skirting the coast for a time, we made another attempt to ride, but were again obliged to give it up, the path being so steep and rough that the beasts had all the trouble in the world to keep their own four legs. Soon the path left the sea-shore, and ascended the mountains we had to pass before reaching Castellamare.



The chain of hills forming the ribs of the tongue of land — that separates the gulfs of Naples and Salerno — is one of the steepest I ever met with, and the path one of the most troublesome I ever rode over. Although it was yet early morning, and we had the sun at our backs, we were soon winning our toilsome way in the sweat of our brow up the almost perpendicular face of the mountain, which seemed to grow at every step as we traversed the winding flinty path. Country people, armed with long Alpine poles, and carrying heavy burdens on their heads and shoulders, though bare-footed, passed us at a rapid pace in the ascent on their way to the town. Here and there, on a projecting ledge of the rock, a little house was perched, and hundreds of miniature terraces, sometimes not larger than a moderate-sized table, and propped by walls of loose stones, ranged to a giddy height above one another, each planted with vegetables or a few fruit trees.

By Heaven, this people are neither lazy nor feeble! The diligence of our vine-growing peasants on the Rhine, whose laborious cultivation has become proverbial, is nothing compared to that of the Neapolitans on these mountains—and yet they have become proverbial for indolence!

Their exertions are incomparably greater than that of the dwellers on the Rhine, and their reward, in all probability, much inferior. What can be the gain of a man who has to drag a bale of rags from Amalfi to the paper-mill, high up in the mountain—a journey of many a weary mile? And what can be the profit of the paper-maker himself in an undertaking which, under the most favourable conditions, must still be riveted to this thread of water, for there is none to be found elsewhere? No, no—I am convinced, after all, that the Neapolitans are not *naturally* lazy!

After a short halt at a cottage, whose poor proprietor could offer us nothing but a crust of bread and a glass of half-fermented wine, we began our mountain-march anew. The path, which now became somewhat less painful, brought us to a grove of oaks, the remains, probably, of the primeval forest, which had been reduced by the ravages of greedy necessity to a small number of trees, whilst not a hand had been lifted to fill up the gaps of years and centuries. The stately trunks were, as yet, quite bare of foliage, the stony soil wherein they grew was bare and naked, and a thick cloud of fog, that hung from the summit of the mountain as low

as the grove, gave it completely the appearance of a northern winter-landscape.

After another hour of painful ascent, we reached a point called the Punta of San Lazaro, to which we had long looked forward with hope as to the end of our sufferings. The Punta of San Lazaro is a corner of the mountain where one of the terraces before mentioned begins; a high plain with a fruitful soil, and a numerous population. If we look back from the Punta down the declivity we have just ascended, we find it difficult to persuade ourselves that we have climbed so great a height, to whose foot the sea approaches so closely that it appears as if a stone thrown with a good aim must hit the water. The fog unfortunately concealed from us the greater part of the prospect, which however, from the smoothness of the mountain side, is more extensive than beautiful.

From San Lazaro, the road begins to be really good, running for two miles and upwards through clean villages and a smiling landscape, whose vegetation and culture have much more of a German than an Italian character. In one of the hamlets, peeping out from a garland of cherry and apple blossoms, I remarked a country-house of aristocratic mien, bearing the inscription

“ *Beata solitudo, sola beatitudo.*” A Neapolitan courtier and general erected this seat devoted to solitude and peace, but whether he lives there or not, we could not learn. If his inscription does not lie, if solitude be really happiness to him, that happiness is secure enough here; least of all need he fear to be disturbed in it by his former colleagues, the Neapolitan courtiers, for the convenient road comes here suddenly to an end, and the mountain again rises almost perpendicularly; so that access to this level, on either side, would cost more labour and perspiration than any gentleman of Naples, perhaps, would ever spend on a country excursion.

Towards noon we reached the “Saddle of the Mountain,” the little Monte Sant’ Angelo, whence we see at one view the Gulfs of Naples and Salerno, a much vaunted prospect, which failed utterly to throw me into ecstasies, although I did my best for that end.

The slope of the mountain towards Castellamare is much longer, and therefore less steep than in the opposite direction, nevertheless the road is still too dangerous for riding, especially on tired animals. We descended therefore on our own feet towards the foot of the mountain, where the path opens upon the high road, at a short

distance from Castellamare. When we had completed our heavy day's work, we voted unanimously that the road over Monte Sant' Angelo was not worth half the exertion it cost, more especially when the traveller, like ourselves, was leaving Amalfi for Castellamare. In a contrary direction the labour may be less, the reward less doubtful, although in any case the former would probably far outweigh the latter. Should, however, any one feel an irresistible desire to undertake the ungrateful journey from Amalfi to Castellamare, I would at least advise him to spare the money I threw away in dragging a donkey after me.

In the hotel at Castellamare, bearing the ostentatious designation of Villa Reale, we rested for refreshment after our hot and toilsome day's march. The house is prettily situated, and can boast spacious and well-arranged rooms, but is, withal, one of those dreary desert places of public entertainment, whose quiet and emptiness one would gladly exchange for a very ordinary public-house with its noise and busy throng of men. After enjoying a thorough rest, we found ourselves in condition to pay a visit to the Castle of Quisisana. The porter asked for our card of admission, but was satisfied with the assurance that we had left plenty of them at

home. In the gravelled walks of the garden and the avenues of the magnificent park, laid out on slopes above Castellamare, our feet forgot the sharp stones over which they had wandered for six or seven hours together, and the view hence, which was really superb, compensated us for that which is only called so from Monte Sant' Angelo.

My travelling companions wished to pass the night at Castellamare, and then to go to Sorrento and Capri, and I left them to return by the train to Naples, which, according to the time-table, was to leave at six o'clock. At the station, however, I found all empty and desolate, so much so, that I had a difficulty in hunting up an individual who informed me that in this part of the country they were not going to be tyrannised over by a time-table, that the Royal Railroad Executive did not tolerate the intervention of a sheet of paper between them and the public; and that the next departure would be at half-past eight, *unless they should think fit to determine otherwise.*

I left my small luggage at a neighbouring coffee-house, and went to take an hour and a half's walk on the beach, there to meditate, undisturbed, on the spirit and dignity with which

the Neapolitan Railroad directors fulfilled their vocation. On my return to the coffee-house, I found my portmanteau had been thoroughly rummaged ; nothing, however, had been abstracted ; nor had I during an abode of several months in Italy ever cause for complaint in this respect, although I was by no means particularly watchful.

This time it pleased the Railroad dignitaries to abide by the hour last indicated, and I was enabled to keep my promise of rewarding myself for the exertions of the day by a large glass of Venetian ice, in the Café d'Europa.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

THE CARTHUSIAN CONVENT AT NAPLES.—CERTOSA DI SAN MARTINO.  
—LUXURY OF THE CARTHUSIANS.—MAGNIFICENT PROSPECTS.—  
SWISS MERCENARIES.

“WHAT shall we see to-day?” was the question.

“Nothing at all,” answered I. “For my part, I am so weary of seeing and admiring, that rest seems a greater necessary of life than food itself.” “But it is a beautiful day which insists on being used.” “Well, then, let us take a walk or drive without any aim at all.” “Where to?” “No matter, so it be not on the high road, or in the glare of the sun.” On this double condition we soon agreed, but it presently appeared that the execution of our plan involved considerable difficulty. After vainly racking our brains for the space of an hour, in company with two or three residents of the town, whose aid we sought in this extremity, we at length became aware that we had been labouring under the absurd delu-



sion of unconsciously associating with the environs of Naples, our home recollections of cool green meadows, and shady forest paths. He who in Naples cannot be contented with the eternal Villa Reale, which, however striking it may be at first, soon becomes wearisome—can but choose either the dusty high road, or one of those footpaths which wind their endless way between garden walls, like the dry beds of rivulets of scorching air. Not for miles are any such things to be found as public gardens, pleasure-grounds, a little wood, or grove, or plot of green grass.

Having, however, made up our minds to go *somewhere*, after long hesitation we set off for Certosa di San Martino, of which we had heard a great deal. The way towards this convent has nothing rural about it. About a hundred paces from the Chiaja you come to a flight of steps, which lead between two unbroken rows of houses to the summit of the hill, on which, overlooking the whole city, stands the Fort Sant' Elmo. After toiling up this wearisome path for half an hour, we got into a more regular road, which brought us to a fortified gate.

“Where is the Carthusian Convent?” I asked of an old soldier in a Swiss uniform, who had

been staggering after us in a somewhat zigzag direction. The man made great exertions to effect an answer, but his tongue had no mind to obey orders. His legs, however, being not quite so confirmed in their insubordination, he made us signs to follow him, and led us, in an elegant serpentine line, to the fortress gate. Though putting no great trust in our guide, we followed him, no better being at hand.

"Poor rogue," thought I, "coming back in this state to his barracks—what sort of a reception is he likely to get? He'll soon be repenting his sins in some black-hole or other."

A handsome young sub-officer coming to the gate, assured us that we were on the right way for the convent, without, to my astonishment, taking any notice of our drunken guide, who staggered on across a court, halted at a doorway, gave us to understand that there was the entrance of the house we sought, and then took his leave with a military bow, steering amongst officers and subalterns, unmolested towards his barracks.

How the Carthusians become privileged to enjoy the pomp and luxury in which we everywhere find them, I cannot tell; still less where they find the means of erecting these costly

edifices so magnificently fitted up, with carving, inlaying, costly stones and metals, floors, pillars, walls and vaults of the purest marble, which seem to be considered necessities of life in Carthusian convents; and yet, however great the superabundance of these costly luxuries, they are never so arranged as to produce a really grand effect. Their buildings have no sublimity, no dignity; on the contrary, an ostentatious splendour, more worthy of an Asiatic idol-temple than a Christian church. Such must have been the temples where Sardanapalus offered up his sacrifices, or Heliogabalus held his orgies. To honour the Deity by means of brass and marble, seems too wretched a thought for even a monastic brain; and as to the effect on the worshipper, the pomp and glare of a Carthusian church may dazzle, possibly, but can never elevate.

Through a long succession of passages, courts and antechambers, we were led by the convent-porter to the apartments of the vicar, which seem to be uninhabited, though quite unrivalled in the beauty of their prospect, in comparison with which the much-famed view from the convent of Camaldoli fades into insignificance. All Naples lay at our feet. You look down on the gleaming terraces of the convent-garden, to-

wards the city, bounded by green hills and blue waters—its white palaces sparkling like jewels in the sun. Beyond the town, along the shore, and up the mountain-sides, thousands of villas peep from among their orchards and vineyards. On the other side of the bay, whose blue expanse is all alive with countless sails, Vesuvius sends up his never-ceasing smoke, while the bright villages of Portici, Resina, Torre del Greco and Annunziata lie as if in saucy defiance along his dangerous sides. To the right of the volcano, separated from it by a narrow cleft, the steep mountain-range, on whose narrow terraces stand Castellamare, Sorrento and Massa, looks so near to the eye in the clear bright atmosphere, that it seems as if you might reach it by a jump. To the left, where Vesuvius slopes away into the blooming, luxuriant Campagna, the distant blue Apennines close the glorious landscape. .

The porter who accompanied us soon began to indicate, by various restless movements, that it was time for us to take our leave; here, where we would have wished for hours, a few minutes were grudged us. I asked to see the gardens, hoping to get rid of our guide. The garden was locked, we were told, and the key in the keeping of the prior; it is opened only now and then,

for the monks: even the open air is measured out, it seems, with barbarous avarice to these unfortunate creatures! I turned away from the convent with a feeling of indignant disgust.

On our way back we met several small companies of Swiss soldiers, all in the same uniform as our above-mentioned dumb acquaintance. They were talking in a loud voice with lively gesticulations, and a very uneven gait. Some of them, seeing that we were Germans, seemed so desirous of showing us all sorts of attentions, that we could not but be grateful, though the observations the gentlemen let fall were so disconnected as to remain somewhat mysterious. Most of these soldiers were grey old veterans who had served in the Neapolitan army for twenty or thirty years; and red-nosed disorderly looking fellows they were. The modern Swiss are all a physically degenerate race, and these, their mercenary fighting-men, present an especially pitiful appearance, having ugly faces, stunted growth, and mean bearing. If you see a tall muscular figure among them, he invariably turns out to be a German. What a contrast between the handsome broad-shouldered Neapolitan Guards, and the ugly, miss-shapen mercenaries of these Swiss regiments!

With what contempt these graceful Italians would look down upon these disorderly toppers, if they did not know that in the hour of need the most drunken and ill-conditioned of them all were worth ten of the handsomest, most stately Neapolitans.

“They are very brave, these Swiss,” said a Neapolitan seaman to me, in a tone of admiration. “They have no fear of death.” That is, in fact, the secret of the bravery of the one, and the cowardice of the other. The Italians are so fond of life, that they can scarcely conceive the possibility of a contempt of death. It sounds half like admiration, and half like reproach, when Petrarch calls us the oppressors and desolators of his beautiful native land, barbarians *a chi morir non duole* (to whom death is no sorrow). Our poet, however, gives the answer:

“And he who dares not stake his life,  
The worth of life will never know.”

The scapegraces who find a last refuge in the Neapolitan service, have an easy life, high pay, cheap wine, and the greatest indulgence shown towards the darling vice of the Teutonic race—drunkenness. What wonder then that they become reconciled to their position, and think so

little of going home. Looking forward to the pension, which is to make them easy in their old age, they generally grow grey in the service; those whom I have questioned, have seemed perfectly contented with their lot, and none of them have expressed the slightest wish to return; they have little indeed to return to, but poverty and wretchedness. True it is, that there are some, cast by destiny into the ranks of the Neapolitan hirelings, who are conscious that they might have been fit for somewhat better, and do not wholly lose this aspiration, even in the barracks of the most cunning and most cruel despotism that ever disgraced the earth; but I am not speaking of the misfortunes of the few, but the degradation of the common herd. Nothing is more natural than the soldierly faithfulness of these low adventurers. Uprooted from their native soil, unconnected by the slightest link with the people, of whose slavery they allow themselves to be the instruments, returning their hatred with contempt—knowing no family and no country—but what they find in their barracks; their only hope is bound up with the preservation of their paymaster. Without the Swiss soldiers, the Sicilians might have been, these three years past, an independent, perhaps a free people;

fewer chains there might have been in the Neapolitan dungeons, and less arbitrary power on the Neapolitan throne. The Swiss have saved the monarchy of Naples, which, without them, might, at least, have waited a few years in banishment, till the great European conspiracy, for the preservation of power, which has its stronghold in Vienna, might have made its restoration possible. It may be, indeed, that Naples has lost nothing by the fact of royal despotism, not having needed the Austrian bayonet this once; still, one cannot be surprised, if the Neapolitans owe no particular gratitude to the Swiss for having, in this manner, spared them an Austrian invasion. Sooner or later, the bitter hatred towards this foreign soldiery will lead to some fearful catastrophe, which no courage will be able to withstand. However much, however shamelessly the strength of the Swiss regiments may be increased, the day will come when the Neapolitan army and the Neapolitan people will unite against them in a silent league of rage and despair, and then, woe to him among the foreign troops who shall delay an hour, while escape by sea may yet be possible. Let them count on no mercy, no humanity, still less on any rules of civilised warfare. The vengeance will be nameless, like the crime.



## CHAPTER XIX.

ON VESUVIUS.—PROSPECTS FROM HIGH MOUNTAINS.—GUIDES AND TRAVELLERS.—ASCENT OF VESUVIUS.—IMPORTUNATE ASSISTANTS.—THE CRATER.

To leave Naples without having climbed Vesuvius would be a greater sin against all the usages of society than to go to Rome without seeing the Pope. So, more for the sake of public morality than private inclination, we undertook the expedition from which, for my own part, I expected nothing but a good conscience. The so-called *beautiful views*, by means of which we are enticed to the tops of high mountains, are mostly of such a sort that, to speak the truth, I never find in them the smallest recompense for the trouble of the ascent. The higher and more solitary the mountain, the more shabby the reward for your exertions. On a summit which soars so many thousand feet above the whole surrounding country, every distinctive feature of the distant

landscape vanishes; hills and valleys mingle together, the forest is scarcely distinguishable from the meadow by a slight difference of tint, towns and villages look like the dots on a map, while an horizon of cloud and mist surrounds the featureless and unmeaning picture. But here comes the wise man of the place, and pointing to the east tells you: "There you see the minaret of the great mosque of Ispahan." I follow the direction of the finger, and look and look, and at last I find an almost invisible point, or at all events I think I find it. Then points the Oracular one to the south, and tells me—"That bright streak is the Nile, just where it forms the first cataract." Again I strain the optic nerve almost to snapping, and—true, there far away in the mist, there really is a light spot that might be a thousand different things just as possibly the reflection of the sunlight in a waterfall as anything else. Many people find great delight, as it seems, in topographical observations of this nature: for my own part, however, I was never one of the number. A view, to please me, must have a picturesque foreground, which you hardly ever find on the top of high mountains. I like decisive features and well defined forms, and find infinitely more enjoyment at a favourable point on

a moderate eminence than in the most famous prospect up among the clouds.

Vesuvius, to be sure, is not very high, but so completely insulated, and towers so far above the surrounding country, that I promised myself but little satisfaction from the expedition. "But who knows," said I to myself, as our little caravan got under way.

At Resina we halted before the door of Don Vicente Cuzzoli, who had been strongly recommended to us as guide. To the universal joy, the Don was at home; he, who according to the accounts which had been given us of his merits, kept the key of all Vesuvian mysteries, past, present, and future. Whatever opinion, however, might have been formed of the value of Don Vicente's services by the party to which I belonged—they seemed to expect to get them for nothing, and our bargain terminated by beating him down in his moderate demand of three piastres (about twelve shillings) for the guide and six horses. Unfortunately the present practice of travellers in Italy is to do their utmost by their unreasonable expectations towards demoralising inn-keepers, postmasters, drivers, and every one else with whom they come in contact. A constant struggle goes on as to which shall cheat the other,

and I have more than once had to witness scenes in which the traveller was certainly not the cheated party. The Italian, unwilling to let his horse stand idle in the stable, or perhaps jealous lest his neighbour may get the job, will accept a price one day by which he evidently cannot live, and make up the deficit, the next, by extorting double pay from a more open-handed traveller. The traveller, on the other hand, who believes himself cheated by the vetturino, demands indemnification from the innkeeper, and makes the most arbitrary and absurd deductions from his bills. In short it is an eternal state of warfare about twopence-halfpenny, carried on with just as irregular weapons on the one side as the other, and paid for at last by the third party, who stands neutral, disgusted with the whole affair.

The first result we obtained by our niggardliness, was a fierce feud between the guide and the owners of the horses, who were dissatisfied with the price offered, and yet unwilling to let it go. Through the narrow garden-passages of the little town, in which we could only advance step by step, there followed us, with angry gesticulations, a howling, like that of Dante's Cerberus, when the damned souls long to be deaf. I felt tempted

to wish the whole troop in the jaws of the three-headed dog. However, we reached the open space beyond, in time to save me from this, perhaps, very Dante-like, but certainly not very Christian wish. A few cuts with the mountain-poles, which served us as riding-whips, and the exertions of our strong, though certainly anything but showy horses, had saved our skins this once.

A rough path leads for some miles along a moderate ascent, through gardens and vineyards, and then over wide fields of lava. This lava is all in the state of loose and broken fragments, nowhere presenting a compact mass, or even surface; it crumbles under the horses' hoofs, and seems quite of a different consistency from the rocky strata, sixty or seventy feet thick, which have settled down over Herculaneum, and afford in many places, in the neighbourhood of Naples, the most durable building materials. Whether the great underground factory has no more of such solid ware on hand in our day, I am unable to state, but certainly the products of eruption, which cover the mountain on the Resina side, bear no perceptible resemblance to a stream of fluid matter, or to anything but heaps of crumbling rubbish, brought there, apparently, in a cold, rather than

a melted state. All the lava, which has issued from the mountain at various times during the past century, is, apparently, of the same nature, and equally unlike the massive lava of old times.

Half way up, the path turns to the left towards the lower of the two summits of the mountain, which now begins to wear, even to the unpractised eye, the appearance of the edge of a vast disused crater, whose remaining portion still runs, in the form of the segment of a circle, round the present cone. At the outer edge of this ancient caldron stands the Hermitage, at which point terminates the carriage-road, into which the horse-track, which we had been following, had turned shortly before; and a few hundred paces above the Hermitage is the Observatory, a cheerful, habitable-looking building, enlivening the aspect of the whole surrounding region, which is otherwise dreary enough. In front of the Hermitage are the last trees, and beyond the Observatory, all vegetation ceases, for the whole soil is covered with fresh marks of the volcanic furnace, between which, here and there, a few scanty blades struggle upwards, disappearing wholly as we advance, under ashes and rubbish.

Leaving the Observatory, the path turns towards the chasm, between the present summit of the mountain, and the fragment of the former crater. Although the undulations of the soil at the bottom of this abyss are by no means considerable, yet the way becomes more toilsome at every step, on account of the ever-increasing heaps of lava, between and over which you have to struggle on. Our horses showed the utmost care, in selecting spots on which they might safely set their feet; but, however comforting this foresight on their parts might be, it would have been much wiser to have gone on foot, though the amount of exertion required is such, that few people can resolve to do so.

A little sandy plain, protected by a perpendicular wall of lava from the wind, which began to drive pretty roughly through the valley, served us for a halting-ground, on which to dismount; the path being impassable for horses beyond this spot. A boy, with a basket of eggs, bread, and oranges, two sedan chairs, ten or twelve sedan-bearers, and the unavoidable representative of public order, the *gensdarme*, formed the population and property of this little encampment.

Scarcely had I taken my foot from the stirrup,

when two sturdy fellows planted themselves before me, bearing on their shoulders a kind of belt, to which was attached a long band, the end of which they handed me, without speaking a word, as if it were a matter of course. It seemed that I was expected to let myself be dragged up the mountain, which offer I declined. The men seemed overpowered with astonishment, and affected to laugh in my face at the absurd idea of climbing Vesuvius by means of my own muscles. My companions having also declined, the troop began to follow us up the mountain. All we could say in dissuasion was in vain. "We are going for our own amusement," they answered to our benevolent exhortation not to give themselves such useless trouble. They expected us to change our minds, nor was this idea without foundation.

The cone, at the foot of which our labours began, rises at an alarming angle, and is covered, moreover, with fine sand, in which you sink ankle-deep at every step. While you are employed in getting one foot out of the sand, it slips the other, and with a downward slide, so that you take about four steps for every yard you advance. Your mountain pole is of little use, for it sinks under your hand, and can find no bot-



tom. In short, the whole affair is enough to take away your breath, to say nothing of your courage, before you get a quarter of the way.

"You are very tired," observed to me one of the men, who were going with us for their own amusement, remarking, no doubt, that the difficulties of the route obliged me to economise my forces; "you are very tired," he repeated, in a tone of sympathy which greatly excited my wrath. "Take the band," he added, in a confidential manner, which was intended to facilitate my confession of weakness. I rejected this offer with a little more energy than was necessary. "Take it; take it," he continued more pressingly, "I only ask three carlins." This moderate demand (about a shilling) tended slightly to mollify my dignity, showing, as it did, that the fellow understood perfectly how little I needed his services, so I declined a little less energetically. "Two carlins," said he, continuing to offer me the string, and as I only shook my head, he cried out, "one carlin!" "My good man," I returned with angelic sweetness, "if you were to pay me a piaster for it, I would not let you drag me up the mountain." I had hit the mark at last. My persecutor left me, and began to descend, along with his comrades, who had been

carrying on the same energetic but unsuccessful contest with my fellow travellers.

Our valiant resistance to temptation met with its reward. It soon appeared that the last assault on our fortitude had been made at a point where the worst part of our labour was approaching its termination. Turning from the sandy way we had been pursuing, we ascended a lava-ridge, which lies parallel to the sandy slope, and leads right up to the summit. These two regions, the sand on the left, the rock on the right, so wholly different in their nature, yet approaching so close to one another, run side by side, without intermixture, up to the very top of the mountain.

The slope remains, however, just as steep as before; the traveller is still obliged to climb up in a right line; the rubbish over which he clambers nowhere affords him any firm standing ground, and while exerting all his energies to keep his footing, he is constantly threatened by the rolling fragments which slip from under the feet of those who precede him.

At last, I saw the nimblest of our advanced guard, who had got a hundred paces or more in advance of the rest of the party, and towards whom I had directed anxious looks from time to

time, like Noah to his dove, sink down exhausted on the ground, a sure sign of his having reached the goal. With renewed vigour I struggled on, and in a few minutes more lay breathless by the side of the winner in the race.

At first, I was much less occupied with the spot on which I found myself, than with the route I had been traversing, and along which I watched the rest of the party creeping up, not, I must confess, without some of those feelings which, though not exactly ornamental to humanity, certainly often constitute ingredients thereof. There was, as I soon discovered, little or nothing to see from the spot where we lay. The summit of the mountain formed a little undulating plain, the furthest point of which might be about thirty or forty feet higher than that where we were resting. The ground was covered with sand, ashes and stones; the subterranean warmth was distinctly felt through the soles of our shoes, and here and there a little smoke issued from the ground. This would not do by any means, however; so I turned an inquiring eye to Don Vicente Cuzzoli. "This stone," said he, pointing to a huge flint, in answer to my mute appeal, "this stone hit an American one day when I was by; and that

other one broke the arm of a German." "But the crater that shot them out?" said I. "That crater fell in last year," answered he; "but, if you want to see what remains of it, I can show you the way."

This speech, with the manner in which it was delivered, seemed to promise so little, that I preferred joining my companions, who had gathered round the boy, who in hopes of good luck had been following us with his basket of provisions. To our good luck, also, it proved to be; for the exercise and the sharp air had excited in us sensations which were by no means to be satisfied by a bottle of *Lacrima Christi*, and a little confectionary which we had brought from Portici. Thanks to the enterprising spirit of the little merchant, we were soon cooking our eggs at Vulcan's oven, and then we had a royal banquet over which we dawdled in right royal style, thinking we had nothing to do afterwards but retrace our steps.

"Well, shall we go, and look at the crater?" was the question when we had done recruiting our forces. "Would we begin with the old or the new one?" asked the guide. "What, there is a new one?—that first, then," and Don Vicente led us round a little eminence which we had scarcely

turned, when we found ourselves enveloped in clouds of smoke, and sulphurous vapour which blinded our eyes and took away our breath, but struggle on we must. At every step the way became more difficult, and soon we stood on a ridge only a few feet wide, between two almost perpendicular precipices—to the left, the steep ash-covered cone, to the right the crater's immeasurable abyss, whence rose the noxious vapours that an angry wind had been driving in our faces. The walk along this ridge, where we often could not see our own feet, was anything but refreshing, and none of us felt the slightest inclination to go any further, having at length reached a point where we were protected from the wind and smoke. Here we had leisure to look down into the abyss along whose edge we had been moving. A terrible scene it was,—the grandest, most horrible I ever saw. The eye scarcely penetrates half-way down the caldron whose walls rise abruptly out of the immeasurable depth below. Here and there huge ribs and prongs project from its sooty sides, dazzling red and flaring yellow flash diabolically out of the black abyss, and clouds of heavy smoke rise slowly into the air, like the pestilential breath of a gigantic dragon.

The thoughts of the fresh smoke-bath that awaited us on our return prevented us from lingering so long as we might otherwise have wished; and, indeed, when we had got the path between the two precipices behind our backs once more, none of the party evinced the smallest inclination to retrace it a third time. This passed, we went to look at the former orator, which, however, in its ruinous and fragmentary condition has nothing very impressive about it, especially after a visit to its living successor.

If we were to reach the horse-road before dark, which seemed highly advisable, there remained no more time for view-hunting; a conclusion to which I was quite resigned, as the first hasty glance from the summit had quite confirmed me in my prejudices against distant views;—for my own individual taste, at least, which I will no more allow to be argued out of me than I am desirous of arguing it into other people.

We set off on our way home, the first part of which was a much easier matter than I had expected. To slip down hill through soft sand is as agreeable a mode of travelling, as to climb up hill through the same substance is difficult; you stride along at a bold pace, jump if you like, protected by the soft bed of sand from any

damage, and reach the foot of the cone with scarcely any exertion and in a quarter the time it took you to mount.

Our horses, which had been refreshing themselves meanwhile on airy hopes of fodder, did not seem much inclined to take us home again, and several persuasive arguments were necessary before they could make up their minds to it. With redoubled caution, for twilight was setting in, we proceeded down the fields of lava, and came to the Hermitage, at which we struck into the carriage-road which led us back to Portici by a considerable circuit, but without putting our necks in danger, as the horse-track might have done. The air was balmy, the sky bright with stars, a gentle evening breeze brought us the scents and sounds of spring from the gardens of the town, and as I dismounted, I confessed to myself with a clear conscience that the day had not been lost.

## CHAPTER XX.

CASTELLAMARE, SORRENTO, AND CAPRI.—AN ATTACK OF CAVALRY.  
— SORRENTO. — A ROW TO CAPRI. — MAGNIFICENT VARIETY OF  
SCENERY.—ABRUPT RETURN.

THE early train was just gone when we reached the railway terminus; however we soon resigned ourselves to the fact on being surrounded by a swarm of coachmen eagerly offering to convey us to Castellamare, at a rate of cheapness impossible anywhere but in Naples. We lost, to be sure, a few hours by this mode of conveyance, but we were saved the torment of the railway benches, and were introduced moreover to a new road in which there was certainly much worth seeing and remembering. So we got, well-pleased, into the first and most promising *carosse* and dashed through the gate at a tearing gallop.

Beyond the city we passed through unbroken lines of villages, or rather one continuous village, which lies for many miles along the shore. This continuation of Naples is in no respect inferior



to the town itself, — the same lava-pavement, the same grand palaces and tasteful villas, only interspersed here and there by houses of meaner pretension. It is in fact one long line of street, broader and finer than any of those in the city, extending from the gate of Naples to Torre del Greco. If it were not for the glimpses of beautiful gardens, seen through the railings surrounding the houses on either side, you would have no idea you were in the country.

This road bears a number of different names. In one place it is called “Strada Reale del Purgatorio.” Pleasing hallucination! It should be dell’ Inferno. Not till you pass Torre del Greco and get into the neighbourhood of Annunziata do you really feel in the open country; on your right lies the sea, on your left Vesuvius, and in front a smiling landscape radiant with the beauty of spring, and shut in by the wooded heights beyond lovely Castellamare.

Scarcely had we descended from our vehicle in the market-place of this little town, when an alarming attack was made upon us in the form of a squadron of knights, full twenty *ass* strong, who, with a deafening chorus of wild yells, surrounded us in a moment, successfully cutting off our retreat. The only question was, whether to

take a donkey-ride by force, or with our own consent. We begged for quarter, but could only obtain leave to refresh ourselves for a moment in a coffee-house hard by.

Whilst we were taking breath in this retreat, the whole cavalcade kept watch before the door with Spartan perseverance. Escape was not to be thought of; we must pay ransom or resign ourselves to imprisonment for life. As may be conceived we preferred the former alternative; but the thing was not to be done so easily as the inexperienced may imagine. There were four of us, and at least twenty donkeys, all having the same claim to the honour of carrying us; a choice must be made, and this was no trifling enterprise.

By dint of pushing, screaming, elbowing, and strenuous exertion of every power of hand and foot, I succeeded at length in attaining the saddle of the stateliest long-ear of the whole troop; and from this my lofty station, looked down upon the struggling multitude below with the feeling of the storm-tossed seaman who has reached his harbour of refuge. As to my companions, the battle to obtain possession of them raged so fiercely, that I felt considerable fears for their coat-tails; and at last a universal fight

began among the donkey-drivers themselves, a tremendous knot of kicking, cuffing arms and legs, an awful warning of the horrible warfare of each against all, from which, as we all know, the thrice-blessed institution of the *gensdarmérie* alone protects our fallen humanity. Without the *gensdarmérie*—fearful thought! we should infallibly eat each other up, like the Kilkenny cats. Think of it and tremble!

The donkey-drivers of Castellamare, however, all came alive out of the fray, though the civic providence, commonly called the police, kept prudently out of the way; so we set off on our journey with the pleasing consciousness of having—guiltily or innocently—no blood upon our heads. To the liberally distributed kicks and cuffs we soon resigned ourselves, as they had not fallen upon our own shoulders; and the gentlemen themselves had no sooner finished the fight than they became the best friends in the world again.

A good firm mountain-road, overhung with old trees, led us to the little villa of Quisisana, an insignificant place, but charmingly situated on an eminence, from which we had a splendid view over land and sea. No less delightful was the little flowery garden, open on one side to the

wide landscape, and shut in on the other by the steep mountain-side.

From this mountain we heard, at short intervals, a strange shrill sound, the cause of which we could not guess at first. On nearer examination we discovered that the noise proceeded from a long rope, by which bundles of faggots collected on the mountain top, were constantly sliding down into the valley. I have since seen the same contrivance in many other parts of South Italy; and it seems to be remarkably serviceable on rocky mountains where the growth of wood is but scanty. In our mountain forests, on the contrary, whose mighty trunks are brought down into the valleys, either by water-power or by dint of their own weight, whilst the smaller growth is scarcely worth the trouble of removal, the rope-plan would answer but badly.

The road from Castellamare to Sorrento runs along the shore, following all its indentations; now crossing the sand, now high above it, now rising, now sinking; bridging over abysses, passing cheerful little villages, running between olive-groves and orange-gardens, and passing here a picturesque convent high on a mountain-side, and there a beautiful villa, the flowery crown of a sea-girt rock.

Near the solitary picturesque church of Meta (or St. Meta, I don't know which), the road turns the corner of a precipice, and the plain of Sorrento lies suddenly before you, spread out far below, embosomed in high mountains that extend on one side to the shore, where their steep walls, many hundred feet in height, rise sheer out of the sea. The whole terrace-like plain is covered with one wide orange-forest, sprinkled over which are six other villages, besides Sorrento, all so planted that they run one into the other almost undistinguishably.

Sorrento itself lies at the south end of the terrace on the steep cliff that overhangs the sea; it is a rural-looking little place, half hidden in its own gardens, frowned down upon by high mountain-peaks, and intersected by picturesque clefts and chasms—narrow, but astonishingly deep, cut in the rock by the forest-streams, along whose steep walls flourishes a most luxuriant vegetation. One of these romantic clefts has been turned into the town-moat, and behind it may be seen, here and there, the remains of ancient walls and gates.

“Sorrento, Sorrento, la bella città,  
Si mangia si bebe ed alegre si stà.”

True, old poet, Sorrento is a charming place;

indeed, I don't know, whether out of Germany a more enchanting spot of ground could be found in the world. Sorrento itself is the siren whose name it bears. Italian Nature has here produced her master-piece; bright as imagination could conceive, with blue and Neapolitan sea-green and gold, and all the burning colours of the south. Let imagination, however, beware of conjuring up into her picture any visions of green grass, refreshing shades, silvery springs, the leafy dome of oaks and beeches, and lonely forest-paths; for if she does, Italian Nature, even the Nature of Sorrento, will not satisfy her.

There are a great many houses in Sorrento fitted up for the reception of visitors, numbers of whom, both Neapolitans and strangers, are in the habit of resorting here during part of the year, especially the summer months. Indeed, the inns here are the best in Italy; I, at least, have nowhere in that country found any which could compare with the elegant arrangements and first-rate cookery of the Albergo Rispoli, although it is not by any means of the first class. The house stands in a lemon-grove—a very charming place, though it certainly might be kept in better order than it is, but nothing can surpass the terrace walk, opening

right upon the sea. A subterranean passage (certainly a work of very ancient date) leads from the garden to the sandy sea-shore, from which the rock-foundations of Sorrento rise sheer up at a right angle. All the other paths to the beach follow the course of the forest-streams before described.

One glorious morning, shortly after sunrise, we descended by one of these paths, and reached the little harbour, where we were awaited by a boat and four boatmen. The owner of the little craft, a fine old sailor, with whom we had made our treaty the day before, introduced them to us with an easy graceful politeness, naming one as the "captain" of the boat, and another, a handsome young fellow, as his own son; then wished us a happy voyage, and we pushed off.

We were bound for Capri. The sea was glassy smooth, and the useless sail hung sleepily from the yard. The rowers, too, were not inclined for over-exertion, so nearly three hours passed before we reached the island. Mounting a long flight of steps cut in the rock, between garden-walls, we reached the little town of Capri, which lies up in the hollow between the two summits of the island mountain. We breakfasted at a capital inn, and then took a

walk along mountain-paths, where we feasted our eyes on the most extraordinary variety of lovely scenery lying in the narrowest possible compass.

The character of this scenery is as grand as its extent is small. It has a peculiarity in its beauty, too, with which nothing can be compared, so that I can perfectly conceive the passionate love of painters for this little island, affording them, as it does, in the space of four square miles, the richest choice of glorious points of view with an originality of landscape forms, fascinating to an imagination, filled with images of the fabulous lands of the East. Does it not sound like a fable, too, when you have pointed out to you the castle of Frederick Barbarossa hard by the palace of Tiberius?

But time presses; the blue grotto must be seen, and must be seen at noon, so down we go again towards the shore. We rowed along the island under the shadow of the towering rocky walls (here as smooth as if they had been cut with a knife), which were heavily lashed by the now excited sea. The passage into the grotto was rendered somewhat difficult by the beating of the waves; as soon, however, as, lying on our backs in the boat, we had passed the rocky en-



trance, we found ourselves in quiet water, in a spacious high-vaulted cavern. The water was brilliantly blue, like ultra-marine, and a bluish reflection lighted the roof here and there.

I was glad to have seen this peculiar effect of light; but, as on leaving the grotto, most of my comrades voted for an immediate return to Sorrento, and I then thought that the sight of it had been too dearly paid for, by the loss of the greater, and, as it seemed to me, more beautiful part of the island. I have often been obliged to leave scenes where I would fain have lingered, but never more unwillingly than on the present occasion.

A considerable fit of sea-sickness did not tend to cure my ill-humour, and my miseries were unrelieved by any more elevated consolation than the contemplation of the perpetrators of the deed, the authors of my misery, lying in the bottom of the boat in a much worse condition than myself. The sailors, with the graceful tact so peculiar to the natives of the South, appeared not to notice our illness; only on landing did the captain, in few and discreet terms, express his sympathy.

## CHAPTER XXI.

ISCHIA. — PROCIDA. — THE TOWN OF ISCHIA. — THE SENTINELLA GRANDE. — THE SIROOCO. — A WALK ROUND THE ISLAND. — A CANDID HOSTESS.

AT Ischia I hoped to make myself amends for the hasty view I had had of Capri, and I therefore arranged an excursion to it with some fellow-travellers—expressly stipulating for at least a four-and-twenty hours' stay.

We embarked at Pozzuoli. The boat was large and commodious, and the four rowers, stout fellows all, did their duty, animating each other with the Neapolitan war-cry of "Macaroni," and in "half no-time" we had passed Cape Miseno, and come in sight of Procida—which lies half-way between the mainland and Ischia.

We made a landing here, as it was our plan to walk across the island, and meet the boat on the other side. Of the renowned classic beauty of the population of Procida—which boasts of a

Grecian origin—we saw very little, and just as little of the Greek costume, which the women of Procida are said to have retained, but which, it appears, you are not favoured with a sight of, at all events on week-days, unless for a stipulated payment; and as I take only an extremely moderate amount of pleasure in any kind of masquerade, I submitted with great resignation to the privation.

Procida must be very thickly peopled, for we walked through a continual succession of houses, only interrupted at intervals by gardens: the villages through which the road led—had a neat and prosperous appearance—and not a few of the houses seemed almost to bear on their fronts the inscription—“here dwells a rich man.” Our appearance created apparently quite a sensation among the youth of the place—and we were escorted the whole way by a swarm of boys—before and behind—gazing at us with as much mute curiosity, as if we had been specimens of some new and unknown race of animals. Whilst we were waiting on the opposite shore for the boat, a poor woman came up with a request that we would allow her to go with us to Ischia.—Of course we had no objection, and the boatmen also signified their assent—but only on condition

of extra-payment—and when the poor old creature declared she had no money, she was driven away without mercy. It was, in vain, we represented to them that one person, more or less, could make very little difference in the amount of their labour—they pushed off, and it was not till we said we would take the poor woman at our expense, that they would agree to let her come in. Then, indeed, all was civility and harmony again.

The chief place in Ischia is a little town of the same name, lying on the coast next Naples—an insignificant place with very unattractive-looking environs. The only things remarkable about it are the enormous masses of lava—which have remained from the last eruption of the Epomeo, in the year 1300.

Though remarkable, however, they are certainly no decoration to the island; for they have covered it far and wide with a mantle of dross, on which, up to the present day, no grass will grow.

We found an inn that looked as desolate as the rest of the landscape, drank in it a glass of wine, that we should have thought rather better if it had been offered as vinegar;—and then we set off in search of a more hospitable region—a

little bathing-place—called Casamicciola, about two hours' walk from Ischia,—and like all the villages and hamlets on the island on the sea-shore. We had been recommended to a certain house of public entertainment called the *Sentinella Grande*, which is built at some distance from the little town; and, doubtless for the sake of the prospect, on a steep eminence. The gate of this hostelry stood wide open—so also did the house-door; but not a trace of a human being was to be seen. We called,—but echo only answered, and we began to think we were in an enchanted castle, or that the inn was forsaken, and accursed of God and men—and that we should have to return to Ischia hungrier and thirstier than we had gone out of it. Just as we were nearly reduced to despair, however, we heard some faint movement at a distance—and in due course of time, a fat hostess hove in sight, slowly followed by a waiter—and last of all, by a cook—and the hopes excited by these fair visions were not vain—for we ultimately found ourselves in possession of a tolerably comfortable room and a roast fowl. We could, indeed, have wished the latter somewhat less tough; but thanks to our previous fast—and the northern vigour of our appetites, we suc-

ceeded at last in overcoming its obstinate resistance.

The garden of the inn was beautifully situated, but in a state of scandalous neglect—and, therefore, afforded no very pleasant spectacle; for an excursion it was too late, and we were too tired—and we remained, therefore, after dinner, lying on our respective sofas. The wine, alas, was almost as undrinkable as at Ischia—and an attempt that we made to improve it by a bottle of Marsala proved an entire failure, for it was mere brandy with a Sicilian name. In consideration of this afflicting circumstance, we thought it advisable to retire soon to bed, and there stretched out on our elastic mattresses, we were lulled to sleep by the howling of the sirocco, that since sunset had been blowing over the island with tremendous violence.

On the following morning the storm was still more violent than the evening before, so that it seemed scarcely possible to leave the house. A guide was found, however, who entered into a contract to lead us “round the island,” by a way in which we should be quite sheltered from the wind, and accordingly, though with no great faith in this promise, we set out. But, behold! he kept it but too well! We had not gone a

hundred yards from the inn, before we found ourselves as completely sheltered from the sirocco as if we had been still in our own room. We were walking in a hollow way between two high walls, and the wind blew quite harmlessly over our heads. But how will it be, we thought, when this hollow way comes to an end?

It did not seem likely to come to an end, however. On we went, hour after hour, still between the two high stone-walls—which, of course, shut out from us the whole prospect but the space between them; and except here and there, at some of the principal places in the island—Lacco, Foria and Panza, the world might have ended with these walls for all that we could see of it beyond them. By degrees our patience began to tire of this endless dreary pilgrimage along a ditch, and we ventured to remonstrate with our guide, but he held fast to the letter of the law.

“We had desired to be led round the island, and that was the way round it.”

Like the “juggling fiend,” he had “kept the word of promise to our ear—but broke it to our hope.”

The fact was, too, that that same notion of going “round the island” had been of his own

suggesting, and so we took the liberty of reminding him—adding that we considered him wholly responsible for the stupidity of the proceeding. Thereupon he began to console us with the assurance that our prospects would soon mend—“in ten minutes”—“in twenty minutes”—“when we had passed that village,” &c. But the ten minutes, and the twenty minutes, and the half hour passed by, and still the eternal stone-walls were our inseparable companions, on both sides of the way.

At length the lost thread of our patience broke; we declared we would have an end to this absurdity, and when he saw we were in earnest, the false guide found that he knew of a way into the mountains that form the centre of the island, and which terminate at a considerable height, in the sharp peak of Epomeo.

The wind had by this time abated, and we were beginning to rejoice in our resolution, when a thick mist descended from the summit of the mountains, and covered the lower part of the island and the sea as with an impenetrable veil. There again were our hopes of a prospect frustrated, and we were forced to content ourselves with what lay immediately around us—ground broken up into wild ravines and chasms—sudden



varieties and a rapid decrease of vegetation—the unexpected presence of oaks and Alpine violets—this was all we noticed during our continual ascent, until we at last halted at a mountain village to rest and refresh ourselves.

“Is your wine good?” I asked a woman standing at the door of a house, out of which hung the bush, which in all European countries has the same signification.

“Only so-so,” was the answer.

“There is no better to be had in the place, I suppose?” I answered, in a tone of enquiry.

“Oh, yes,” said the woman; “you will get better of my neighbour here.”

I am ashamed to say we were selfish enough to punish this worthy woman for her unusual candour, by going to the house of her neighbour. The wine did not, after all, do much honour to the disinterested recommendation, nor, indeed, much as we had heard of the wines of Ischia, did we ever get any on the island that was as much as tolerable.

We were too thirsty now, however, to be fastidious, and instead of making any difficulties, we made a very hearty meal of bread and cheese, washed down by a rather considerable quantity of the bad wine.

The apartment in which we took it was the hall, or common-room into which the house-door opened—and very soon after our entrance we found ourselves surrounded by a mob of the country-people, who desired to know where we had come from, whither we were going to, what nation we belonged to, and what was our situation in life.

The landlord and his handsome young wife were probably not less curious than the rest, but they seemed to have some greater sense of decorum, which kept them from expressing it so loudly.

We rose at last to take our departure, and, on demanding our reckoning, found it amounted only to fifteen *grani*, that is, about tenpence, for which, six persons, including the guide and an ass-driver (who certainly did not suffer for want of appetite) had made a most abundant meal; and that at a very poor inn of a very poor village. A few thousand steps lower down the mountain they would have charged us a piaster (3s. 7d.), and we should not have thought we had any cause for complaint. That woman, who praised her neighbour's wine more than her own, and the young married pair, who contented themselves with fifteen *grani*, when they might

have asked a piaster, will always have an honourable place in my memory, and their virtue will serve to make amends for the extortions of many of their country-people.

After long wandering on lonely paths, along which it was not always easy to find our way, we found ourselves just below the summit of Epomeo, and once more in sight of Casamicciola. The place lay exactly at our feet as the church-yard does below the church-steeple; and the descent was so difficult that we had to call in the assistance of our hands. The ass, indeed, which carried our little baggage, refused point-blank to make the attempt, and therein he certainly showed his prudence, for he could not have done so without danger.

Whilst we were taking our by no means needless refreshment at the "Great Sentinel" the steamer came in, which makes the passage from Naples every Monday and Thursday, but which had not been expected to-day on account of the storm. We were greatly comforted by its appearance, for we had had enough of Ischia, and there was still such a heavy swell on the sea that we could hardly have ventured to return in the open boat. To our enquiries concerning the time of the steamer's departure the landlord answered

very readily, "At eight," and that the guide would be ready to accompany us to the place it started from at six. Naturally, therefore, we slept till six in perfect tranquillity of soul, and then got up, just time enough to see the steamer move off.

We would, of course, have no more dealings with our false and treacherous host, but went over immediately to Ischia, hired a boat, and landed at last, mortally sea-sick, at the nearest point of the mainland in the little Bay of Miniscola. We had to be carried through the surf, and as we lay on the shore in deplorable plight, we confessed that our expedition to Ischia could not but be considered a failure.

## CHAPTER XXII.

FROM NAPLES TO ROME.—PATERNAL PRECAUTION.—CIVITA VECCHIA AGAIN.—EASTER SOLEMNITIES AT ROME.—ILLUMINATION OF ST. PETERS.—DEPARTMENT OF THE PEOPLE.

THE placards of the steamers announced that a Neapolitan boat, the "Ercolano," would go on the Tuesday of Passion Week from Naples to Civita Vecchia; and although I am somewhat shy of Neapolitan vessels in general, and of this particular "Ercolano," having before discovered to my cost that she was by no means over-punctilious in the performance of her promises, I resolved this once more to place my trust in her. If I left Naples on Tuesday I might hope to be in Rome in time for all the grand ceremonies of the Easter week.

I had at last got through the endless formalities with my passport. I had given notice of my departure at my lodgings; I had paid my bill; my luggage was all ready packed, and I set out

for the office of the steamer with the perfect tranquillity of soul of a man at peace with his conscience and the police.

From afar off, however, the ill-omened stillness and solitude of the neighbourhood of the office, in place of the customary crowding and confusion and uproar, filled me with evil forebodings. I entered, the room was empty; and when at last I did discover in a corner a lonely functionary, with a most dismal long face, I knew what was coming upon me before he opened his mouth.

“The ‘Ercolano’ will not go to-day—there were too few passengers.”

“Not to-day! Well, then, to-morrow I suppose?”

“Why, no! The Directors of the Neapolitan steamers have not positively fixed the time.”

“Pleasant, truly!—and what may be the cause of this judicious arrangement?”

“The government has proclaimed a three-weeks’ quarantine against Genoa. There have been some cases of plague there.”

I knew well enough that these professedly sanitary regulations were really nothing but a plan against the revolutionary party in Piedmont—or, what they call so—and an attempt to set

up a barrier against the dreaded influence proceeding from that quarter.

At Rome, a similar regulation had been made; Tuscany has followed the example—in order, as far as possible, to close Southern Italy against Piedmont. It became manifest, however, that though they might shut it out by sea, they could not by land, unless they had a mind to shut out France and Austria at the same time. In short, it was found impossible to carry the quarantine into effect; and it had to be given up. In the mean time, there I was in Naples, vainly speculating upon how I could get to Rome in time for the celebration of Easter. I could find no *veturino* who would undertake to carry me by the Good Friday; the places in the diligence were all taken for weeks to come; and it appeared I should have to wait till the Saturday before Easter, when, in spite of the quarantine, that threatened to cut off their return, two bolder and more punctual steamers than the “*Ercolano*,” had advertised their departure.

The “*Capri*,” which I chose, was overloaded with goods and passengers to an incredible degree; whilst its neighbour, the “*Bosphorus*,” had not three passengers, and scarcely a single bale

of goods. The two vessels lay side by side in the harbour—the “Bosphorus” envying us for our full cargo—we, the “Bosphorus,” for the abundance of clear space on its decks; and our envy increased when, precisely as the clock struck three, the “Bosphorus” put itself in motion, while our boat had, as yet, showed no signs of life, and the police was still busy about her, counting and mustering, and registering the passengers, that no wild thoughtless subject should venture out into the wide world, without the knowledge and care of the paternal Neapolitan government. The police were quite in—what ladies call — “a flurry,” about a maid-servant, who was not fully and regularly described in her mistress’s passport.

Everything in this world has an end, however—even a Neapolitan examination of passports—or a German trial for treason—and so, at last, we got to sea; only two hours after the appointed time. Among the passengers were several Neapolitan-Swiss soldiers— young fellows on furlough—who, after giving security, had received permission to return home for a visit; some old pensioners, who, after twenty or thirty years military service were returning to their native



Alps, which they had not seen since the days of their youth ; and here were, also, some Swiss officers on leave, and others of their countrymen, who were settled in Naples as merchants or manufacturers.

The latter held themselves most carefully aloof from their military countrymen, and contrived to make it understood that they prided themselves very little on the connection. Probably, however, with some of them these expressions meant very little, and were merely uttered in order to fall into the tone of the company ; but there was one, a very fine young man, who was unquestionably in earnest, and whom I heard at night, when the deck had become tolerably empty, descanting, with much zeal and eloquence, on the scandal of this Swiss mercenary soldier-ship.

At seven o'clock in the morning we entered the harbour of Civita Vecchia, and the anchor had scarcely dropped when the ringing of bells and the firing of cannon saluted the bright blue Easter morning, while a hundred gay flags waved over the water from all the masts and yards of all the vessels. It was a very pretty surprise for the moment, but my pleasure was soon changed into grim anger when I perceived that

there was no German flag among them. The Italian flag was there, for there is in Italy at least one Italian government.

We found the police and the custom-house more indulgent this time—for what harm can come out of Naples?—and by ten o'clock we were on our way, with “extra post-horses,” for Rome, in company with some Englishmen and Americans, who, like myself, wished to see at least the last act of the Easter celebration—the illumination of St. Peters. One of my young travelling companions was reading Eschylus—a second studying Pitt's Parliamentary speeches—and one of them was as well acquainted with Rome as if he had been born in it, and another knew our German poets better than I did. What a difference between these and the youth of Italy!

We drove in at six o'clock through the Porta Cavalleggieri, and found the streets thronged with people. Truly one could see it was a festival—*lay hold of it*, as it were, with one's hands. Never, even in the busiest days of the Carnival, had I seen so many foreign faces in Rome; and the immense mass of strangers made me feel some anxiety concerning my quarters, which, as it afterwards appeared, was by no means without cause.

After a long search I was compelled, in order not to spend my whole evening in running about to no purpose, to put up with a garret in the Hotel Spelmann, which had been intended only for a servant; and then, when I had swallowed a hasty supper, made the best of my way to Monte Pincio; a couple of miles off St. Peters, indeed; but considered, nevertheless, a favourable post for viewing the illumination.

It was, indeed, a fairy spectacle. The entire grand outline of the enormous building appeared drawn in fire — on the dark sky, that overhung and veiled the city, while the misty forms of a hundred cupolas and towers were dimly seen, like phantoms watching round the radiant dome. Suddenly the fiery form seemed to become animated, and, as if by some internal magic, to glow with intenser splendour, and then soon after the enchanted palace began to fade and grow dim. One blazing point after another became dark — large gaps appeared in the glowing picture; soon, of all that bright fairy castle, nothing was left but a faint dark outline, scarcely discernible against the night-sky, and the gazing multitude silently dropped away.

On the next evening the customary fireworks

were exhibited, but not as usual, on Mount St. Angelo, as the French have established a powder-magazine in its vaults, but on the Piazza del Popolo. I supposed there would be a great crowd on the place itself, and, therefore, went again to Monte Pincio; although I knew beforehand that it could not but be an unfavourable spot to view them from. In fact, I only saw them in profile, and the best were in a great measure masked to me, but I nevertheless saw enough to convince me that the Roman fireworks are worthy of their old reputation.

For the church ceremonies I was too late, which I did not regret much on their own account, but only because I should have been glad to have an opportunity of observing the deportment of the people with respect to them, the grandest exhibition of the pomps and glories of the Roman Catholic worship. Unfortunately those whom I questioned on the subject, could tell me little that was satisfactory, though they had much to say concerning robes, tapers, flags, curtains, &c., which it seems had absorbed all their attention. How the people of Rome had received all these pompous solemnities they could not tell me; and all the less, that, according to

custom, the people of Rome had only been admitted to the second line of spectators; the first being reserved for the good company; that is the full-dressed strangers; and most of those whom a black coat and a white waistcoat procures the honour of an *entrée* into the privileged circle, are more intent on staring at the Pope *in pontificalibus*, than in observing the temper of the people.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

FROM ROME TO GENOA.—PLEASURES OF A SEA-PASSAGE.—LEGHORN.  
—TO SEA AGAIN.—VARIETY OF COMPANY. — FIRST LESSONS IN  
GEOGRAPHY.—ARRIVAL AT GENOA.

It was now the 3rd of May, and on the 5th I was to leave Civita Vecchia, and go northwards. But between Rome and Civita Vecchia lie forty miles; and in Italy forty miles cannot always be done in eight and forty hours. And so it proved this time. The vetturinos, I found, were all engaged; and the diligences, though it was said in general abundantly sufficient for the passengers, were now over-full. In short, after losing a great deal of time, I was obliged to give up nearly all hopes of keeping my appointment in Civita Vecchia.

There was still a chance, however. A heavy gale was blowing, and it was very probable the steamer would wait till it was over. "It might not go to sea till the following day; it was probably still lying in the harbour." Thus I con-

soled myself, and eagerly availed myself on the 5th, of an opportunity for going to Civita Vecchia, where I arrived just two hours too late. The steamer that was to have gone on the 3rd, had just put to sea, though the wind was still very high. Had it been a Neapolitan it would not have played me such a trick.

Another was announced that was to come in from Leghorn on the 7th, and this was a Neapolitan; no other than the "Ercolano," of infamous memory; and, being the "Ercolano," of course, when it said it would come, it did not.

What it is to have to pass three days in Civita Vecchia, those only can know to whom such an accident has happened. *Ennui* yawns at you from every street, and the prospect over the town-wall, or out of the gate, is that of blank despair. From the hotel to the coffee-house—from the coffee-house to the hotel—this is all the variety offered you. You flit about like the disconsolate shades on the shores of Acheron, to whom the rites of burial have been denied. Now and then another unhappy ghost passes you, but you are too dejected to seek any companionship or consolation. I found, after I had left the place, that there was a theatre, but they appear to play

only with every precaution, to prevent the public from knowing anything about it.

I was beginning to resign myself to the idea of passing the rest of my days in this lively town, when, to my surprise, the "Ercolano" appeared—only four-and-twenty hours after its time. Such punctuality may seem incredible, but it really was so; and, of course, I had my chattels collected, my bill paid, and myself shipped, in the shortest possible space of time.

When I first came on board, the sirocco seemed to have a little abated, but, towards evening, it collected its strength again. Symptoms of uneasiness began to show themselves among the company. I, myself, considered it advisable to get up suddenly from the table, and go to bed, where, in spite of the numerous unwelcome fellow-occupants, I had the good fortune to fall asleep, but my sleep did not last long; I was awakened by a horrible unnatural noise—there were sights and sounds indescribable. I sprang from bed—I rushed on deck—and thanked the fresh air, and the spray, that dashed in my face, for reconciling me to existence. Then I sat down on a bench, and in a state between sleeping and waking, looked forward longingly



to the morning; but how vain are human hopes! When the morning had come, there was something I longed for still more, and that was a square yard of dry land, on which I might find steady footing. In my fiercely misanthropic mood, I should not have cared, had the rest of the world been buried in the waves, ten thousand fathom deep.

But at seven o'clock in the morning I was reconciled to my species, for we lay before the harbour of Leghorn. The motion of the vessel had greatly diminished, but was still more than was agreeable. One by one, ladies and gentlemen, with pale faces, disordered hair, and sleepless eyes, emerged from the cabins. There were doleful salutations, congratulations; some consumption of strong coffee, and many strong expressions, not precisely blessings, referring to the police-officers, who appeared to be in no haste to come on board. At length, however, we were allowed to land, and purchase at the police-office, for four francs and a half, the privilege of remaining a few hours in Leghorn. But we were capable just then of giving a Napoleon for it; and if the Leghorn government properly understood their vocation, they would, besides the ordinary tariff, have a second, applicable to

steam-boat travellers, who come in in bad weather.

The pavement of the city of Leghorn I observed, when I landed, had the peculiarity of moving up and down under my feet, in a singular manner — but it was nevertheless *dear* to me in every sense of the word. I directed my unsteady steps towards a well-known *restaurateur's*, and in the pretty garden my person appeared to recover the ballast necessary to retain it in its due perpendicular position, so that by degrees I began to look on the world with different eyes, and even to acquire so much of an enterprising spirit as would enable me not only to issue forth and make some little purchases of quite fabulously cheap silks, but after that to go and see the lions,—as per Guide-Book.

They consist of a long, straight, rather fine-looking and bustling street, several public squares, and two statues of Tuscan Grand Dukes. The newest of these, that of Ferdinand III., has been put up only a few months, and shows an intelligent conception; the other, the monument of Ferdinand I., exhibits him on a pedestal to which African slaves, Arabs, Negroes and Turks are chained with their hands behind their backs. As for the thought which is expressed in this

brutal manner, I do not know what exploits Ferdinand I. ever performed against Osmanlis, Bedouins, and Moors, but I do know that many of his own subjects were at Algiers and Tunis, in precisely the situation in which the Turks and Africans are here represented.

Leghorn is new, regularly and rather pleasantly built, the old Italian style being found only in the bye-streets. The better quarters of the town resemble Trieste, only that the latter is more stately; whether richer or not I do not know, but, at all events, the love of gain and mendicancy are much more importunate at Leghorn. The trade of begging, as it is here carried on, really requires considerable activity. No sporting dog is so eager and untiring in the pursuit of his game, as the dwarfs, the maimed, the halt, and the blind are here, in flying after the heels of their devoted prey—the stranger. They pursue him through street after street with a yelling Litany, repeated without interruption or pause for breath, and always beginning and ending with, “A little money; a little money, gentlemen, and I’ll say a prayer for you to the Blessed Virgin.” I must add, that the beggar is usually a man of his word, and if you buy the prayer thus offered for sale, by dropping a coin

into his hat, he immediately leaves off begging, and sets about his prayer in an altered tone, and the most business-like manner.

At six o'clock we weighed anchor again for Genoa. The company was the most variegated I have ever seen collected on the deck of one vessel. Besides the standing figures of Italians, Englishmen, Germans, and French, and the now almost equally inevitable Americans, there were Spaniards (rare as birds of passage), Norwegians, Dutchmen, and three or four men in Oriental dresses, who announced themselves as attendants on the Vladika of Montenegro.

Their costume was very picturesque, but the men themselves, including their chief, whom they called General, looked like our journeymen bakers. About the youngest of the party, there was soon collected a group of curious Frenchmen and Frenchwomen, questioning him concerning his whereabouts. The prisoner under examination began by stating that he was a servant of the Vladika of Montenegro.

"Vladika?" "Montenegro?" "Was he speaking in the unknown tongues?"

"We are Montenegrins," said one of his companions, thinking he was thereby helping to explain matters.

“Montenegrins?” repeated one of the Frenchmen. “Ah—I understand—the Montenegrins live on the Caucasus.”

“Good heavens! No!” exclaimed another, “Montenegrin is another name for Scandinavian.” The Montenegrin, who, on his side, had, of course, never heard of the Caucasus, or of Scandinavia, did not enter into this geographical discussion, but opened his left hand, and marking on it three points with the fore-finger of his right, said, “Here is Russia,—here is Austria,—and here, in the middle, between them, is our country.”

This information was quite accurate enough for the Frenchmen; they were satisfied on that point, and thereupon commenced an inquiry into the political position and constitution of Montenegro, in the course of which some very few and simple elementary ideas were, with infinite toil and difficulty, imparted to them.

In the mean time, the Vladika himself had made his appearance. He was a tall, young and broad-shouldered man, whose figure would have been imposing, had he carried himself better. He was dressed like a European, and, except that he always carried a dog-whip in his hand, deported himself in all respects like a civilised

gentleman. According to all appearance, indeed, this Vladika is a cultivated well-informed man, acquainted with several languages, and very fond of poetry. He spoke of the principal works in this department from Homer to Schiller and Goethe, in a manner that showed considerable critical taste and judgment; but such a man is, perhaps, scarcely fitted to be the chief of a people like that of Montenegro.\* It owes its independence and its political significance principally to a well-organized barbarism, and it would be destroyed by an over-zealous impatience to open a path to civilisation through its mountains.

The Vladika is making roads, setting up inns, intends establishing schools; and even carrying his innovations so far as to insist that, at least, the priests shall learn to read. Highly dangerous all this! Were I a Montenegro, I would

\* This Vladika, who is since dead, is mentioned by travellers to Montenegro in terms that excite the highest interest. As a man of refined feelings and high intellectual culture, yearning for congenial society, and especially for domestic happiness, while placed, by his twofold character of priest and chief of a barbarous people, beyond the pale of both. His health was also extremely delicate, with a tendency to pulmonary malady, and the rude air of his wild mountainous country was so painful and injurious to him, that he long felt the conviction that it must necessarily put a period to his existence at an early age—a conviction, as we have seen, justified by the event.—Tr.

be a conservative to the back-bone — just as in Turkey I would have taken the side of the Janizaries against Sultan Mahmoud. Civilising, in such a case, is but building a bridge for the enemy to pass into your fortress, and digging your own grave.

We had scarcely left the harbour, when the wind rose again, and the waves began once more their Satanic dance. I did not dare sit down to table, and even the Vladika was not protected by his double dignity of Prince and Bishop, from the necessity of making an involuntary fast. Pale and silent he sat there, crouched together, a real picture of misery. I wrapped myself in my cloak, put my carpet-bag under my head, lay down on the deck, in sullen submission to my fate, and remained the whole night neither asleep nor awake. Fortunately, the passage did not last longer than that of yesterday; long before sunrise we lay in the harbour of Genoa; and some hours afterwards, I found myself on shore, rejoicing at having now escaped, once for all, from the treacherous sea.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

GENOA.—COURTEOUS TREATMENT.—BUSY AND CROWDED HOTELS.  
—MAGNIFICENT ARCHITECTURE.—RICH PICTURE-GALLERIES.—  
COMPARATIVE INSIGNIFICANCE OF CHURCHES.—RELIGIOUS HABITS  
OF GENOESSE.—EXQUISITE PROMENADE OF AQUA SALA.—SPLENDID  
COFFEE-HOUSE.—UNIVERSITY.—LECTURE-ROOMS WITHOUT DESKS.  
—PALACE DORIA.—HONOURABLE POSITION OF SARDINIA.—TROOPS  
AND NATIONAL GUARD.—FREEDOM OF PRESS.

Two hours after sunrise, on a glorious May morning, and we were rowing in a small boat that had fetched us from the steamer, through the immense fleet of vessels that lay at anchor before the most splendid of all Italian cities. On the shore, were awaiting us the inevitable custom-house, and the uneludable police officers; but they, one and all, behaved with a politeness and forbearance that occasioned, in my mind, the most lively anxiety for the safety of the country. What! Not rummage in people's trunks for revolutionary writings and treasonous engravings? Let strangers come into the country without having studied their passports



through from beginning to end? Not even allow your *gensdarmes* to show any signs of that wholesome brutality that marks a well-regulated police?—and, more surprising still, not allow them to be paid for their politeness? How is it possible that a country can get on, that thus neglects the very fundamental rules of social order? Every one knows that it is only by the conscientious observance of them that Rome and Naples are able to maintain themselves; so we may all guess what a terrible fate must be in reserve for Sardinia, which despises such judicious regulations. With mournful thoughts like these, I made my way through the throng about the harbour, and its neighbouring streets, to the Hotel Feder. There I found the entrance-hall, the staircase, the corridors, choked up with travellers, trunks, carpet-bags, and band-boxes, breathless waiters rushing up-and-down stairs with bunches of keys, an incessant calling and ringing from every floor—in short, a veritable scene from Babel.

As a late comer I was carried by the spring-tide of passengers from the steamers that had filled the house, right up to the roof and there flung into a little room in the corner of a wide labyrinth of galleries and passages. The room

was comfortably furnished, however, and I took the precaution immediately to fortify myself against any hostile invasion of my territory by locking myself in. The precaution was not needless, for the stream of homeless travellers continued long to sweep past my harbour of refuge, before it at last found rest in the measureless abysses of the huge hotel. Then at last I ventured to open my door, and reconnoitre my position, and I found that I lived nearly a hundred and thirty-seven steps above the level of the street, and that the staircase mountain on whose summit I had fancied myself, had still two or three stories above my eyrie.

The extent, the grandeur, the polished magnificence of the Genoese architecture, has not, perhaps, its equal in the world. Many other cities have particular buildings which Genoa cannot equal. It has no St. Mark's Place—no St. Peter's Church—no Louvre—no Waterloo Bridge; but it has a greater number of palaces than any. The Genoese style of building is not so rich and fanciful as the Venetian, but it has nothing in common with the coarseness of the heavy, gloomy masses of stone that bear the name of palaces in Padua and Bologna; and it is far more tasteful and dignified than that of the residences of

nobles at Rome. In grandeur of design, and in a solidity, whose duration seems calculated for eternity, the houses of the Genoese families resemble the great public buildings. Here all is genuine and finished, from the design of the artist who drew the plan, to the execution of the last workman by whom it was completed. Nowhere either is to be seen any trace of impoverishment or decay. Genoa is as rich, or richer than ever; the descendants of its dukes are still surrounded by the splendour of their princely possessions, and they have no more forgotten the past than lost hope for the future.

The streets are unfortunately so narrow that much of the effect of the stately edifices that compose the city is lost. Many of them are inaccessible for carriages, and the palaces have often no carriage-entrance; but still enough is left to awaken admiration—I had almost said reverence. Many of the streets consist of one uninterrupted series of magnificent buildings, to each one of which a proud historic name belongs, and which are still the abode of wealth, taste, and art.

A truly noble hospitality keeps the doors of all museums and galleries open for public enjoyment; and the latter excel other Italian collec-

tions of pictures, in the great variety of their specimens of different schools. That of the Netherlands is splendidly represented ; and even the great pencil of Vandyke can nowhere be better estimated than here. I may mention, for instance, a portrait of Philip IV. of Spain, in the superb Palace of Balbi, representing the King on a grey horse, saluting the people, with his velvet cap in his hand. This picture belongs to the small number of likenesses which have convinced me that a portrait may be valuable as a work of art, apart from its interest as an historical memorial.

Richer and grander even than that of the palace Balbi, is that of Durazzo, now belonging to the Marquis of Brignole Sale. It fills a long suite of rooms, which are furnished with great luxury and taste, but at the same time are perfectly comfortable to live in. Here also you find a large number of historical portraits, combining Dutch fidelity with Italian warmth and poetical treatment. One piece of genuine *Dutchism* is a "Rubens' Family," representing the artist with his second wife, and surrounded by various Bacchus-like forms. The husband is a most unpleasant-looking, worn-out *old boy*, who is expressing, in no very delicate manner, his admi-

ration of the swollen exuberance of charms in his better half. Looking only at him, one can well imagine how he should desire to get rid of the bold, handsome, young, curly-headed Vandyke—an object which he cunningly attained, by presenting the pupil, who thus threatened his domestic peace, with a horse, with which the young man rode out forthwith into the wide world, and did not come back again.

A glance at Madame Rubens, however, perplexes one a little, as to these jealous tendencies of *Monsieur son mari*. His caution seems entirely unnecessary, for one can scarcely imagine this elegant Vandyke would ever have thought of attacking virtue thus defended in a three-fold armour of flesh.

Considering the great love of the Genoese for architectural magnificence, the comparative poor-ness of their churches is somewhat remarkable. The cathedral is the only one that can be considered at all imposing. It is not large, indeed, but it is very effective in its style and proportions (approaching the gothic), and made more striking by the alternate employment of black and white marble. What struck me, however, as more remarkable than anything in the architecture, was the great number of young men whom,

contrary to the usual custom of Italian, and non-Italian towns, I found in the churches of Genoa.

Can it be, that, in spite of this wicked Constitution that it possesses, Genoa is rather a religiously disposed town, whilst in Rome, under the happy rule of the successors of St. Peter, the employment of all the spiritual and temporal means at its command, has not enabled the Pope's government to check the tendency to infidelity, or, what is, of course, worse, to Protestantism?

Rome is swarming with cowl and frock, and shaven crowns. In Genoa, on the contrary, you see few priests, still fewer monks; and of the Jesuits' scholars, with their clerical-looking vestments, none at all. Yet the Genoese are, to all appearance, good Catholics, whilst the Romans scarcely have any other religion than that of hatred and revenge; of which religion of theirs, there will, probably, some day, be a notable revelation.

Genoa has, as far as I know, but one public walk, but that one is the very finest that I have ever seen, within the walls of a city. Being at a considerable elevation, it commands the town, the harbour, the sea; and on the land side, the mountain declivities, scattered all over with beautiful country-houses and gardens. Such a

view as this luxuriantly-blooming world of flowers and shrubs of the garden-city, which stretches upwards to a considerable height, is scarcely to be met with a second time in all Italy; not even in Naples, whose environs cannot vie with those of Genoa, in either the number or the elegance of its country-seats.

The vegetation in the Genoese landscape is, in my opinion, just as rich as at Naples; and, with the grandeur of the mountain-masses that form the Ligurian shore, Naples has nothing to compare, except the double cone of Vesuvius.

Towards evening the walk, which is named from an over-copious spring, that of Aqua Sala, is visited by numerous promenaders, who come to enjoy the sea-breezes in cheerful unconstrained society, beneath the thick foliage and the blooming shrubs. The company seems to consist almost exclusively of the upper and middle classes; you see few *elegantes*, still fewer horsemen or carriages, to which, indeed, most of the houses and streets are, as I have said, inaccessible. The Genoese women are not handsome either in face or figure—they are afflicted with hands and feet, very much resembling those of the Milanese, and they show no particular grace either of dress or deportment: they do not

know, for instance, how to put on the veil, which is a national article of costume. But both the women and girls have, besides their fair complexions, an indescribable charm in their gentle confiding eyes, expressive of kindly and affectionate dispositions.

On enquiring after a coffee-house, I was referred to the Concordia. A broad flight of steps of polished white marble, leads from the principal street to a garden, enclosed on three sides by palaces, and on the fourth by a terrace ; it is not large, but so blooming and so beautifully kept, that I have hardly seen another in Italy to compare with it. Marble statues gleam forth amidst fruit-laden orange groves, and bright neat gravel-paths lead through clumps of oleanders, and jasmines and roses, and meet in the centre at a fountain, in whose magnificent basin play countless gold and silver fish. Handsomely finished chairs and tables of wrought iron invite you in the shady spots to a repose that is not at all disturbed by the numerous guests you might expect to find in so delightful a spot. In a German town the Concordia would be a mine of wealth to its possessor, but in Genoa it appears, on the contrary, to be ruining him; and I see now that other Italian landlords are quite



in the right to receive their visitors in narrow, gloomy, reeking holes of rooms; for the people are neither accustomed to, nor care about, anything better.

Towards evening I climbed up to the celebrated Villa Negri, which lies inside the town indeed, but on a steep height, whence you look down on Genoa with its wide horizon of sea and mountain, and from the midst of beds of flowers of thousand hues and thousand perfumes, see the glories of the world spread out beneath you: such a prospect can neither be painted nor described.

We had had a magnificent sunset, with a perfectly clear sky; but, on the following morning, heavy black clouds hung down on the roofs of the churches, the rain was soon shooting down in torrents, and, though it was the 11th of May, two coats were by no means too many. I went, however, to visit some churches, galleries, and palaces, of which, the University, deserves mention, as a superb specimen of architecture. A flight of marble steps, guarded by gigantic lions, ascends from the street, and leads to a pillared court, above which the palace rises with its magnificent double staircases and colonnades, up to the highest gallery, through whose open

arches the sky is seen between the fruit and foliage of a bower of orange trees.

The internal arrangements of the house do not altogether correspond with this superb exterior. A lecture-room that I saw was rather confined and gloomy, and fitted up with benches only, without desks. But after all, I don't know whether this should be considered a defect. I cannot find that the desks serve any purpose in our German universities, except to benefit the paper-makers, who are the sole gainers by all this scribbling. For my part, I am happy to think that I have burdened my academical conscience with the smallest possible number of these college exercises, whose utility the cheese-monger can alone discover. Can any more drearily barren task be conceived than that of this mechanical writing down of the wisdom that our professors spend half years in dictating to us, in order that we may lose our half years in writing what we may at any time (if we have a mind) buy printed for a few shillings. And from this ten, twenty, thirty years' chewing the cud of what has been, once for all, committed to paper, we expect the exciting penetrating effect of the living word! Truly, when I think of this miserable daily drudgery that makes the chief

occupation, both of learners and teachers, I am ashamed of our much-praised universities.

Of the great names of Genoa none is so well known to us in Germany as that of Doria, but I believe it owes its popularity chiefly to its having been so continually roared and thundered in our ears in Schiller's "Fiesco," a tragedy with strong lungs, but in other respects, somewhat weak. That impotent, effeminate, cowardly babbler of a Verrina is made to play the part of a "first Republican," and what is worse, has really imposed himself as such on our worthy German public. Let me get away, however, from the German public and literary criticism to the palace of the Doria. It has long been uninhabited and uninhabitable; the reaction of the French Revolution passed over it with desolating force, and when an attack was to be made on the Genoese aristocracy, the palace of the Doria was attacked as its symbol.

Even the garden which lies between the palace and the sea, is a very picture of destructive revenge. Pedestals without statues—broken marble benches—a mutilated Neptune group, in a dried-up marble fountain—box and rose-hedges run quite wild—paths overgrown with grass and weeds—in short, a most romantic wil-

derness, a very burial-ground of departed glory. But beyond its limits you look into the city of Genoa, exuberant with the richest life. On an immense marble-terrace that runs along the whole length of the garden overlooking the sea, you seem to stand on the line of demarcation between these contrasts; behind you are the ruins of the splendid forms of old Genoese life; before you a youthful fresh healthy reality, that has not only outlived the destruction of those forms, but is pregnant with boundless hopes for the future.

Yes! let us rest assured that this age of ours—this Europe of the present day—this Italy—*progressive* Italy, with Genoa at its head, has before it a great future destiny. In political and patriotic spirit, as well as in commerce, Genoa is the most active and enterprising city of the whole peninsula—the most energetic representative of the Young Italy which is working itself gradually and laboriously out of its mediæval chrysalis. It really warms one's heart to have found at length a piece of Italian soil, where no fetters clank, where there is no rattling of musketry, and no despotism propped up by the corporal and the priest. Here, for the first time, you see a healthful vigorous people

rejoicing in the present day, and looking with cheerful courage to the morrow.

Sardinia is, beyond all question, that one of the Continental states which has issued most honourably from a very difficult position; and which, even after the great misfortunes of the year 1849, has completely recovered itself. It has had the good fortune to be governed—not indeed by great statesmen, but by honest men. After twice drawing the sword in the national cause of Italy, against an opponent six or eight times its superior in strength—it has, indeed, been compelled to yield to the fortune of war, and an overwhelming preponderance of force; but defeated as it has been, it has at least saved its political honour, and consequently the confidence of the nation, and its own prospects for the future.

Had the Sardinian government been so shameless as boldly to deny to day what it asserted yesterday, and not only to renounce the national cause which it had hitherto supported, but to persecute it with the genuine hatred of a renegade, it might indeed have stood in much higher favour at the cabinet of Vienna, than it does at present; but it would just as little have escaped the contempt of its people, as any other notorious traitor.

The Sardinian government has also kept faith with its people, though it was in the position of being able to break it without any immediate danger; and though the keeping one's word may not be any great merit—we yet live in times when we might be tempted to regard it as such, and even a merit of a very rare kind. In short, the Sardinian state, small and weak as it is, and still bleeding from severe wounds, stands in an honourable position—and not the less so in the opinion of the nations, because certain cabinets look askance at it. It has saved from the wreck of its fortunes a self-respect, which in certain other countries has been torn up by the roots—even without any misfortunes having occurred—and whilst in Prussia, the government-conscience has to drag about with it a burden of the deepest humiliations, that of Sardinia, with perfect right, carries its head higher than ever.

In Genoa, you meet at every step an expression of stout-heartedness and valiant self-trust; but it speaks most eloquently from the deportment of the armed force—of the Burgher Guard, as well as the troops of the line. The whole town is like a camp where preparation is being made for an approaching battle. The streets are alive with the movements of bodies of men,

with military exercises, and martial music—especially towards the evening—and all the squares and open places present an animated spectacle. The troops of the line make a very favourable impression. They are not large men, but they have the true military bearing—and even their uniform does not, like that of most Italian soldiers, express feebleness, by its mimicry of foreigners. In this point, it is perfectly independent;—the uniform especially of the *Chasseurs*, who are very numerous in Genoa, is quite peculiar, and as it appears to me not less suitable for the purpose in view.

It consists of a very short coat, almost like a jacket—a kind of sailor's hat, with a large bunch of cock's feathers which gives them a somewhat piratical aspect—but does not detract from their martial character. In many of their exercises, for instance the quick march—they certainly excel the German soldiers, and altogether their appearance, as far as I can judge of it—is very satisfactory. The Burgher Guard also makes a very good impression; indeed, it is calculated to command more respect, than any other I have ever seen. It undertakes its military duties more in earnest, it is unwearied on the parade, and seems not to forget that it may

any day be called out not only to restore order in the city, but to march to the frontiers, and even beyond them.

The press of Genoa is in full activity. Large political newspapers, pamphlets, popular periodicals, fly about in all directions and with the most perfect freedom. At the corner of almost every street an itinerant bookseller has set up his shop, and is continually bawling out his catalogue at the top of his lungs for the benefit of passers by. Zealous as the tradesman is, however, he is scarcely more eager than his customers, and on Sundays and all special occasions his sale is very considerable.

The people's literature takes almost without exception a tone hostile to the church. Here in one is an article on the "Desirableness of abolishing the Wealthy orders of Monks"—in another a popular drama, called "The Horrors of the Inquisition," whilst the "Giornale del Popolo," devotes itself principally to contradicting the statements and assertions of a priestly paper which has been giving itself a great deal of trouble, from a comparison of the criminal statistics of France and England, to demonstrate the immorality of Protestantism.

The language which is held on such occasions



against the papacy, monastic orders, priestly rule, and priestly influence, is so strong that it would be necessary to dilute it considerably in order to repeat it with impunity in Protestant Germany.

Yet the decided inclination to Protestantism which is so evident in Florence, and doubtless would be still more so in Rome, if it dared show itself; this gradual estrangement from a church which, though national, is so strongly associated with despotism and the dominion of foreigners, is not yet in any great degree perceptible in Genoa, but sooner or later it must inevitably arise, as the natural effect of the influence of a press so bitterly hostile to the Papacy.

And who would have a right to complain if it should? A power that has existed for more than a thousand years, and which yet cannot maintain itself against the attacks of a few newspaper quills has lived too long, and must perish by the universal law of nature.

## CHAPTER XXV.

THE ROAD TO ARQUATA.—TURIN.—THE PALAZZO DELLE SCIENZE.—  
THE PARLIAMENT.—DESPERATE RESOURCE.

A GREAT crowd of passengers, porters carrying luggage, and piles of the luggage itself, choked up the office of the diligence, so that I had much difficulty in rescuing not only my goods but my proper person, and getting both stowed in safety on the imperial of a coach that was to carry a mob of us, along with our multifarious property to Arquata, the present terminus of the Turin and Genoa railroad.

The form and arrangement of the diligence, the military-looking conductor, the postilion in his blouse—all this was not according to Italian but to French customs, which have established themselves more or less all over Sardinia—at all events on this side of Genoa.

We drove slowly through the narrow streets and out on the Turin road, now crowded with vehicles, of all kinds, that run for a couple of

miles along the sea-shore, and then suddenly turn to the mountains. The broad flinty bed of a river, in which a slender stream of water was now almost lost, determines the course of the high-road, which runs for hours along its margin. The bad condition of this road formed a striking contrast to that of almost every other that I had been on in Italy; and neither the great traffic upon it, nor the rainy weather, seemed to me to offer a sufficient explanation of the almost bottomless mire of this, the great channel of communication between the two capitals of the country.

The hamlets which lie scattered at short intervals along the valley, have a handsome and prosperous appearance. The style of building in the houses, is more that of a great city than of a village — and the gardens between them afford favourable testimony to the taste and love of Nature in the inhabitants. As you ascend the mountains these villages become more rare, but, on the other hand, the road rapidly improves — though it proceeds slowly by a thousand tortuous windings up the steep Apennines to their cool and breezy summit. As far as we could see over the mountains, no wood appeared, but cultivation almost everywhere.

On the other side, many works connected with

the railway, tunnels, bridges, &c., were in active progress, proving that the difficulties of the undertaking have been boldly encountered, and are likely to be overcome. Arquata, where the railroad, as I have said, for the present ends, lies close to the foot of the Apennines, and the entire yet unfinished portion, as far as Genoa, consists of the actual mountain-ridge, the cutting through which Nature has, however, considerably lightened by means of several fortunately placed valleys.

When I left the diligence the conductor called after me to give me my purse which it appeared I had left lying on the seat. I recollect having had in Rome a great deal of trouble to get back from a vetturino a cigar-case, that I had left under similar circumstances; and I only succeeded at last by the most determined perseverance. In general, indeed, there is quite a different moral atmosphere on this side of the mountains. No beggary, no importunate offers of service, no immoderate demands for services really rendered, and in the hotels, good entertainment without extravagant charges.

The terminus or station at Arquata is in a very provisional state, but the railway-carriages are

good, and though the prices are high, you are carried at a rapid rate.

The landscape has the character of an elevated plain. Meadows alternate with cornfields, the trees are mostly poplars and willows; the vine has almost ceased, and there is scarcely a trace of the vegetation of Italy. After a short stay we went on, passing Novi and Alessandria, which—remembering it as the refuge of Frederick Barbarossa when he escaped from the Milanese—I had always imagined as a mountain-fortress, whilst on the contrary it really lies almost in a marsh. When we had gone about half way, the engines were taken off, and the train dragged on by horses, to the higher terrace of the plateau on which Turin is situated, and then, from the brink of this terrace we flew along again towards the capital, on arriving at which I gave over my luggage to the first porter I met, and then set off to find my own way through the crowded streets to the hotel.

Turin, as everybody knows—See Guide-book—is “a new, regular, and handsome town,” and it well deserves all these adjectives commonly applied to it; but when you have said that, you have said pretty nearly all that there is to be said about it. It is like one of those faces, of

which you must praise the features and outline but which, yet, you look at with perfect coldness. It has very much of the air of a fine spacious barrack, and if it were not for the busy popular life that animates its monotonous streets, Turin would be as dull as one of our Lecture Halls of Ecclesiastical History—I cannot say more.

In fairness, however, I must add, that it does possess some few attractive points. There is, for instance, a piece of the former rampart that now forms an elevated public walk in the middle of the town, and is beautifully laid out. On the opposite side of the Po to that which bounds the broadside of the city, there rises a range of hills, on whose slopes the people of Turin have built their country-houses. These cannot indeed, on the whole, be compared with the Genoese villas, but they have advantages of their own, in their soft rich green turf, and the neighbourhood of shady woods. There are, too, neat paths running between living hedges, peopled with nightingales, and which, here and there, leave open a very pretty peep at the distant country. The view of Turin itself can hardly be considered as worth anything, as it looks small and insignificant, and has, in fact, no physiognomy at all.

My Guide-book spoke much in praise of a certain collection of antiquities in the Palazzo delle Scienze. When I went to the place, however, the people there knew nothing about antiquities, but proposed to me instead to go and see a flower-show that was about to take place.

“Hugo Grotius is out at present,” says the keeper of a circulating-library to his customer in the *Fliegenden Blätter*, “but I’ll tell you what—take Shakspeare.”

In my own case I did not think I gained by the exchange, for the flower-show was an exceedingly poor one: in a very small town in Germany one would see a far better.

The principal piece of the whole collection was a nosegay of about three yards in diameter, put together in the horrible Italian manner, that is to say all flowers of the same sort in lumps—first a broad ring of camelias, then one of roses, then one of heartsease, and so forth, and all bound together to be as tight and smooth as possible, so that the bouquet, as it is called, looks like a great variegated shield with a perfectly smooth surface. This thing the Italians very properly designate a *mazza*, that is a club, and their whole treatment of flowers shows that flowers were never intended for them. This

gigantic mazza in the Turin exhibition had many different arms and names attached to the flowers; and this offence against nature and taste, I found afterwards by the papers had obtained the large medal.

In the middle of a large open square, which is surrounded on all sides by handsome houses, lies the Palazzo Madama, named so after some French princess, an irregular ugly old brick building. On one side of it a quite modern façade has been stuck, which makes it look even worse; but on the opposite one there rise two towers that are in some degree picturesque. A third, however, that has been placed between the two, and is used, I believe, for an observatory, has been whitewashed, and has really a most absurd and disgusting appearance.

This Madama Palace contains a valuable collection of pictures, but I was only allowed a hasty walk through it, as the hour was near when the Senate was to assemble in it, and the gallery, being occasionally used for purposes of parliamentary business, was about to be closed. A winding-staircase leads up to a public gallery that appears to hold the just medium between the too little of the English House of Commons,\*

\* The author does not, of course, refer to the new House.



and the too much space allowed for listeners in our German Parliament of happy memory. The hall is, doubtless, very old, but has been modernised in the "pig-tail period;" and ornamented with stucco wreaths and groups of large plaster figures in the Rococo style that are placed along the frieze beneath the lofty ceiling. The arrangements made to suit its present destination as a House of Parliament are simple but decorous.

Half-an-hour after the appointed time the sitting was commenced by the sound of a modest little bell, and the thin voice of a president. There might be forty or fifty Senators present, and they did not fill the half of the seats; but grouped themselves to the right and left of the chair, leaving the space in the middle entirely empty. The object of discussion was the immovability of judges, and the details of the question were treated in a very business-like manner, by a series of speakers—some speaking French, some Italian; and though they did not exhibit any oratorical talent, they all had the great merit of brevity.

Since the gallery remained perfectly empty, I concluded that I could not promise myself any more lively or interesting debate, and determined,

therefore, to try whether the second chamber would afford me any more vivid sensations.

This second chamber assembles in the Palazzo Carignan, in a hall of a fine oval form, but so disproportionately high, that from the gallery, which is close under the ceiling, you look down as into a well, and the words spoken below only reach you in a confused murmur, through which with great difficulty you can now and then catch an articulate sound. The question under discussion seemed only to relate to a point of law, yet not only were the benches of the chamber itself crowded, but the gallery was overflowing, I might infer therefore that some important, or at least animated debate was expected, but I heard so little of the speeches, and the heat, in the confined space of the gallery, was so intolerable—that, to the very obvious satisfaction of the neighbours between whom I had been wedged, I withdrew, and sought the open air again.

I went afterwards to the theatre; but this seemed destined to be a day of disappointments, for my visit to the theatre, also, was a perfect failure. The house was, indeed, gilt from the ceiling to the floor, and filled with an eager play-going public. But what a piece!—and what actors!! The former was manufactured after a

French pattern by some stupendously-clumsy bungler, and the entire *dramatis personæ* appeared to be walking in their sleep. Not one of them showed a single spark of the fire with which an Italian actor is mostly charged to his fingers' ends, and which one finds lighting up many an obscure little hole of a stage. After I had yawned through an almost intolerable half-hour, I could stand it no longer, but fled to a coffee-house, and plunged, in my despair, into the German newspapers. To what may not a man in such a state be driven?

The Turin coffee-houses are spacious, and fitted up with French elegance; but the cigar, which has free admission into public places over all the rest of Italy, is here sternly excluded, or, at best, banished to the remotest corner of the house. The refreshments, also, are not served at the almost incredibly low Italian prices, and the ice awakens tender and mournful recollections of Naples. Early and late these coffee-houses swarm with Roman, Neapolitan and Lombard refugees; and, I am assured, that since 1848, the population of Turin has increased by 160,000; and rents have, in consequence of this influx of strangers, risen enormously.

Many of these refugees are opulent, and

though a not inconsiderable number of them, on the other hand, become burdensome to the State, the people of Turin do not, on the whole, appear dissatisfied with her guests. They are, for the most part, young and vigorous, and well adapted for military service; but corporeal exercises, practice of arms and military discipline, and all such troublesome and disagreeable things do not appear to agree with these trim young gentlemen.

•

## CHAPTER XXVI.

MOUNT CENIS. — CHAMBERY AND AIX. — DEPARTURE FROM TURIN.  
— PASSIVE RESISTANCE. — A COACH-RACE. — MOUNT CENIS. —  
ROAD TO CHAMBERY. — A FETE. — THE GRAND JARDIN. — AIX. —  
GAMBLING-HOUSES.

AT five o'clock in the afternoon I left Turin on the imperial of the diligence, that was to carry me in five-and-twenty hours to the capital of Savoy. My neighbours on this airy seat were a cutler from Lyons, who, strange to say, was neither a friend of the Jesuits, nor a Socialist — and a German merchant, settled in Belgium, whose rude and coarse manners did not, unfortunately, form any very marked distinction for him, either from his new or his old countrymen.

The road from Turin to Chambery runs straight towards a sort of natural gate, that seems to have been purposely left open in the Alpine wall, and by means of which, while running still on level ground, you advance far into the heart of the mountains. The road was very bad; and though the stages were absurdly short — not

more than two miles, the horses went at a miserable pace.

Hereupon, the Belgic-German commercial gentleman began with the conductor a discussion, that terminated in a quarrel, and might have gone further still, if the conductor had not had self-command enough at last to oppose a resolute and absolute silence to the torrent of abusive epithets lavished on him by the trader. This, however, threw the other into another passion; and when he found that he could not succeed in loosening the conductor's tongue, he threatened to complain of him to his superiors. The conductor, however, remained, as before, as mute as a fish.

By ten o'clock, we had reached Susa, where I had hoped we should be able to get something to strengthen us for our nightly drive; but my hopes were vain. A rival diligence had, in the meantime, overtaken us, and the horses were being changed, with breathless haste and a deafening noise. I had rushed into a neighbouring coffee-house, and just had time to burn my mouth with one sip of scalding coffee, when I heard the coach go off. I had scarcely had time to pay for, far less drink my coffee; but though I sprang out after it, it had already disappeared.

“Round the corner,” the people bawled, and on I ran, though from the pace at which the horses were going, I gave myself, or rather the diligence, up for lost. Fortunately for me, however, a piece of mountain-road lay before it, and it was compelled to slacken, and shortly after I was able to spring upon it.

Immediately beyond Susa, the ascent of Mount Cenis begins; and its white summits were now fantastically illuminated by a moon, not yet visible above our horizon, whilst its lower declivities, covered with forest, lay still in blackest night. The rustling of the snow-torrents was the only sound of nature that broke the deep stillness, and the mountain-solitude showed no signs of life but those of our caravan. The two diligences came on, one close behind the other, each drawn by ten horses or mules, accompanied by noisy drivers, and before and behind a whole horde of travellers, swathed and wrapped like mummies; for, at every turn of the road, an icy wind rushed at us from the mountain-gullies, against which, no rapidity of motion afforded sufficient protection.

The road has a long, but not steep ascent, and is clothed on both sides by thick woods. A great number of houses of refuge, which are at

the same time inns, testify to the dangers and difficulties by which, in the bad season, this Alpine pass is obstructed.

Near the summit, however, in the midst of a lonely wilderness, we were surprised by the sight of a large village, whose inhabitants, if they require anything for their maintenance beyond fresh mountain-air and snow-water, must have rather a hard life of it.

Thoroughly fatigued, I had again taken my seat on the imperial, and the glimmering light of the morning-dawn mingled with the departing moonshine, showed me, half asleep as I was, all kinds of strange and fantastic appearances.

How can a vineyard come there?" I muttered, as something, that had a faint resemblance to one, caught my drowsy attention; and, without my being too much astonished at such a circumstance. But a violent jolt of the vehicle brought me fully to my senses, and showed me that what I had taken for stakes with vine-stalks twined round them, were only stones of a long shape, of which, in the windings of the road, four or five rows showed themselves one above another.

"Do you see that immense bird of prey?" said one of my neighbours, as we reached the top of the pass. And the immense bird of prey turned



out to be a little lark that was hovering, singing his morning song, over the fields of snow!

We drove along the upper ridge of the mountain for about an hour, and still seemed to be going rather up than down. In a few sheltered spots of this, the highest summit of Mount Cenis, we noticed one or two solitary trees, and though the ground was frozen as hard as iron, and the snow lay ten feet deep, the whole scene did not appear to me to wear the aspect of such perfect desolation, as the pass of the St. Gotthardt had done, when I crossed it a month later in the preceding year. When we arrived at last on the brink of the ridge, all the horses, except two, were sent back, but these two brought us, at a rapid trot, to Lans-le-Bourg, a poor, naked-looking little town, that lies at the northern foot of Mount Cenis. Starved and frozen, we entered one of the little inns immediately before it, and were just preparing to revivify ourselves with the fragrant coffee, that was sending up its welcome steam before us, when the conductor appeared, and invited us to take our seats again.

What was to be done?—The horses were put to—our rival was making all the haste he could at a neighbouring inn; and, moreover, by this time the passengers themselves had caught

the infection of the rival diligence emulation. Out we all rushed, and tumbled head over heels into the coach, and a shout of exultation arose as we gained an advantage of ten yards on turning into the streets of the little town.

Away we went then—down hill, passing poor villages that lay far below us in the valleys, and a castle that closes the pass by which foreign armies have so often poured into Italy; and it was not till ten o'clock in the morning that we ventured to make a stop long enough to breakfast, at a place called St. Jean de Maurienne: at this point, however, the race ended. We had hitherto been winners, but our conductor informed us that from this place to Chambery, our rival would have so much better horses that it would be vain to contend with him. We were rather vexed to hear this, but not enough so to spoil our appetites, or prevent our doing especial honour to a huge cheese called *fromage de Mont Cenis*, which the whole company appeared to consider excellent.

Beyond St. Jean de Maurienne the road runs, for many miles, through a broad valley, and along the banks of the Arc (which, for a mountain-stream, had a very dirty appearance), be-

tween rocks of slate, whose peaks were still covered with snow, and had on their smooth naked sides, here and there a piece of wood hanging in an incomprehensible manner.

After passing St. Jean, the landscape grows more cheerful, the valley opens still further, the hills are less lofty, and covered with wood—near the river there is space for meadows and corn-fields, fruit-trees also make their appearance again—and even here and there, a vineyard. Finally, the road leaves the Arc, and pursues its course downhill, beneath embowering nut-trees, and through a smiling landscape, to Montmeillan, where we crossed the Isere. The evening sky was bright and clear, the country had a sort of holiday tranquillity—the people in their Sunday clothes—the old men in regular great-grandfather coats—were leading cows and calves in strings to the pasture (a custom of the place, I suppose); and for the first time almost in my life, I arrived at the end of a day's journey without impatience.

Chambery lies so nestled among trees that you scarcely see the town before you enter it. The main street, in which a number of inns of very middling aspect are crowded together, is old—nothing less than handsome, but very ani-

mated; and outside the gate, matters looked still more lively, for there is the parade-ground, and inspiring streams of martial music were sounding, and a numerous crowd of all classes was assembled—silken-clad ladies—officers glittering in gold and steel—elegant young gentlemen in black frock-coats — artisans in their Sunday clothes, and their fresh nice-looking daughters in their modest holiday finery; all were enjoying themselves comfortably together; the difference of ranks being only shown in the circumstance that some when they were tired rested on the public benches, and others on rush-bottomed chairs, for which they paid. The entire population of the little town seemed animated by a quiet Sunday enjoyment, which only falls to the lot of those who have six work days behind them—

“Tages Arbeit, Abends Gäste,  
Saure Wochen, frohe Feste,”

that is a receipt for happiness given by one Goethe, who was a good judge of human nature.

At the opposite end of the open space some booths had been put up, which seemed to be greatly frequented, and a particular crowd was attracted towards one that had a platform forming an entrance to a gate, over which, by way of

advertisement of the entertainment to be found within, was a large picture representing the death of the Archbishop of Paris at the barricades. An angel, painted according to the strictest rules of orthodox art, was presenting the dying prelate with a palm of victory, and his head was already encircled with the saintly glory, which I must say appeared to me an unwarrantable assumption, on the part of the painter, of the rights of the Holy Roman See.

In expectation that the door would soon open and give admittance to a fresh audience, the crowd was standing in silent pious contemplation of the edifying picture, when suddenly the over-loaded platform gave way with a violent crash, protesting against being so immoderately burdened. The admirers of the archbishop's martyrdom fled shrieking on all sides; but fortunately no further harm was done, though the devotion and the curiosity were both fully satisfied for that day.

The *Grand Jardin*, though inside the town, offers a pleasant retired walk. It is an elevated quadrangular space, doubtless a part of the former fortifications, and which has been laid out as a garden in a manner that, simple as it is, is not unpleasing. A smooth, well-kept, grassy lawn,

is surrounded on all four sides by fine old chestnut trees, all carefully clipped, except a group at each corner which are left to spread out their boughs in amplest luxuriance, and wave them joyously in the breeze. In the centre, overshadowed by the thick foliage of acacias, is a fountain that might certainly be in a better state. From the one side of this garden you look almost over the whole town; from the other to the Botanical Garden, and beyond it to the beautifully cultivated declivities of the neighbouring mountains; and, what is one of its greatest charms, the place is so silent and secluded that it seems the very abode of peace.

A few steps from the "Great Garden" stands a remarkable gothic church, which, though not very ancient, is in a pure style. Unfortunately, it was left unfinished, and so has been fitted with a façade in the taste of the Jesuits. The gothic style is scarcely to be found throughout Italy, but in Chambery, there are several remains in which it is recognisable—not to mention the Cathedral, which is not only in the gothic style, but covered from floor to roof, and on all walls and pillars with gothic ornaments.

Descending from the garden, I was surprised to find in narrow crooked Chambery, a street

which looked like a piece of Turin transplanted to it. Broad, straight-lined, formed of handsome regular houses, whose fronts were all ornamented with a colonnade, and through whose large show-windows I looked into rich, tasteful, well-arranged shops. At the end of the street is a monument of a very singular kind. Four enormous elephants, support at their common cost, a pillar, and upon this pillar is a figure of which the less is said the better; and from each of the elephants' trunks issues a thin consumptive thread of water. The thing is too large for a child's plaything, and is, therefore, obviously fit for nothing whatever.

From Chambery to Aix you drive in two hours on a good road—in some parts absolutely roofed over with nut-trees.

The entrance to Aix does not promise much, but quite as much as Aix is prepared to keep. It is a little crooked country-town, with two or three shabby inns, and surrounded by about a dozen shabby country-houses. The hills that encircle it are barren at the tops, but have vineyards and gardens at their base. A narrow meagre-looking oak-wood is in sight at a short distance, but attracts a visit as little as it deserves it—especially as you must reach it by

a very steep, rough, and stony path—indeed nothing appears to have been done for the convenience of walkers anywhere about the hills or in the environs—except in the plain immediately surrounding the little town—where there are some well-kept paths leading to the lake. The shores of the lake are on the one side flat and marshy—on the other, rocky and barren, but without grandeur—in short, neither by natural beauty, nor by any improvements it has received from the hand of man—can Aix be compared with any of our celebrated German watering-places; but it has copied their worst feature very successfully.

When our short-lived parliament in the Paul's Church of Frankfort had performed the good work of closing the gaming-houses, and when at last even the Hells of Homburg no longer afforded them a shelter, the French swindlers who used to throng them took flight, and settled upon Aix, where, strange to say, the Sardinian government suffered them to harbour. For a year or two they carried on a flourishing trade here, as it was almost the only place in Europe where sufficient facilities were afforded to black-legs and spendthrifts.

Times have changed again, however, and with



the happy restoration of our Diet, the *roulette* has, of course, also recovered its ancient historical rights, and the plunder-establishments on the Rhine and the Maine are again in full activity. The greater part of the adventurers, therefore, who only came to Aix because they could go nowhere else, have returned to their old quarters. The Casino (at the end of May) was quite empty and desolate ; the deserted *croupiers* sat idly at their green tables, sighing for sharpers and victims, who never appeared, and the contents of the reading-room were distributed between three guests. The Savoyards themselves are too poor for gambling ; the Genevese and their Swiss countrymen too prudent ; the rich Lyonnese, I imagine, too religious.

No one, it is to be presumed, who had the choice between Baden-Baden and Aix would ever think of coming to the latter.

It is to be hoped, however, that the time will soon come, when no such choice will be left, and whenever Aix shall supersede us in this branch of industry, all I can say is, that it will be most heartily welcome to do so.

Over mountain and valley, through a poor but well cultivated country, you pass in a few hours from Aix to Geneva.

At the gate of the city, the carriage stopped, a man came out of the Guard House, stepped up to the door and demanded *my passport!* So often as I had crossed the Swiss frontier, such a thing as this had never happened to me before, and had I not heard it with my own ears I would not have believed it.

Even so far as this has our police system pushed its advanced posts! What then have I to expect in the country which is the very nursery and hot-bed of these praiseworthy institutions—my dear native Germany?

On this point I was destined to be soon enough enlightened. Well, patience,—“The world is round, and it must roll on.”

THE END.

**LONDON;**  
**Printed by SAMUEL BENTLEY and Co.**  
**Bangor House, Shoe Lane.**









SEP 1 1 1939



